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January



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THE MAKEUP MEN

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STAR WARS



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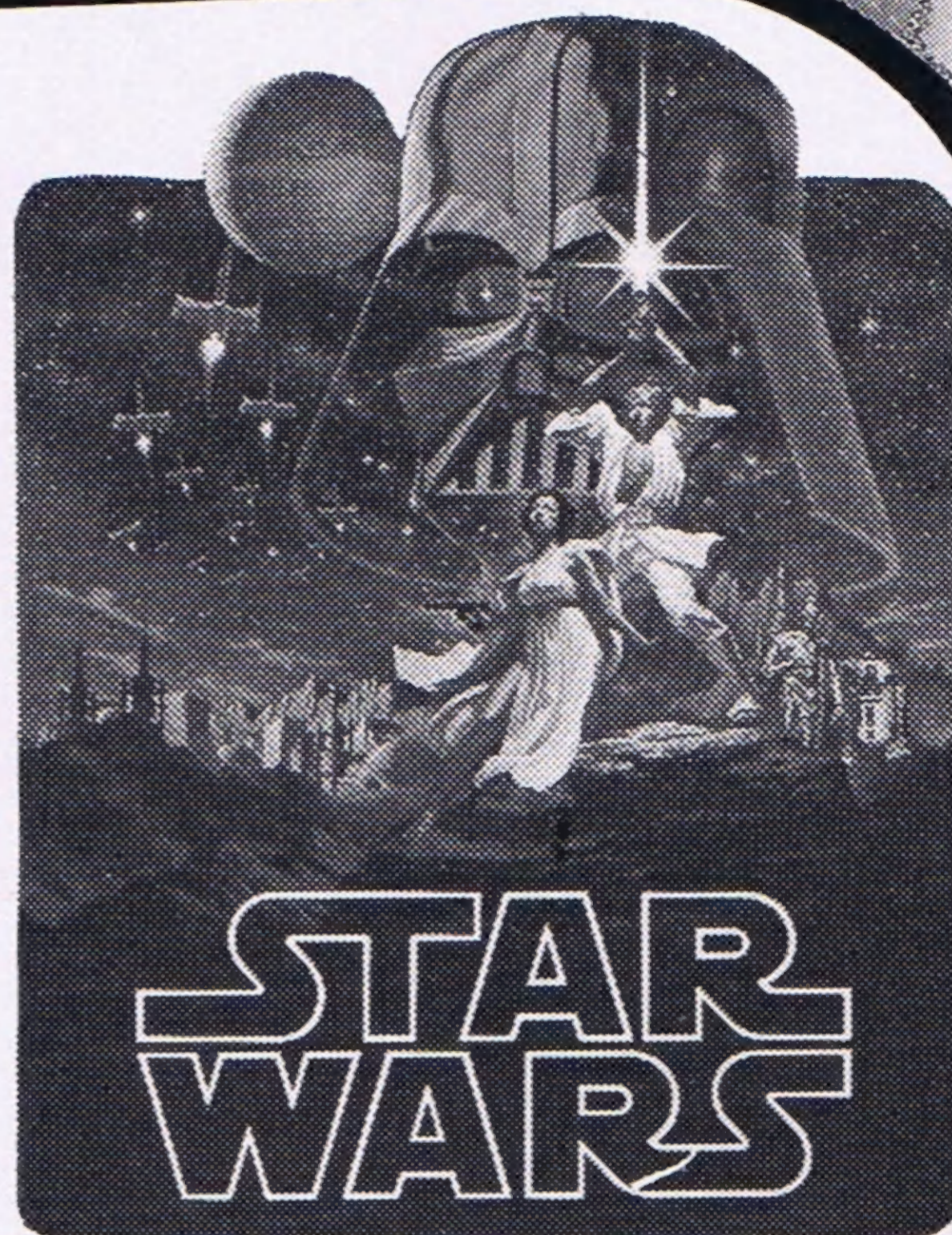


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About the Cover: Rick Baker displays his handiwork for A.I.P.'s *The Incredible Melting Man* due for release in February, 1978. Dick Smith, the dean of American makeup artists says of Rick: "... this kid is *the* genius. He has more talent and natural gifts than I have. The only thing I have over Rick is my experience. Certainly he's the tops in Hollywood as far as I'm concerned." Rick is featured in this month's SFX installment.

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FROM THE BRIDGE _____ 4

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters From Our Readers _____ 5

LOG ENTRIES

Latest News From The Worlds Of Science Fiction _____ 8

MAGIC LANTERN

A New Animation Enterprise _____ 18

THE PRISONER

TV's Most Controversial SF Series Examined

Plus: A Complete 17-Episode Guide _____ 24

QUARK

Yes, This "Space Oddity" Will Be Back On The Tube in 78 _____ 31

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

The Remarkable Fifties Classic That Combined Action, Philosophy & . . . The Infinite _____ 32

CONVENTIONS

Reporting on the 1977 Hugo Award Con & The Star Trek America Con _____ 36

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

_____ 37

STAR TREK REPORT

A Fan News Column By Susan Sackett _____ 38

THE COMPUTER'S GAME

How To Travel Through Space in the Safety & Comfort Of Your Own Home _____ 40

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

It Won't Be Another "Star Wars," But the SFX Will Still Knock Your Socks Off _____ 46

TV UPDATE

New Developments With "Logan's Run," "Man From Atlantis" And Now . . . "Buck Rogers" _____ 50

STATE OF THE ART

A Column Of Opinion By David Gerrold _____ 54

SUPERMAN

Ilya Salkind Talks About His Super-Spectacular, \$50 Million Production _____ 56

SPECIAL EFFECTS—PART VI

The Makeup Men: True Artists of SF & Fantasy Film _____ 62

SF COMICS

SF and Fantasy Abound in Comics but Only a Handful Are Done Well . . . Here's Where to Look _____ 71

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

_____ 74

VISIONS

The Reality Behind the Arcane Equipment Found In the "Mad Labs" of Evil Scientists Everywhere _____ 76

FROM THE BRIDGE

Science-fiction fans will swallow anything. We're ready, willing and eager to be presented with the most imaginative concoctions creative screen writers can dream up. Tell us the planet we're on is flat; tell us the hero has three eyes and hears colors; tell us people commute to work in Sparnux Drivenues. We're ready to believe anything. That's one of the reasons we love science fiction.

There's only one catch: we must be convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the things we're seeing are real! For the duration of the adventure we're ready to give our imagination carte blanche . . . turn it loose . . . set it free. But that doesn't mean we will suspend our sense of reality. Whatever we see, the presentation must convince us that it's really happening even if it's impossible.

In *Star Wars*, for example, no one questions the jump to faster-than-light speed. We are so caught up in the "reality" of the adventure, and the effect is so compelling that our reaction is one of amazement—not disbelief.

When I saw *Damnation Alley*, however, most of the audience reactions were groans and snickers. Why? The general situation is far more realistic than *Star Wars*, and the effects, settings and characters are plenty good. It's the kind of movie that should have been wonderful—but wasn't. The preview audience came begging to be thrilled, but the writing and direction simply did not draw us into that nightmare world and hold us there.

When a wild animal of a boy turned into a calm child telling his life story within the space of a dissolve, the audience groaned in disbelief. When George Peppard shouted, "The town's infested with killer cockroaches!" the audience was so removed from the terror that it heard the line as funny and laughed. When Jan-Michael Vincent discovered a paved highway amid coast-to-coast destruction, just in time for a smooth finale, the audience moaned—exasperated not because of a happy ending but because the contrivance was so obvious.

When a director hears these reactions from a preview audience he should sink low in his chair—knowing that he has failed to make the illusion convincing.

Orca suffered the same fate at the preview screening. Even a fine actor like Richard Harris and some truly beautiful scenery and photography couldn't rescue this film from being literally laughed out of the theater—simply because the audience was not made to believe its eyes.

This is amateurism on a multi-million dollar scale, and there is no excuse for it. Think back on all the outlandish science-fiction, horror and fantasy films you have been thrilled by simply because you were convinced that the world you entered into, via the theater screen, was real. The notion of a vegetable-man is ludicrous, but *The Thing* scared us to death. The idea of neutralizing all the world's power, with the exception of hospitals and essential functions, is balderdash. But we sure believed it in *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. The concepts of matter teleportation and time travel are pure fantasy from a strictly scientific point of view, but we never doubted either was possible in *Star Trek* or *The Fly* or *The Time Machine* or *Logan's Run*.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind will face the same challenge: to convince us of the reality of some pretty far-fetched ideas. Director Steve Spielberg proved he was up to the task when he turned what could have been a dubious fish chase (like *Orca*) into a powerfully convincing drama (*Jaws*). I suspect he'll have us walking out of the theaters looking up into the skies and wondering about alien contact. Let's hope . . .

When I sit in the screening theater, waiting to see *Close Encounters* I will no doubt find myself all but *praying* that the events of the drama will make sense . . . will be internally logical . . . will convince me they are reasonable and make me forget I'm watching a movie.

With the box office success of *Star Wars* we can expect a parade of new science-fiction movies during the next year or so. We will be presented with an incredible array of outlandish situations, far-fetched technology and science, and almost unbelievable characters. We will be asked to take it all seriously—to swallow it. Fine. I'm ready, willing and eager, but only if the writers and directors are skillful enough to convince me it's real.

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

Because of the large volume of mail we receive, personal replies are impossible. Comments, questions, and suggestions of general interest are appreciated and may be selected for publication in future Communications. Write:

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New York, N.Y. 10016

SUBSCRIPTION NOTE

It has been brought to our attention that some STARLOG subscribers have missed one or more issues of the magazine. It may be that you have moved to a different address or that your subscription has run out. Please send all notifications of change of address and subscription renewals to STARLOG, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1999, Farmingdale, New York 11737. If, after a suitable length of time, you are still not receiving the magazine, please let us know.

DARTH A ROBOT?

. . . There's been an argument in our house about Darth Vader. My dad thinks that he's a robot but I don't.

Stephen Sandoval
4117 E. Hampton Way
Fresno, California 93726

Darth Vader, the malevolent Dark Lord of the Sith, is not a robot. Vader's stiff robotic looks arise from an incident during his Jedi youth. In a recent issue of a rock fanzine, George Lucas explained that, after killing Luke's father, Darth fought Ben Kenobi. During the duel he fell into a volcano. His horribly mutilated body is now housed in his metallic suit; a walking iron lung.

ORIGINS OF SPECIES

. . . I believe that the following stories: "Who Goes There?" by Don A. Stuart and "Farewell To The Master" by Harry Bates are respectively the basis for the SF films *The Thing* and *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. My friend disagrees with me. In order to settle our argument, we turn to your magazine. Are these short stories the basis of these films or are they not?

Joseph Higgins
55 Hunter Drive
Syosset, New York 11791

Indeed they are. It should be noted that author Don A. Stuart, was, in reality, noted science fiction author and editor John W. Campbell. Stuart was a pen-name he occasionally used.

LOGAN STUMBLES

. . . In STARLOG No.9, the producers of the *Logan's Run* TV series say that they are "both novices in terms of science fiction . . ." After viewing their kick-off episode, I believe that they are not only SF novices, but also novices in terms of fiction in general and television in particular. Seldom have I seen a worse action-adventure pilot. I can only hope that succeeding episodes will be better.

Howard Beatman
16 Niles Hill Rd.
New London, Conn. 06302

SF FILMS AVAILABLE

... In STARLOG No.9 you mentioned that Ken Films is marketing super-8 home versions of *Star Wars*. I would like a copy very much. Please tell me where I can get one!

Kathryn East
6315 Hartley Dr.
La Jolla, California 92037

In answer to many requests from readers who want to own home versions of famous science-fiction movies, STARLOG has gathered some of the rarest and the best and is making them available to our readers. See our Cinemarama film ad appearing for the first time in this issue.

R2-D2's LEGS

... In all the stills of *Star Wars* that I have seen, R2-D2 has either three legs or two legs. Is this because when he has two legs he is manned by Kenny Baker and when he has three legs he is completely a droid?

Richard Vanner
Palmerston, Ontario
Canada

Yes.



Photo : NASA

VON BRAUN AND DISNEY

... In your obituary for Wernher von Braun, you mentioned von Braun's work on Disney's "Mars and Beyond" for the 1957-58 television season. Actually, von Braun had come to Walt Disney's attention several years earlier and had worked as consultant and technical advisor on two previous television projects—"Man in Space" and "Man and the Moon." Both of these shows first aired on the *Disneyland* series in 1955. Because of Wernher von Braun's collaboration, Walt Disney's foresight and Ward Kimball's direction, the shows were fascinating previews of what was to come within the next decade. In fact, when Neil Armstrong stepped onto the Moon, von Braun telephoned Kimball to exclaim, "They're following our script, Ward!"

David R. Smith
Archivist—Walt Disney Productions
Burbank, California

SAVE OUR ANITA

... I read STARLOG for news of sci-fi, not for uninformed political or philosophical speculation. I say "uninformed" because of

COMMUNICATIONS

the unnecessary swipe at Anita Bryant in the otherwise admirable October "From The Bridge." The Dade County ordinance Miss Bryant helped to repeal was one that violated the "live and let live" spirit you cite approvingly—it imposed on private businesses and even Church schools the burden of being forced to hire avowed homosexuals, despite the fact that what they stand for may be 180-degrees away from what these organizations believe.

Mark Koldys
7545 Manor
Dearborn, MI 48126

... It is all very well and good to talk about the beauty of diversity, but a society can not long survive without a common set of values to hold it together. One of the prime values of civilization is the superiority of heterosexuality over homosexuality, for reasons such as stability and continuity, among others.

Stephen M. Dulock
6087 Jos. Campau
Detroit, MI 48211

... We, the readers, are asked to believe, without a trace of reason, that no behavior different from our own ought to be condemned. If that were true, then why do you condemn Bryant & Co. for their behavior? If homosexuality, or whatever, is tolerable, not to be condemned but even welcomed for its difference, then why not bigotry? Why not anything?

Robert A. Martin
PSC #4, Box 18086
Keesler AFB, MS 39534

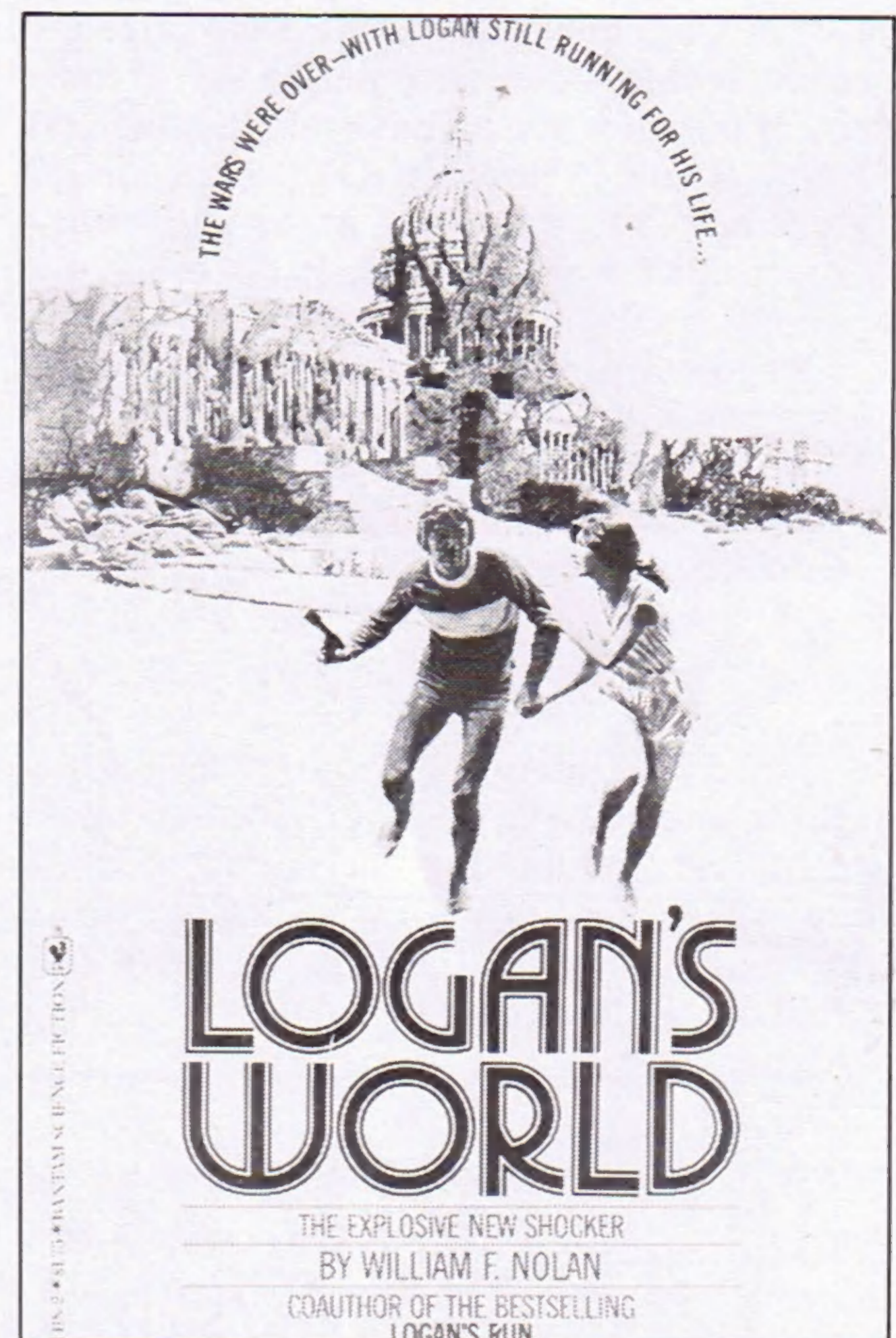
The Dade County ordinance was not under attack. That ordinance would have forced association, which is just as morally deplorable as forced separation. Force, in any form, is not a proper part of a free society. The ordinance was a desperate attempt, like so many of the racial laws passed during the 60's, to RIGHT a long-standing WRONG. The ordinance should NOT have passed, but the attitude expressed by Anita and her followers as part of their battle against the ordinance, should have vanished with witch hunts, Klan rides, and thumb screws. Bumper stickers like "Kill a Queer for Christ," and public rally statements like "... a homosexual would just as soon kill you as look at you," are ample proof that their concern was NOT "live and let live" nor individual rights. The reason bigotry should not be welcomed for its difference (if this question really needs answering) is the same reason that the Mafia should not be welcomed by honest citizens. People whose avowed purpose is forcing behavior and whose tactics allow physical or mental harm to others should never be equated with people whose differences lie in their skin color, their religion or nationality, or their sexual orientation. The color of your skin does not cause pain to others. Neither does your choice of bed partners. And if you think ideas like this are out of place in STARLOG ... think again! Science fiction isn't just about spaceships and lasers—it's about people and life and the way things ought to be in the future if we are to survive as a human race.

ARTIST KNOWN

... In STARLOG No.10, on page 43, the caption "A Moonhopper lands at the Control Sector of Moon City (Artist Unknown)," do you see that "F" in the square at the bottom righthand corner (page 34)? The artist is Christopher Foss.

Scott C. Jensen
1359 Palace Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55105

You're right, Scott. We've matched the style of the illustration for Space Journey: 1999 with another Foss illustration and the same hand is evident. ITC Entertainment had no idea who did the art. Thanks for setting the record straight.



THE STATE OF HIS ART

... Since David Gerrold has chosen to open up his personal sack of sour grapes in regard to my novel, *Logan's Run*, I feel a reply is in order. He calls the novel's premise (compulsory death at 21) "stupid ... silly, unbelievable and a waste of time"—while admitting he's never read the book. Now, there are many SF novels which are stupid, silly, unbelievable and a waste of time (including Mr. Gerrold's own clumsily written *The Man Who Folded Himself*—which I did read) but *Logan's Run* is not among them. It is, in plain fact, a modern classic. Not only was it extravagantly praised by mainstream critics but the novel also earned high acclaim from a host of science fiction writers whose credits leave Mr. Gerrold very much in the shade: Ray Bradbury ("... mad and wonderful"), Robert Silverberg ("... dazzling, breathless"), Edmund Cooper ("... suspense, ingenuity, surprise"), Baird Searles ("... superb science fiction"), and Poul Anderson ("... highly recommended"). To prove his credentials, all Mr. Gerrold has to do is write a novel good enough to merit 14 paperback reprintings, three book club editions, a major motion picture, a CBS television series, a line

of comic books, a fan club of its own, plus at least two book-length sequels (see my current novel, *Logan's World*). I respectfully suggest that Mr Gerrold close his sack of sour grapes and go fold himself.

William F. Nolan
Woodland Hills, Cal.

SAVING SPACE

... A new organization has been formed for *Space: 1999* fandom. We are known as the National *Save: 1999* Alliance and our major function is to offer a means for the organization of all *Space* fans throughout the country. At present we have about 1400 members in the U.S., Canada and England. We have a direct pipeline to *Space: 1999*'s creator-producer Gerry Anderson. He is interested in your views on *Space* and has told us that he would like to know what the fans would like to see him do for his next project. At present we are planning the first *Space: 1999* convention. The dates are August 4-6, 1978, and the place is Columbus, Ohio. We have already spoken to Mr. Anderson and to six of the stars of the show and all have said they would like to attend if possible. OK, *Space* fans, here is our chance to really get to know one another. Please write to us. It doesn't cost anything to join, all we ask is that you include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Jeff Jones
National *Save: 1999* Alliance
P.O. Box 20185
Columbus, Ohio 43220

ELLISON COMICS

... I read your interview with Harlan Ellison in No.8, and you said he wrote four issues of two Marvel Comics. Trouble is, you didn't say which issues. I'm a Harlan Ellison reader and would like to find them. I'd do anything to find out the issue numbers.

Alan Sissom
Route 1
Bradyville, TN 37026

Before you do something drastic, here's the information. After a quick call to Harlan we discovered he actually wrote only three issues, but had several adaptations of his stories done and several other scripts written about characters he created. The actual Ellison issues are *The Avengers* No.88, with the first part of a story entitled "*The Summons of Psyklop*," which concluded in *Hulk* 140, with a Roy Thomas re-working called "*The Brute That Shouted Love At the Heart of the Atom*" (which incorporated dozens of Ellison titles in the concept and dialogue). The only other Marvel comic that Harlan wrote is his personal favorite, *Avengers* 101, "*Five Dooms to Save Tomorrow*." His *Hulk* character, Jarella, was featured in further issues, and his stories, "*Delusions of a Dragon Slayer*," and "*Repent Harlequin Said the Tick-Tock Man*," were translated to comics by Gerry Conway and Roy Thomas, respectively.

GUINNESS, LOGAN DEFENDED

... In *STARLOG* No.10 it was claimed that *Star Wars* is the first science-fiction film in which Sir Alec Guinness has appeared. Have all of you forgotten a first-rate British SF comedy from 1951 called *The Man In The White Suit*? I also wish to complain about

David Gerrold. If he wishes to pass judgment on the work of others he could at least have the decency to read the work first. *Logan's Run* by William F. Nolan and George Clayton Johnson is a modern classic. To call the premise "stupid" without even reading the book to find out what was done with it is outright contemptible.

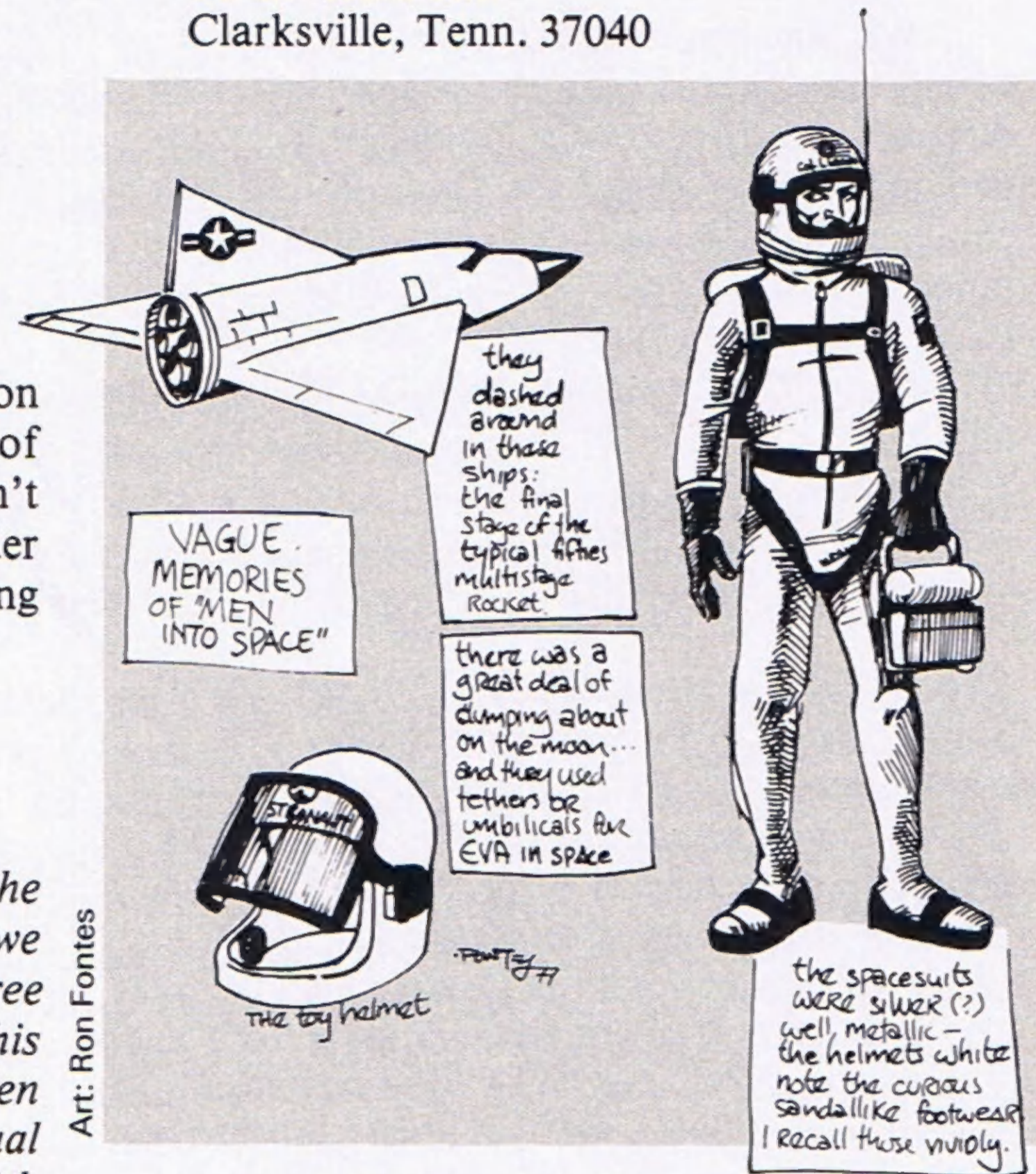
Donald Webster
811 Piedmont Road
Atlanta, Georgia 30309

You are absolutely right about Sir Alec and what a marvelous film that was! Your thoughts on David Gerrold's statement were shared by others—look for William F. Nolan's response.

MEN INTO SPACE

... Prompted by several articles you have printed about SF television series, my madened and possibly warped brain has driven me to ask you to prove I am sane. I seem to recall a television series never mentioned in your articles. I'm certain it was titled "Men Into Space." The show was broadcast sometime in the late fifties or early sixties. I hope that you could unearth some information on the show if only to save my sanity.

Ron Fontes
8G Emerald Hill
Clarksville, Tenn. 37040



Art: Ron Fontes

Give your little grey cells a rest. CBS televised this 30-minute syndicated series from September 30, 1959 to September 7, 1960. It starred William Lundigan as Colonel Edward McCauley, Joyce Taylor as his wife, Corey Allen as Lt. Johnny Baker, and Kem Dibbs as Captain Harvey Sparkman. The plot concerned the Government's attempts to further the space program. Consider yourself sane with our blessings.

SF SOUNDTRACKS

... I just bought *STARLOG*'s soundtrack album of the music from *Rocketship X-M* and I want to tell you that it's about time somebody is making records of old science-fiction movies.

Thomas Aucello
198 President St.
Brooklyn, NY 11231

Thanks to you and many other *STARLOG* readers our hunch that music from classic SF films would be as popular today as it would

have been if released when the movie premiered has been supported. Rest assured that we have several more exciting projects in the works involving *STARLOG RECORDS*. It's a long process to track down the original elements, secure the rights and produce a quality package, but watch these pages for future news of more SF records.

TREK BIGOTS

... I recently attended the *Star Trek* convention at the Statler Hilton Hotel in New York. It was very well run (as usual) and a lot of fun, but something happened that really bothered me. During a question and answer period someone would invariably ask Scotty, Uhura, etc. what they thought of *Space: 1999*. This was always followed by a chorus of boos, hisses and groans. Once I stood up and proclaimed myself to be a fan of the show; I was deeply hurt when I received the same treatment.

No one in fandom is a bigger *Trek* fan than I am. I was skeptical of *Space* myself when it first came on, fuming that it wasn't *Trek* instead. But I gave the show a chance and I liked it for what it was doing. For itself. It had something to offer.

My point is that *Star Trek* fans have always been open-minded and receptive to new ideas. Sure *Space* wasn't *Trek*, but it wasn't supposed to be. What happened to the IDIC concept we're all supposed to keep in mind? We (trekkers) owe *Space: 1999* a debt of gratitude for bringing science fiction to the attention of TV producers who don't know what's going on with their audiences.

Shooting down the show and people at conventions isn't right. All I want is for *Space* and *Trek* fans to treat each other with the respect that both shows deserve.

Janice A. Carlson
35 Whietwood Place
Old Bridge, New Jersey 08857

NO COMPLAINT DEPT.

... I have only one complaint about your magazine and it's not your fault! Every issue of your letters section is full of complaints! And most of them are over nothing that's very important. Why has everyone suddenly become mistake chasers? Nobody is perfect and these people must admit that your magazine is by light years the best SF magazine ever to materialize on this planet. So, to all you critics: "stop complaining and start enjoying the best magazine available."

Steven Tashereau
Remington Ave.
Oakland, Rhode Island 02858

Thanks for the kind words of support but we're willing (if not thrilled) to listen to nit-picks as well as honest criticism and praise. It's all part of the process of becoming not only "the best magazine available," but "the best magazine possible."

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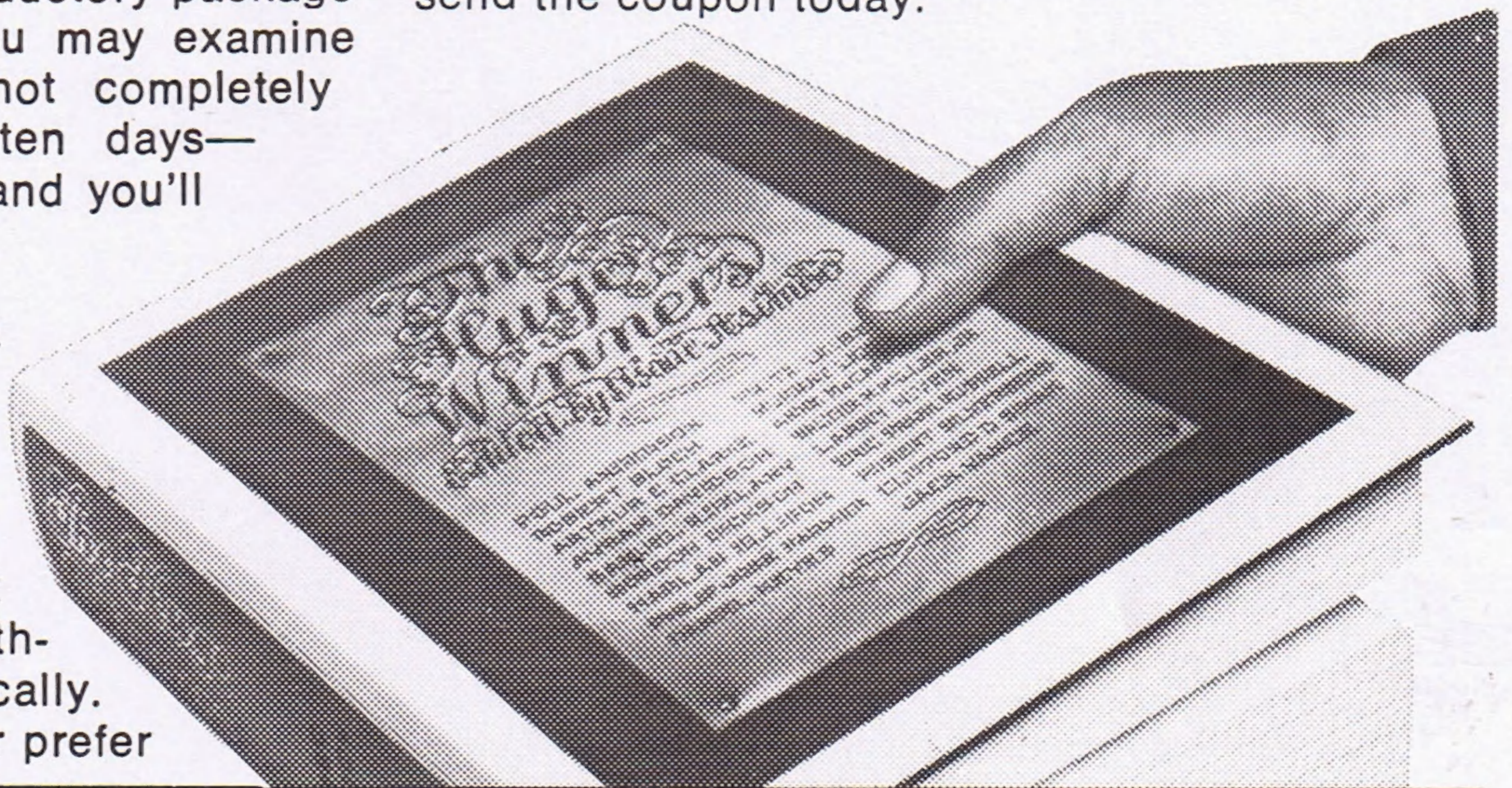
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LATEST NEWS FROM THE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION

LOG ENTRIES

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD

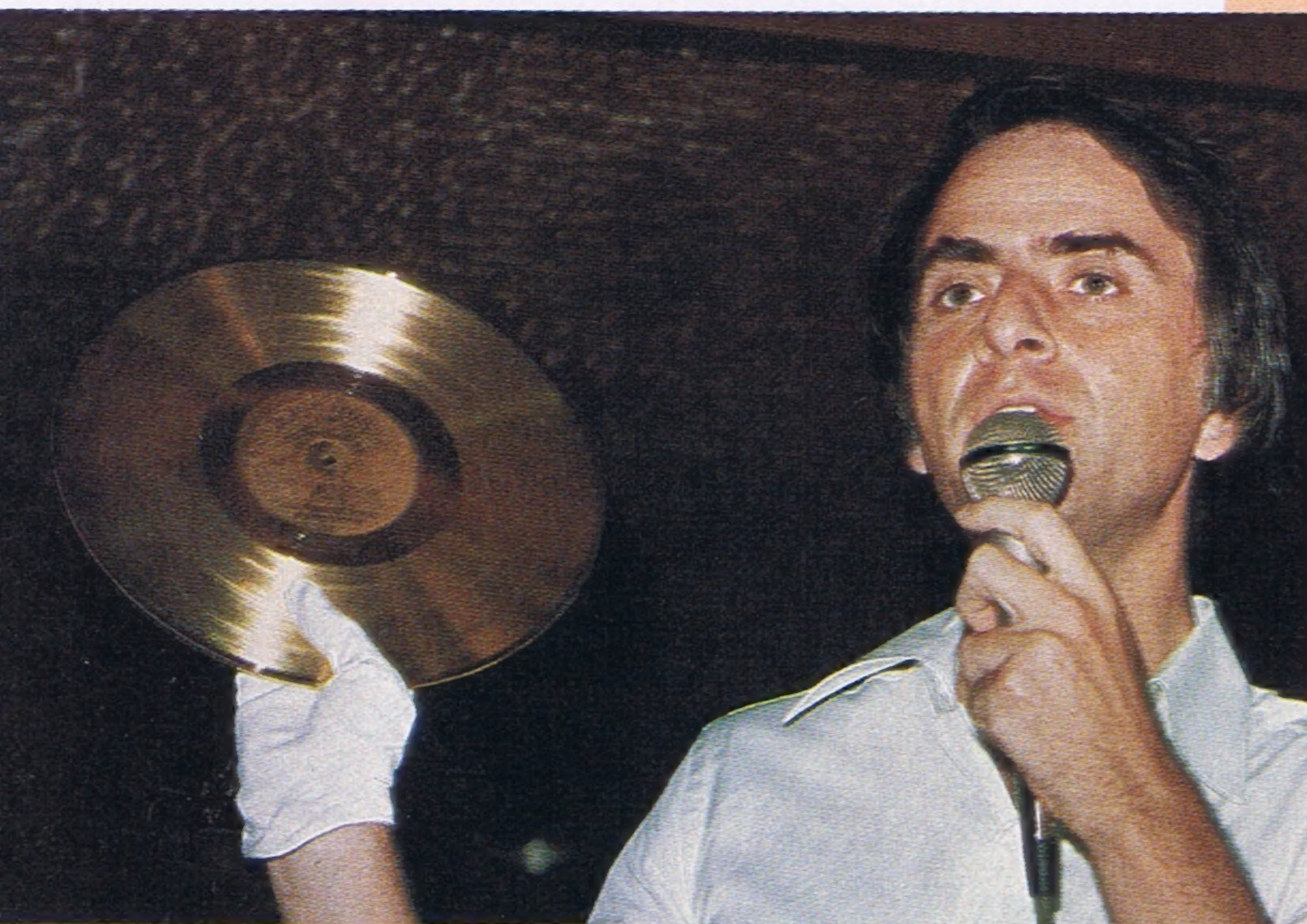


Photo: Lynn Goldsmith

Now that the two Voyager spacecraft are well on their way to deep space carrying with them the historic *Sounds of Earth* record album, one question remains: How did NASA and exobiologist Carl Sagan choose to describe the concept of Earth on a record? Should an alien in the distant future stumble across the Voyager disc, the first thing it will find is a visual message. With its grooves specially cut to present visual data, the album begins with a few maps and instructions detailing the correct scale of the images before offering a panoramic view of our solar system. Target Earth is then spotlighted. The sights of Earth that follow are diverse, but everyday. Included are a supermarket, a seashore, a grape picker, the UN building, an elephant, the Taj Mahal, a leaf, a group of children and a Chinese dinner. *Sounds of Earth* then lapses into a series

THE SOUNDS OF EARTH

(in sequence)

whales
planetary echos
volcanoes
mudlots
rain
surf
cricket, frogs
birds
hyena
elephant
chimpanzees
wild dog
footsteps and heartbeats
laughter
fire
tools
dogs (domestic types)
herding sheep
blacksmith shop
sawing
tractor
riveter
Morse code
ships
horse and carriage
train whistle
tractor
truck
auto gears
Saturn 5 rocket lift-off
kiss
baby
life signs: EEG, EKG
pulsar

MUSIC OF EARTH

(in sequence)

Bach: Brandenburg Concerto #2, 1st movement
Java: court gamelan—*Kinds of Flowers*
Senegal: percussion
Zaire: Pygmy girls' initiation song
Australia: horn and totem song
Mexico: mariachi—*El Cascabel*
Chuck Berry: *Johnny B. Goode*
New Guinea: Men's house
Japan: shakuhachi (flute)—*Depicting the Cranes in Their Nest*
Bach: Partita #3 for violin
Mozart: *Queen Of The Night* (from *The Magic Flute*)
Georgia (USSR): folk chorus—*Chakrulo*
Peru: pan pipes
Louis Armstrong: *Melancholy Blues*
Azerbaijan: two flutes
Stravinsky: *Rites of Spring* (conclusion)
Bach: Prelude and Fugue #1 in C Major
Beethoven: Symphony #5, 1st movement
Bulgaria: shepherdess song; *Izlei Delyo hajdutin*
Navajo: night chant
English (15th century): *The Fairie Round*
Melanesia: pan pipes
Peru: woman's wedding song
China: ch'in (zither)—*Flowing Streams*
India raga: *Jaat Kahan Ho*
Blind Willie Johnson: *Dark Was The Night*
Beethoven: String Quartet #13, *Cavatina*

of greetings enunciated in 55 different languages. After the "hellos," the long-player really becomes a sound phenomenon, describing Earth both in terms of the sounds of nature and popular music. Writer Ann Druyan pieced together an "essay" of natural sounds; ranging from train whistles to whale noises. Sagan's committee and writer Tim Ferris then collected a smorgasbord of popular music, varying in style and time period and ranging from ancient Peruvian pan pipes to Chuck Berry's stirring rendition of *Johnny B. Goode*. NASA predicts that *Sounds of Earth* will last for tens of hundreds of melenia in its search for an alien intelligence.

HUGO AWARD WINNERS

The Thirty-Fifth Annual World Science Fiction Convention was held in Miami, Florida this past September 2-5. At that time, the Hugo Awards for 1977 were given out. Here are the winners: the "Gandalf Award" for Grand Master of Fantasy—Andre Norton; the "John W. Campbell Award" for Best New Writer—C.J. Cherryh; "Best Fan Artist"—Phil Foglio; "Best Fan Writer"—(a tie) Dick Geis & Susan Wood; "Best Amateur Magazine"—*Science Fiction Review*; "Best Professional Artist"—Rick Sternbach; "Best Professional Editor"—Ben Bova; "Best Short Story"—*Tricentennial* by Joe Haldeman; "Best Novelette"—*The Bicentennial Man* by Isaac Asimov; "Best Novella"—(a tie) *By Any Other Name* by Spider Robinson & *Houston, Houston, Do You Read?* by James Tiptree, Jr.; "Best Novel"—*Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang* by Kate



Photo: J.K. Klein

Joe Haldeman (left) accepts Hugo as Bob Silverberg watches.

Wilhelm. There were four nominees in the running for "Best Dramatic Presentation"—*Carrie*, *Futureworld*, *Logan's Run* and *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. No award was given and the announcement of that fact received a standing ovation. *Star Wars* will be eligible for nomination in that category at the next World Con.

THE OFFICIAL MOONBASE ALPHA TECHNICAL NOTEBOOK

SPACE: 1999

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Here is the definitive guide to information from "Space: 1999." The OFFICIAL MOONBASE ALPHA TECHNICAL NOTEBOOK is a handsome, red vinyl, loose-leaf binder with gold silk-screened emblem on front and lettering on spine. The removable pages are organized in strict military fashion and include complete data on the Commlock, Stun Gun, Laser Cannon, Communications Post, Uniforms, and several fold-out blueprints of the various levels and areas of Moonbase Alpha. In addition there is a personnel section with photos and bios of Commander Koenig, Helena Russell, Victor

Bergman, Alan Carter, Tony, Maya, etc. There is also a complete Timeline and Episode Guide section with photos, credits, and plot synopses for all 48 TV adventures. Compiled under the supervision of the STARLOG editors, the NOTEBOOK is written by David Hirsch and drawn by Geoffrey Mandel, the technical team who developed the Eagle Blueprints for STARLOG No. 7. This limited edition publication (each one will be registered to the owner) is the one and only authorized version approved by Gerry Anderson Productions and ITC Entertainment.

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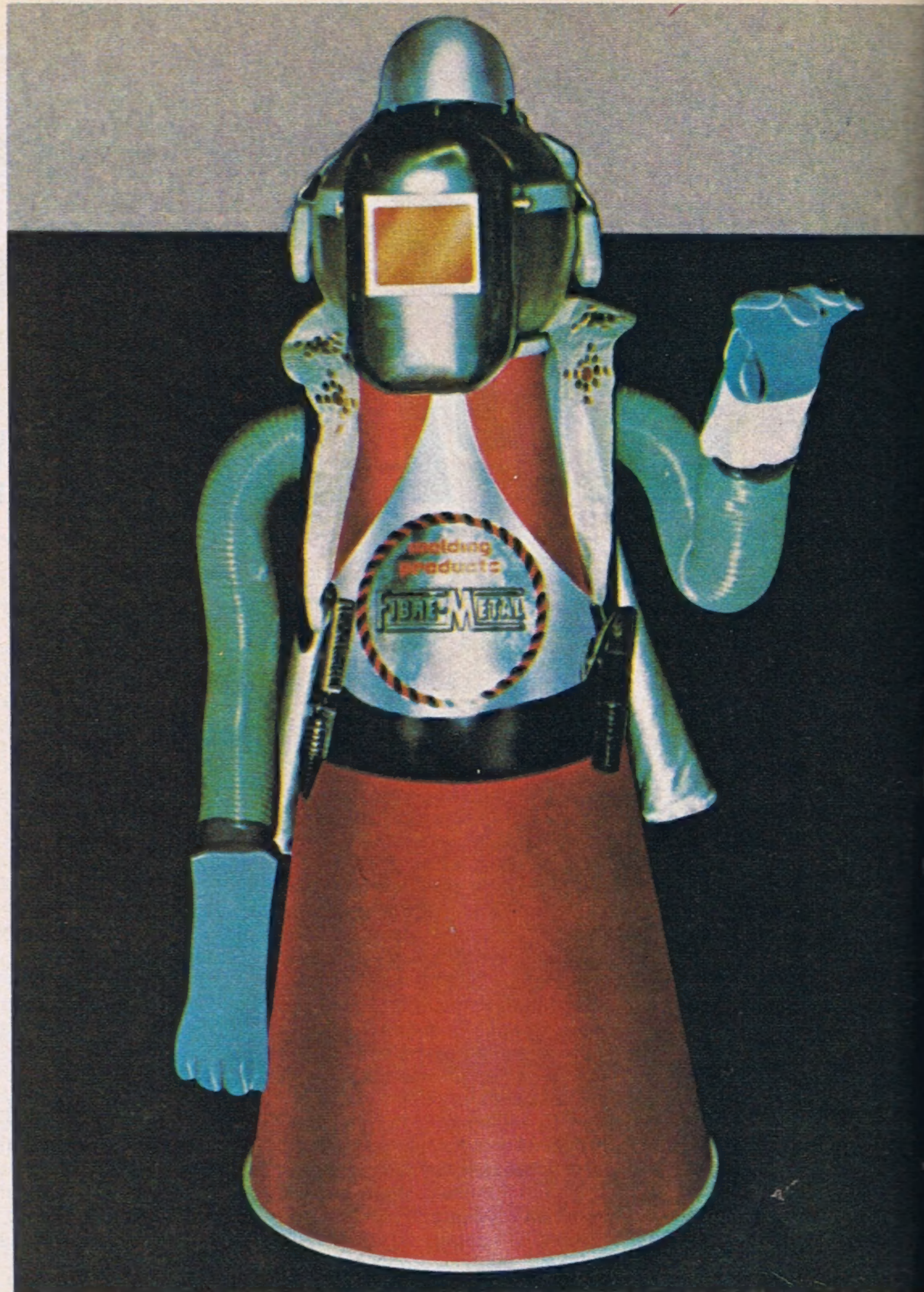
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ONE LARGE STEP FOR ROBOT-KIND

If Anthony Reichelt has his own way, there will soon be a robot in every home. As president of Quasar Industries, Reichelt is planning on marketing a 5'2" domestic helper that would, among other things, serve dinner, answer the door, babysit, vacuum and polish floors, mow lawns and trim hedges. And that's just the beginning, according to Reichelt.

"We have modifications in store that allow him to read fairy tales to children, teach French, climb stairs, monitor for smoke and fire and serve as a burglar alarm. The only thing he won't do is windows. But, then again, he won't take Thursdays off either." The ambulatory machine, which has been in research and development for eight years, will retail for about \$4,000 and be ready for stores in less than two years. Quasar's only business is manufacturing robots. "We started the company in 1969," Anthony says. "It seemed like a good idea at the time. We started with three models: the sentry guard, the sales promotional android and the domestic android. Each one presented a host of problems but the SPA (sales promotional android) proved the most effective." Within a year or two, Anthony's SPAs were opening supermarkets and making personal appearances for publicity events before being guided to more meaningful tasks. "We finally developed SPA from SPA 1 to SPA 16. Now, instead of just kidding around with promotional things, we've reached a state of the art advanced enough to come out this summer with a para-medic robot." Anthony's SPA 16 has achieved success in getting through to severely autistic children. "We sent the robot in to start talking with a young patient who wouldn't speak. Within 20 minutes the kid was babbling his head off. Now, we've recently received permission to videotape such cases in some hospitals, so other hospitals may be interested in using our robots in similar situations."

Quasar's sentry guard robots have been used to protect everything from big businesses to rock stars on tour, but it's their domestic droid that seems to have the most appeal. "It's quite easy to work with," Anthony says. "We create the robot with 12 basic functions. We then take the robot to a specific habitat, a home, and modify these functions to suit the needs of the home-owner. The owner is then given a small, hand-held quicon programmer, about the size of a pocket calculator. The owner can then have his



Two facets of famed SPA Klatu. Above: dressed for a promotional appearance. Below left: in costume for a *Logan's Run* episode.

or her robot do what he wants it to." Reichelt's domestic androids have already appeared on national TV. SPA model Klatu appeared in an episode of CBS's *Logan's Run*. Klatu played the role of "Nanny," in an episode entitled "The Innocent." Nanny was a robot housekeeper assigned to care for a young woman who is the only human being in an energy-field-protected complex discovered by Logan, Jessica and Rem as they try to escape a band of pursuing Sandmen. If the ratings were good, Klatu may be called upon to recreate the role of Nanny for a future episode. But for Quasar's president, this robotic breakthrough is just the first step in the science of androids. "From here, we plan to go to a 500 lb. BIOT, a biomedical research robot which could take the place of a man in dangerous experimental situations—such as in nuclear reactor areas and the like. We're also planning a MOBOT, a marine operational robot for undersea exploration and a NABOT, a nuclear astronaut for journeys into deep space. "With a NABOT, you wouldn't have to worry about radiation or creating an artificial environment for its survival. You'd just plunk it in a hole in the ship and activate it when it landed on another planet. It would have a lifespan of about 250 years, so you wouldn't need to bring him home. Just leave him there and have him conduct all the geophysical and geological tests."

While Anthony plans the extension of his robot kingdom his co-workers feverishly refine the forthcoming domestic android . . . which they hope will include over a hundred sophisticated modifications by the time it's on the market. From Robby to Artoo-Detoo to SPA 16; it's clear that a robot *can* be man's best friend.



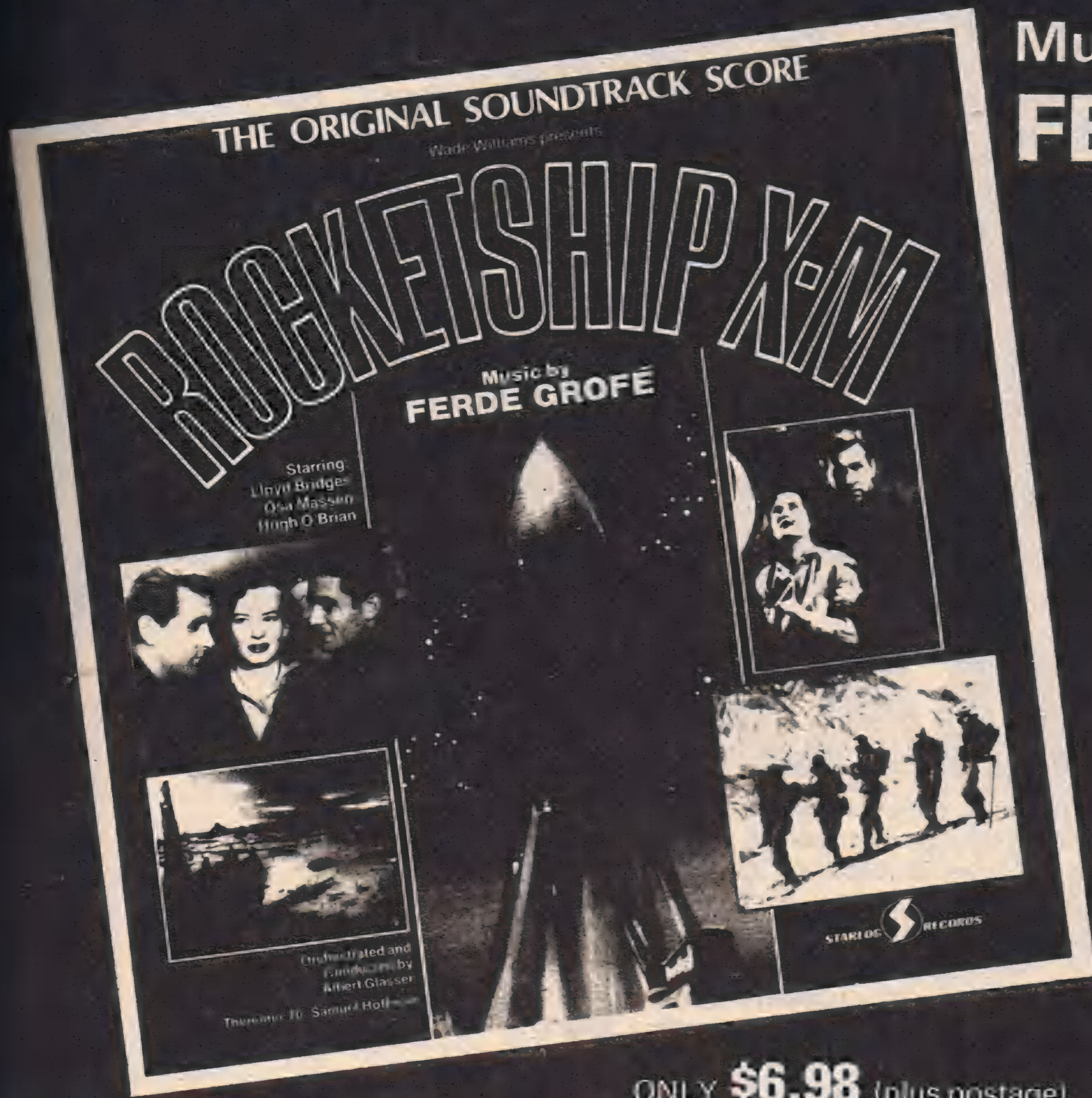
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2. THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL: Michael Rennie is the benevolent visitor from the stars in this SF classic. Accompanied by his robot companion, Gort, the alien ambassador lands on earth with a gift and a message of brotherly love. The earth responds with hostility, however, and Gort acts to save his master. Super 8 b&w.

3. THE CURSE OF THE FLY: Brian Donlevy stars as the latest scientist to attempt the transfer of matter, thus unleashing a group of half-human, half-animal creatures from the 4th Dimension. Super 8 b&w.

4. THE WAR OF THE WORLDS: H.G. Wells' legendary tale of Martian invasion is given a spectacular treatment by producer George Pal in this Oscar winning film. The Martians and their death machines invade California and not even the A bomb can stop them. Super 8 b&w.

5. WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE: Producer George Pal unleashes visions of apocalypse as a runaway planet plunges the earth into a state of panic. Earthquakes split countries, tidal waves bury cities and the only hope of humanity rests in the launching of a space ark. Super 8 b&w.

6. BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES: The final sequence in the five part PLANET OF THE APES series, recounts the state of the world where fighting between two civilizations will determine who will inherit what's left of the earth. Super 8 b&w; Super 8 color, color with sound.

7. MOON ZERO TWO: In the year 2021 A.D., a group of astronauts on the moon fight a futuristic show-down over a valuable, solid emerald asteroid. A moon buggy chase and intrigue result from the search for riches. Super 8 b&w.

8. ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.: Ray Harryhausen's stop motion extravaganza set at the dawn of time where cave people must survive in a savage land populated by dinosaurs. Peradactyls swoop from the sky in search of prey while a triceratops and a brontosaurus hunt. Super 8 b&w, color (200) with sound, color (400) with sound.

9. IT CONQUERED THE WORLD: The fanged cucumber creature from outer space lands on earth with a plan of mental domination. Aided by tiny, winged bat-robots he begins to assemble his army of human slaves. Peter Graves, however, has other ideas and follows the creature to its cave. Super 8 b&w.

10. MASTER OF THE WORLD: Vincent Price stars as Jules Verne's scientific madman, Robur the conqueror. Robur has one goal in life, to end war through his own dictatorship. Patrolling the earth in his flying battleship . . . a science fiction wonder. Super 8 b&w: color with sound.

11. WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP: Vincent Price is the leader of an immortal city beneath the sea, populated both by humans and incredible gillmen. When invaders from the normal world stumble onto his sanctuary, Price and his amphibian slaves take action. Super 8 b&w: color with sound.

12. THE GIANT BEHEMOTH: Willis (KING KONG) O'Brien's tale of atomic horror. A 200 foot radioactive dinosaur surfaces in London, devastating the city with its might. As it goes on a rampage of destruction, scientists discover that the beast possesses enough radioactivity to destroy the nation. 8mm b&w.

13. GODZILLA VS. THE THING: Japan's mightiest monster, radioactive Godzilla has his hands full as Mothra, the winged creature, appears over Tokyo. The two fight a battle to the death in the center of horrified Japan. The army stands by helpless as the titans destroy cities by the score. 8mm b&w.



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One man in the Universe held the key to
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and that man was trying to kill him!



THE ADVENTURES OF FLINX AND PIP

Alan Dean Foster seems to be the man that fans of *Star Wars* are looking to for the further adventures of Luke Skywalker. Foster is writing a sequel novel that may very well be the basis for the film sequel. But there are many fans who only know Foster from his *Star Trek Log* series and wonder why he was selected to write the sequel. The answer lies under the cover of a novel by Foster published over five years ago. Titled *The Tar-Aiym Krang*, it follows the adventures of a teen-aged boy named Flinx. Like Luke, Flinx yearns to leave his desert-like home planet and follow his star into space. Although there is no galaxy-wide civil war, there are villains: the evil reptiles known as the Aans. They are the enemy of the Humanx Commonwealth, a government formed by the human and *thranx* (intelligent insect) races. Flinx is an orphan with special telepathic powers who, with his pet minidrag Pip (a flying snake), journeys to find "The Krang;" the last artifact of the long dead Tar-Aiym culture. Filled with traders, space pirates, and a gaggle of wonderfully weird creatures, *The Tar-Aiym Krang* is an exciting adventure that, like *Star Wars*, leaves one hungry for more. But don't fret, that's already been taken care of. Del Rey Books has published two sequels to *The Tar-Aiym Krang*. The first is *Orphan Star*. Here Flinx travels across the galaxy seeking to unravel the mystery of his birth and battles some delightfully ruthless baddies along the way. The third novel is an offbeat one, as Flinx and Pip play minor roles. In *Bloodhype*, we follow the adventures of two people and an alien as they search for the friend who is pushing a deadly drug known as Bloodhype. All three novels, *The Tar-Aiym Krang*, *Orphan Star* and *Bloodhype* are currently available from Ballantine's Del Rey Books for \$1.50 each.

POHL'S MAN PLUS: FIRST CYBORG IN SPACE

Bantam Books has just published the first paperback edition of *Man Plus*, last year's Nebula Award-winning novel by Fred Pohl. *Man Plus*, a bizarre adventure set in the not-too-distant future, traces the efforts of the U.S. government to transform a very human astronaut into a half-computerized being capable of surviving quite comfortably on the terrain of Mars. Hero Roger Torraway is the slightly disgruntled leader of the first manned Martian expedition. Manned? Well, that becomes a point of contention as the evolutionary metamorphosis of the astronaut begins. Certain surgical modifications disagree with Roger's human temperament. Just how does an average man react psychologically to having his skin flayed away in layers; replaced by circuitry, bat-like appendages and a poreless wet suit used to hold his former body together? Four-time Hugo Award winner Pohl explores not only Torraway's battle to retain some semblance of "humanness" as he is gradually transformed into a super-cyborg, insect-like in appearance, but also the pressures felt by the Mars mission control team as they attempt to keep Torraway both physically and emotionally sound. During the course of the experiment, however, Torraway evolves into something *more* than what the surgeons had in mind: Man Plus. For the special Bantam edition, Pohl commissioned an electronic sculpture by artist Michael R. Maycock to grace the cover. A winged, humanoid bust, it represents the final state of change endured by Roger Torraway . . . the first man/cyborg to set foot/wing on Mars.



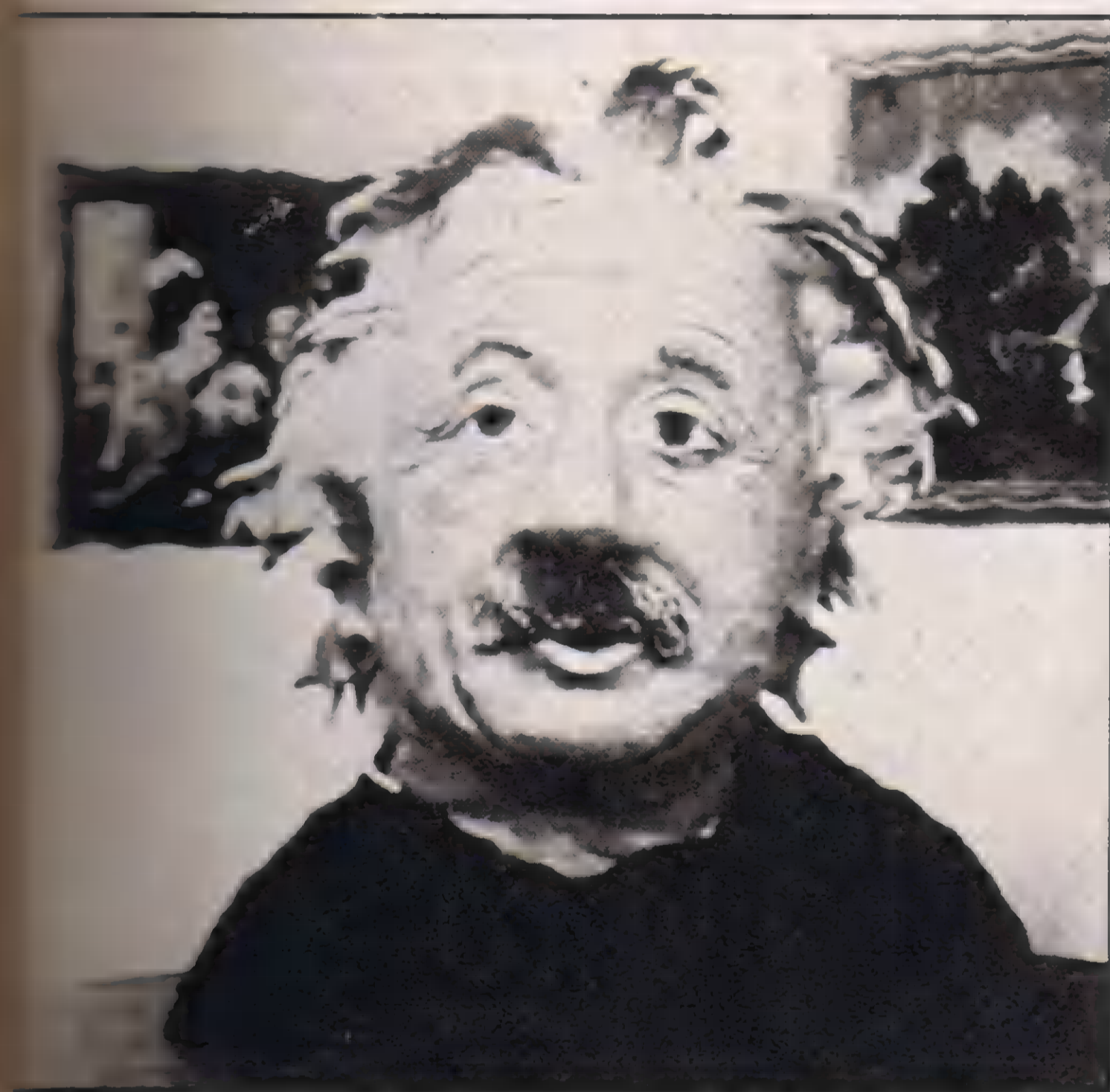
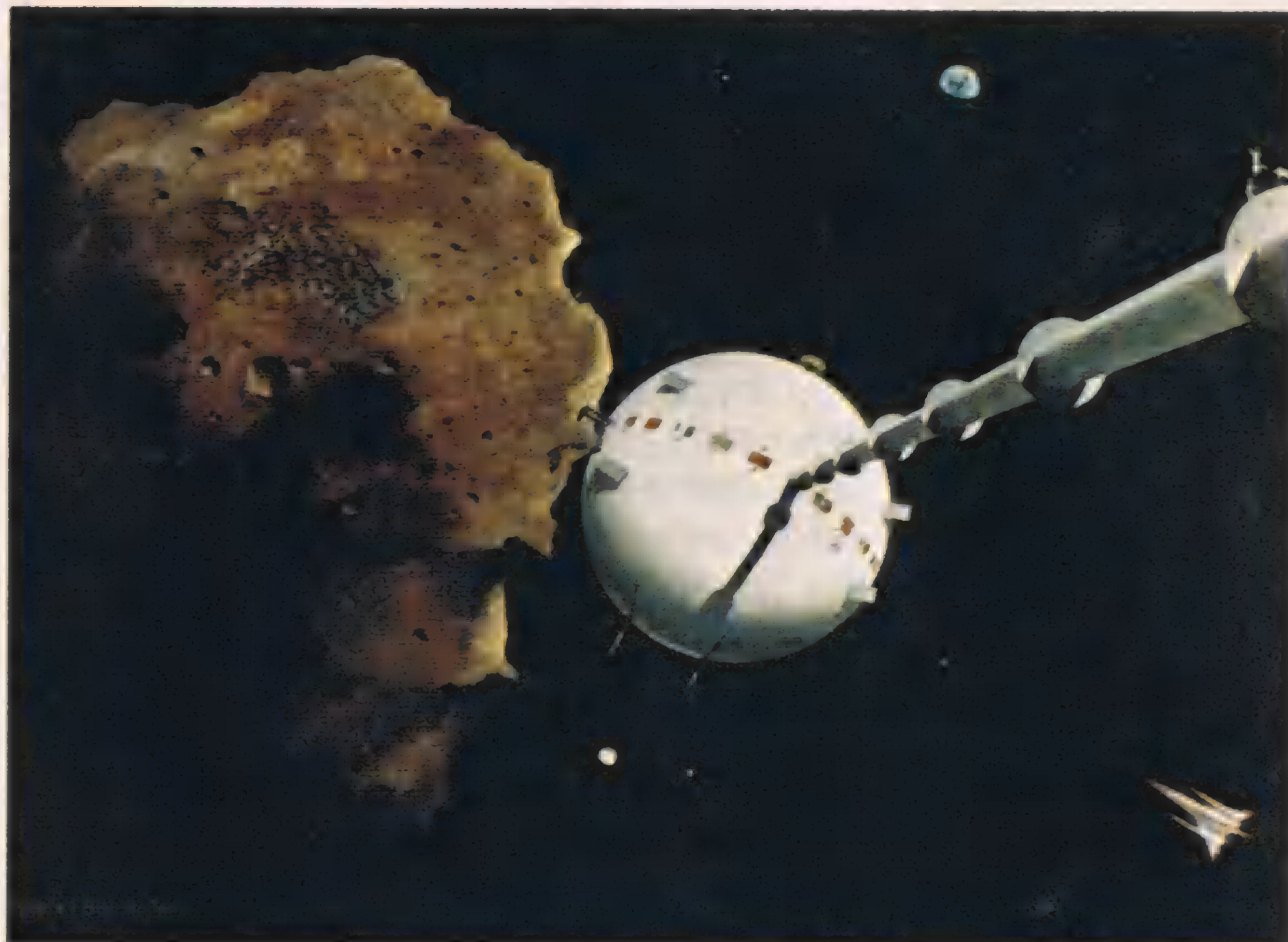
This electronic sculpture captures the essence of the Man-Plus cyborg. Fred Pohl commissioned artist Michael Maycock to construct it. It appears on the book's front cover.

MINING THE ASTEROIDS

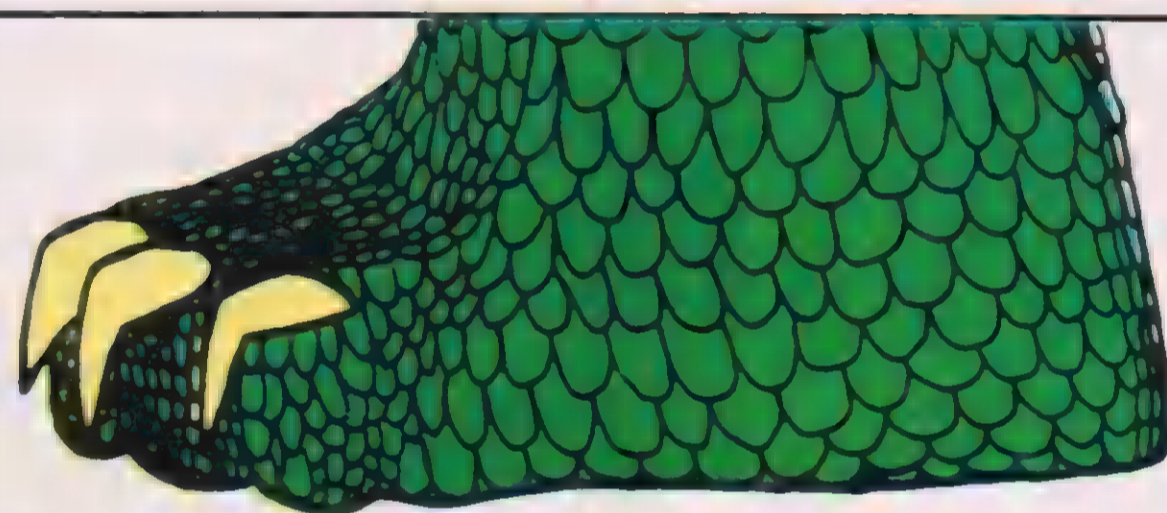
As the climatic zones subtly shift, populations and disagreements between nations increase, it becomes more and more apparent that the Earth, a green marble afloat in the black sea of space, is finite in resources and land area. There is an alternative, one that offers almost limitless resources and a potential land area of a hundred Earths. The answer, of course, is the Colonization of Space. That is, orbiting habitats capable of supporting the Earth's population in space by the year 2200. The initial studies in this area have already taken place, examining an overall view of the basic necessities. This past summer another seminar of space scientists occurred at the NASA Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California, to study in more detail the techniques necessary and available to push their magnificent concepts into reality. The basic technology already exists. The scenario calls for the Space Shuttle to ship preliminary material into orbit by 1985, with completion of the first colony-manufactured, solar-powered satellite by 1991. It would be capable of supplying enough electricity for a Los Angeles-sized orbiting city. Further discussion centered around the details of transforming theory into reality. For instance, how to acquire the needed materials to construct a miles-long habitat without further exhausting an already depleted terrestrial mineral source. The answer has been previously suggested and is now considered feasible: Space work teams can mine the Moon or passing asteroids. The plan includes the launching of material from the lunar surface in fiberglass bundles to a "mass catcher" 40,000 kilometers away—actually an orbiting mineral processing station. At the same time, ships

could be sent to mine raw materials on asteroids ranging in size of up to one million tons, which pass close enough to make the effort profitable. Although it may take as long as two years to catch up with these mineral-rich rocks, the massive return would make the trip worthwhile. The conclusions reached in these studies were overwhelmingly positive. It is now time for the hard part—translating these findings into cold, hard, Government-funded reality.

Art: Chesley Bonestell



Closed Mondays



Bambi Meets Godzilla



French Windows

BAMBI MEETS GODZILLA

One of the biggest box office hits of New York City's fall film season starred Superman, Godzilla, Bambi, Pink Floyd, Teaser and Firecat and a large bottle of 7-Up. No, it wasn't the latest Japanese-made *Monster Island Vs. Everybody* film, it was *The Fantastic Animation Festival*; a visual delight now making its way to theaters all across the country. The Festival is a sampler of great cartoon and stop-motion art that has graced the screen for over three decades. Just about every type of animation is represented—from the brilliant Max Fleischer *Superman Vs. The Mechanical Monsters* (an early forties cartoon) to the Oscar-winning stop-motion adventures of *Closed Mondays*. Included in the cartoon marathon are such diverse entries as *French Windows* (featuring the music of Pink Floyd), *Icarus* (a re-telling of the Greek myth using stop motion), *A*

Short History of the Wheel (by Disney animator Loren Bowie), *The Cosmic Cartoon*, *The Last Cartoon Man*, *Nightbird*, *Cat's Cradle*, *Moonshadow* (based on Cat Stevens' song and scripted by Cat), *Room and Board* (by Disney animator Randy Cartwright), *Bambi Meets Godzilla* (this one should inspire De Laurentiis), *Mountain Music* (a stop-motion look at ecological revenge), *Light, Mirror People*, *Kick Me*, *Closed Mondays* (a stop-motion excursion into a museum after closing time) and two award-winning commercials featuring the surreal world of 7-Up and Levis. Most of the cartoons included are representative of the "new wave" in screen animation and were done by young animators in their 20s and 30s. *The Fantastic Animation Festival* is a show that lives up to its name; a fascinating glimpse at just how far cartooning has come since the early days of *Gertie the Dinosaur* and *Farmer Gray* with those stick figure mice. (Remember when it used to really "rain cats and dogs"?)

NEW DISNEY SF

Although Walt Disney Productions has thrilled and delighted generations of youngsters with their fantasy films, they have never ventured very far into the realm of science fiction. Fortunately, this trend seems to be changing. Disney's most recent SF effort was *Escape to Witch Mountain*, in 1975. Due to its success they are shooting a sequel, *Return From Witch Mountain*, with Christopher Lee as a mad scientist who captures one of the alien children. There is also *The Cat From Outer Space*, which is currently in production. Further, it has been announced that they will be doing a multi-million-dollar spectacular tentatively titled *Space Wheel*, about a manned station orbiting Earth. Unlike other companies, Disney decided to make these science-fiction entries before the phenomenal success of *Star Wars*. Fantasy lovers should not be dismayed, though; they are still quite active in that field with new productions such as the recent *Pete's Dragon*. *The Cat From Outer Space* deals with a highly intelligent feline from another planet. He can communicate with Earthlings, and—like Superman who also originated on a different world—he is endowed with some extraordinary abilities that come in mighty handy when some villains attempt to capture him. This animal is known as Junar J5/90 Doric 4-7, but on our world he goes by the name "Jake." Crashlanding on Earth because of a spaceship malfunction, the gifted alien realizes that he will have to remain here for the rest of his life if he doesn't blast off for home within 36 hours. To complicate matters, the U.S. Army has detected his craft's arrival. They send a unit to investigate and the ship is airlifted to a deserted airfield where NASA scientists inspect the vehicle. The humans quickly discover that the saucer-like object of their attention is powered by an energy source that resembles an artichoke. This device is removed and transferred to the Energy Research Lab, where Dr. Frank Wilson (Ken Berry) theorizes that it is part of the "primal mainstream." Jake, who has been observing all of this while being ignored because he looks like an ordinary cat, uses thought transference to contact Wilson. The alien informs the



Photo : © Walt Disney Productions

Jake's spacecraft is lifted by the U.S. Army.

astounded man that his collar (which glows when in operation) intensifies brain power and stimulates ESP. Together, they plan to repair Jake's craft before his deadline runs out. Unfortunately, a crook named Stallwood (Roddy McDowall) learns about the animal, and interferes with the mission. With time running out, gangsters and American soldiers make things difficult for the feline. Even worse, our heroes discover that they need about \$120,000 worth of gold to reactivate the spaceship. Of course, after the usual array of special effects and excitement, the good guys win out in the end. Other cast members include Hans Conried, Sandy Duncan, McLean Stevenson, William Prince and Harry Morgan.

WAR OF THE WORLDS' 25TH ANNIVERSARY



Photos: Bob Villard

Left to right: Mrs. and Mr. George Pal, actor Les Tremayne and star Ann Robinson

With klieg lights aglow, celebrities in tow and radio and TV newsmen interviewing everyone in sight, Hollywood's Holly Theater hosted the gala "Re-Premiere" of George Pal's classic version of H.G. Wells' *War of The Worlds*. The event celebrated both the 25th anniversary of the film's release and the nationwide re-release of the cinematic milestone. Reunited at the "Re-Premiere" for the first time in over two decades were producer Pal, heroine Ann Robinson, actor Les Tremayne and stuntman "Mushy" Callahan who was, during the course of the film, blasted to death by Martian invaders on various occasions. Both Pal and Ms. Robinson were presented with plaques from Paramount Pictures and The Film Advisory Board commemorating the movie's 25th anniversary. Callahan presented a special award to Pal on behalf of the countless stuntmen employed by him over the years. The donors were identified only as "The Cauliflower Ear Gang." The "Re-Premiere" drew some of science-fiction's finest; including author A.E. Van Vogt, *Logan's Run* co-creator George Clayton Johnson and SF and fantasy historian/editor Forrest J. Ackerman. While hundreds of fans looked on, Ackerman brought forth one of the original Martian death machine models used during the SFX scenes in the film. Shown publicly for the first time in 25 years, the miniature is the last of its kind. All the other models of the Martian hardware were destroyed when a fire leveled Pal's home several years ago.



STAR WARS DISCO SPARKS TREND

1977 has been a *Star Wars* year. The phenomenal film has spawned an avalanche of *SW* products: books, toys, T-shirts, iron-ons, home movies, TV specials, bumper stickers and, surprisingly enough, a hit disco record. A few weeks ago the number one record all around the country was a disco version of the magnificent *Star Wars* music featuring a solid "rock orchestra" and a horde of effects that sound suspiciously like R2-D2, Darth Vader and several Cantina aliens. The gold single was the brainchild of Meco Monardo, whose album *Star Wars and Other Galactic Funk* spawned the current disco deluge. Meco, a well-known session musician and producer, said the idea to make the *Star Wars* score "contemporary" came to him in a flash.

"I was at the opening of *Star Wars* in New York," he said recently while working in a Manhattan recording studio. "It was ten in the morning. Five hundred kids and me. The film knocked me out. I had been a science-fiction nut when I was young. I read *Tarzan* and *John Carter* when I was in grade school and the big authors when I was in high school. But I outgrew it in college. Then I saw *Star Wars*. It all came back. I was at the theater again the next day. I saw the film three more times. By the second showing, I began *hearing* the music. John Williams does some amazing things in the movie but everything is hidden by the action. All those beautiful themes. The fourth time I saw *Star Wars* I just listened. I bought the soundtrack and thought, 'Hey, they could be doing more.'" Meco called up Neil Bogart of Casablanca Records and Filmworks and Jimmy Ienner of Millennium Records and told them of his disco dream. They loved the idea, and, without a contract ever being signed, Meco brought them a finished record two weeks later. The *Star Wars* disco album shot up the charts like a Tie Fighter, leading Meco back into the SF realm full-time. "My next album is going to be called *Meco's Time Machine*," he revealed. "It will be a concept LP—a lot of disco, but other types of music as well. We'll visit eight different time periods of Earth's history and observe events. Those events will be translated into music. We'll start before the dawn of man, in prehistoric times, and we'll end in New York in 1980." Apparently, that's just the beginning of the SF-disco concept espoused by Meco. As he got back to work at the recording studio he mentioned something about taking both the *Star Wars* and the *Time Machine* concepts on the road for a series of live concerts. "I'm not a very outgoing person on stage," he confided. "But if I could get enough money to do it, I'd love it. Can you imagine EXPERIENCING the *Time Machine* in person?"

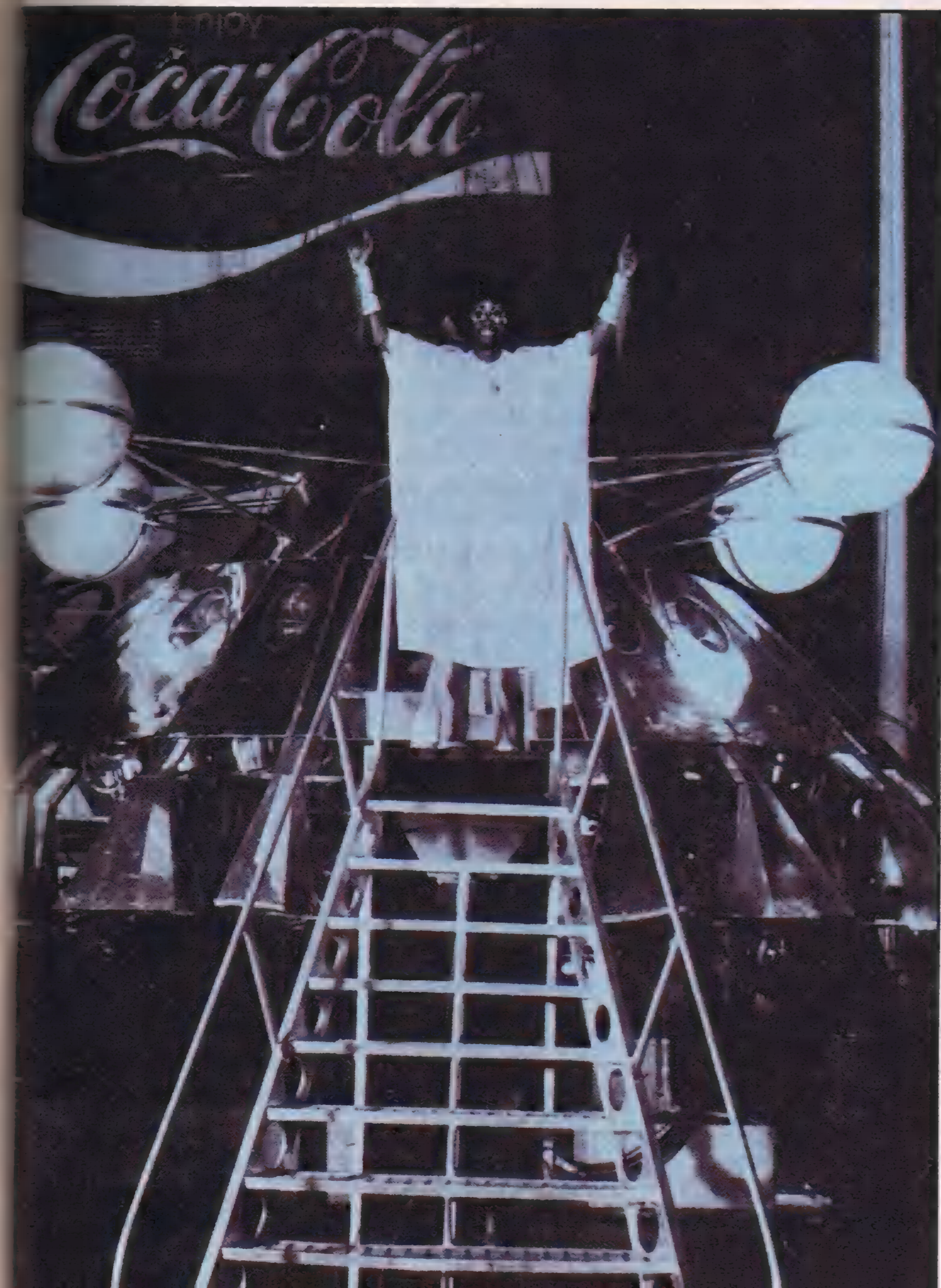


Photo: Aaron/Morley

SAUCER LANDS IN N.Y., ROCK BAND EMERGES

A flying saucer landed in New York's Time Square a few weeks ago but nobody really made a fuss over it. It was all quite legal and equally expected. The saucer, as it turns out, was the property of George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic rock family; a spacey band that mixes a healthy dose of SF with their funky doings. The saucer was there as part of an "in-concert" feature-length movie that P-Funk is putting together. George and fellow astronaut/band member Bootsy Collins wanted to film a scene where a UFO lands in midtown Manhattan one sunny afternoon. From within the saucer comes a stairway ramp and, presto! George and Bootsy, alien rockers, descend upon the Earth. The NY Police Department was initially less thrilled with the plans. They finally gave the P-Funk crew a permit to land their saucer in public *only* if they did so in the wee hours of the morning. And so, at 3AM one Saturday, the UFO was hauled in for a dramatic landing. The filming went off without a hitch. Elsewhere, on the SF-rock front, Canadian band Rush moved one step closer to presenting the first SF "musical" novel. The quartet, well known for their SF songs "2112" and "Anthem," released their latest gold album *A Farewell To Kings* with the usual fanfare expected in the record industry. What made this album different, though, was the inclusion of "Sygnus X-1." The tune is actually the first installment of something Rush refers to as their "rock-science fiction novel;" a continuing tale that will leap from album to album, detailing the adventures of a galactic traveler caught in a black hole in space.

Alien rocker Bootsy Collins lands in Times Square.



© Magic Lantern

Magic Lantern Works Wonders

By CHARLES BOGLE

For most people the word "animation" immediately conjures up visions of Disney fantasy films. During the animation heyday of the 1930s and 1940s, men like Disney, Fleischer, Lantz, Terry and Tex Avery brought the art of screen cartooning to its peak via the adventures of *Snow White*, *Popeye*, *Woody Woodpecker*, the "Terrytoon" characters, the "Looney Tunes" troupe and the Warner Brothers creations. The animation was colorful, smooth and action-packed. Lately, however, animation has suffered greatly due to economics. Modern-day studios just aren't willing to spend the time and money to turn out quality, "full-animation" cartooning. And, while a few rebels like Bakshi and Richard Williams carry on in their wonderful ways, most of the cartoon creators churn out the stiff, repetitious tedium that is often viewed on Saturday mornings.

But there is hope for the future of quality animation. A number of young cartoonists across the country are trying to emulate the Golden Days of anima-

tion, often with spectacular results. And, since motion pictures are too expensive to fit their budgets, they often opt for different avenues of exposure, such as TV commercials. Two cases in point are Tom Roy and Bob Dyke, a pair of young Michigan animators who have created Magic Lantern, an organization dedicated to animation, special effects and all around colorfulness.

"We do a lot of industrial animation," Bob states. "A lot of commercial work, but we try to tackle it a bit differently. A commercial doesn't have to be dull. Most of ours have been pretty strange. We've had giant hamburgers, tiny villages, cave men . . . we even brought the Tin Woodsman character from *The Wizard of Oz* back to life . . . had him drive a car and talk to the audience from behind the wheel."

The pair obviously love their work and attempt to make each assignment, no matter how "ordinary," a creative challenge. Although they joined forces just four years ago, collectively they have been animating for over fifteen years; since the days of their late teens. Bob began by doing a batch of home movies, the first major one being *Mr.*

Grey, a spoof on the classic film *The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit*. He got his first taste of professional filmmaking with the motorcycle potboiler, *The Northville Cemetery Raid*, a movie that boggled his mind in terms of pointlessness. Once he got the 3-in-1 oil out of his system, he returned to animation with the epic *Planets of the Sun*, a space documentary narrated by Leonard Nimoy and distributed by Paramount.

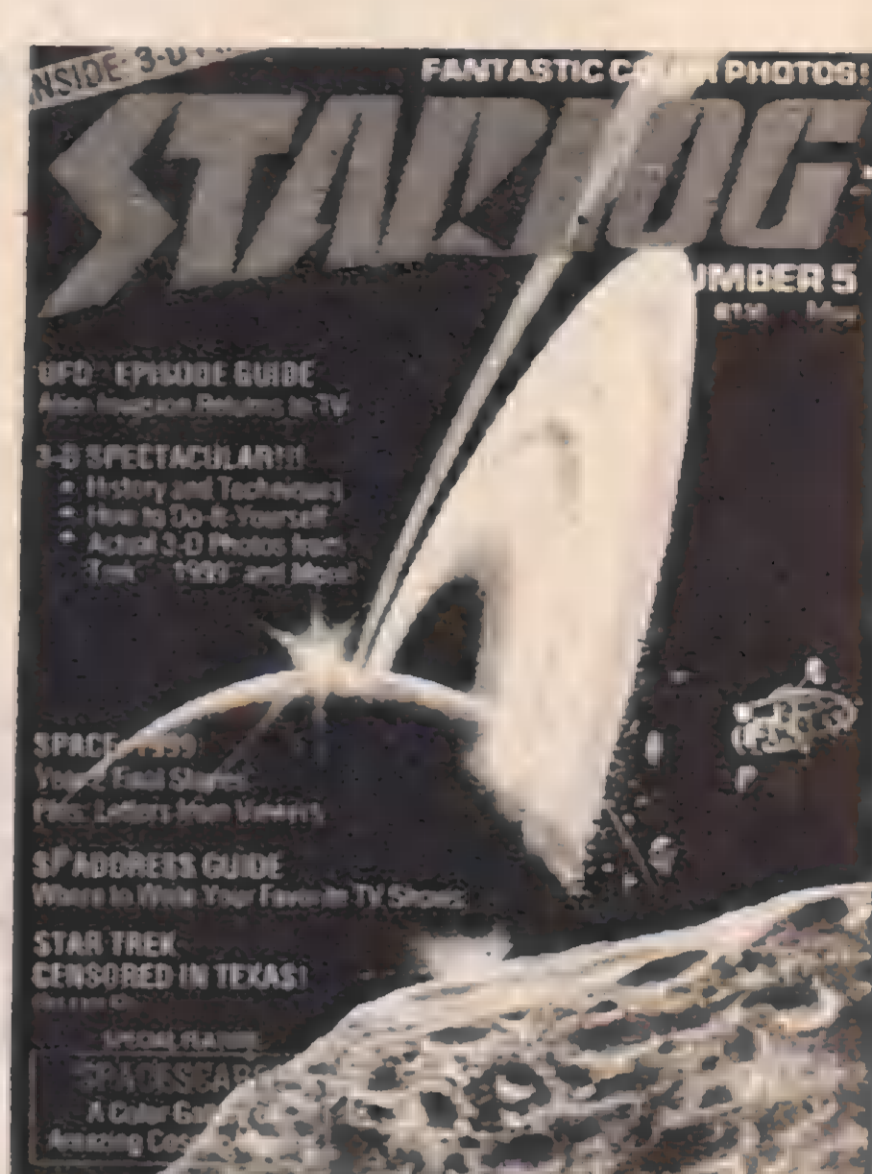
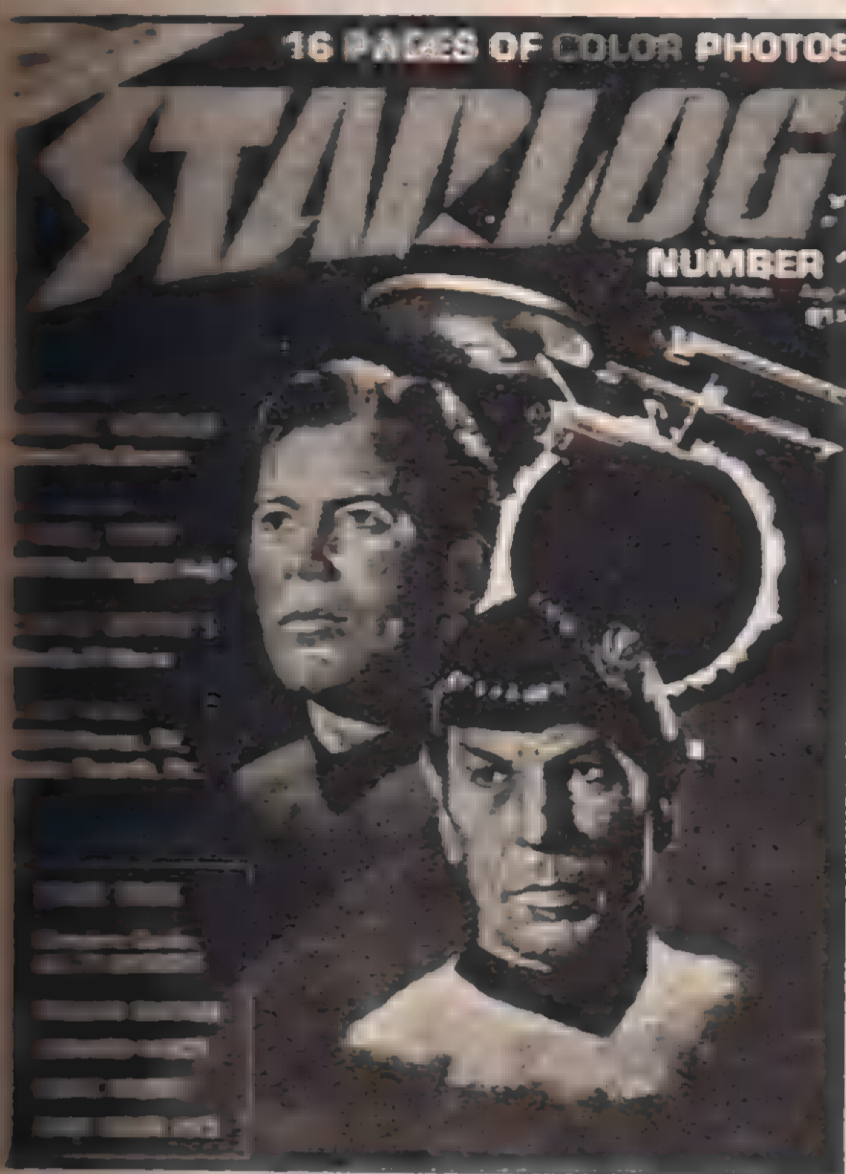
It was at this point that Bob met Tom Roy. Tom had been an art director at a local TV studio when the cartoon bug bit him. He made a homegrown version of the Beatles' *Rocky Raccoon* that quite impressed Bob. The two joined forces and started chasing commercial work with a vengeance. Aside from one and two minute TV spots, they've managed to do quite a bit of short work including a feature commissioned by Mike Nesmith (late of The Monkees). The film was a musical based on one of Michael's albums, featuring the songwriter soaring through the galaxy as if by magic.

Now that Magic Lantern is well established in the business as a quality animation outfit, the two cartoonists are contemplating a few projects of their own design. "We've been working on one film short," says Bob, "called *The Final Frontier*. What we do is compare the old romantic notions of space travel with the realities of modern science. You know, we contrast the glamorous Flash Gordon comic book action with real film of Neil Armstrong walking

(continued on page 78)

JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MISSED!

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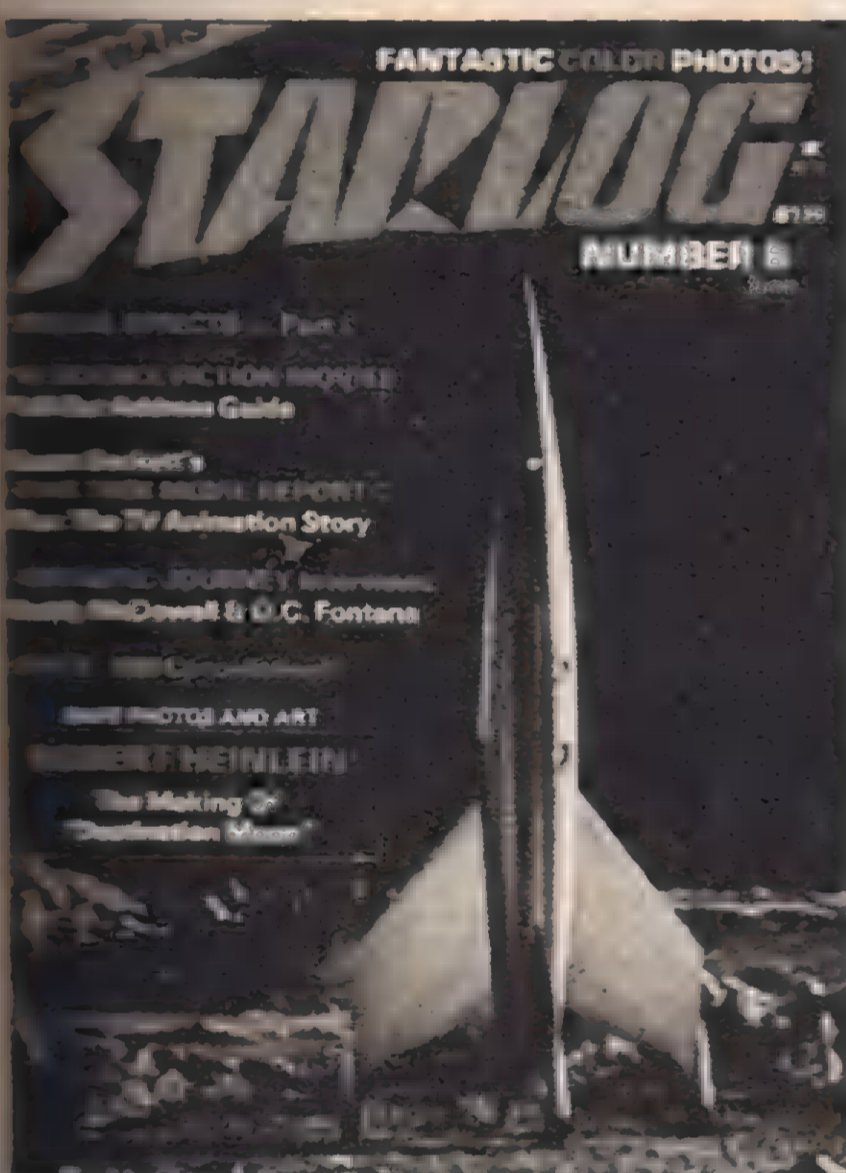
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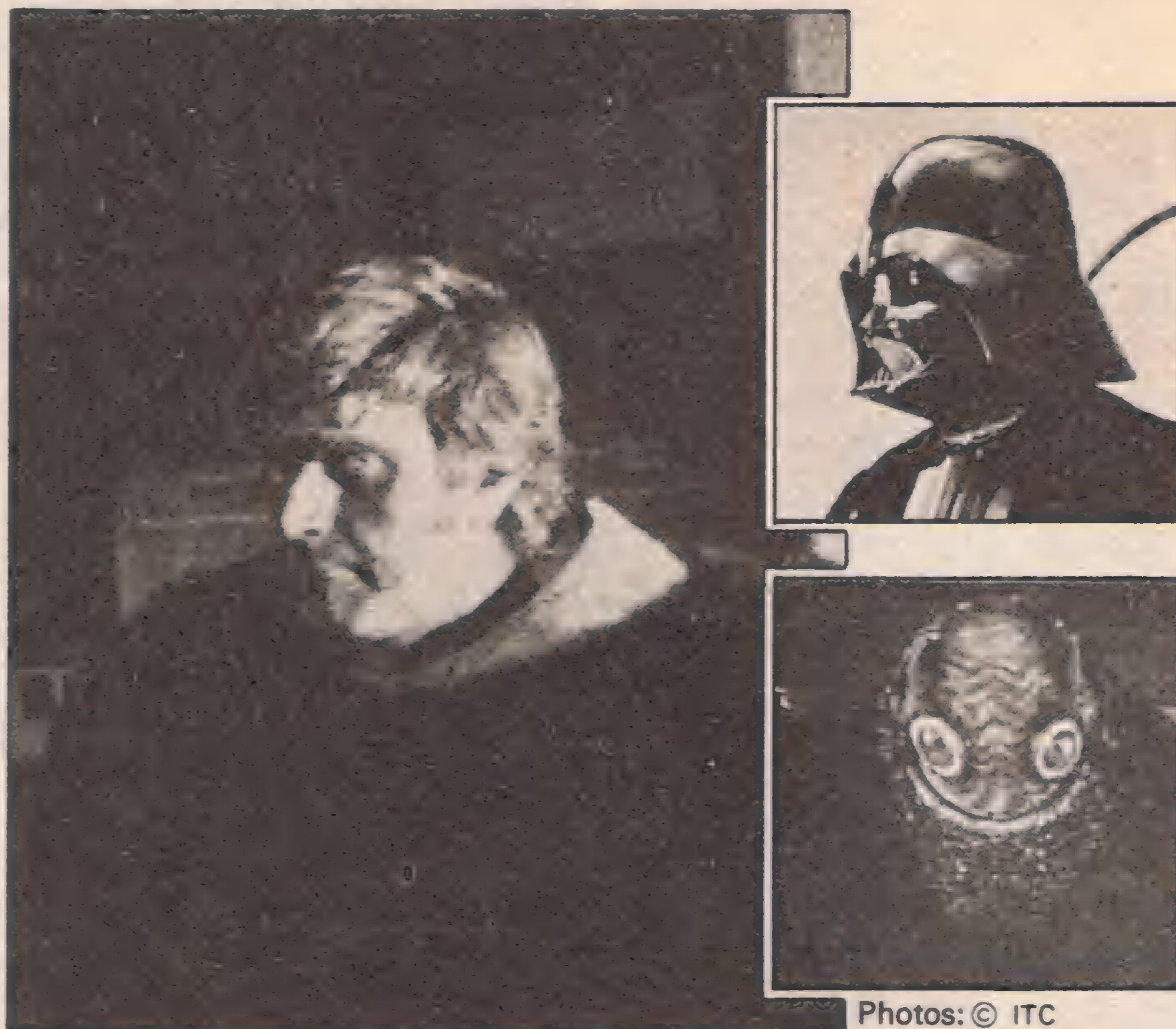
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DARTH VADER UNMASKED!

At last, the face behind the mask of that villain of villains can be shown! Since the evil Darth Vader appeared on the scene, people have demanded to know what the man who plays the part of the Dark Lord of Sith really looks like. Well, through the efforts of our editorial staff and the nice people over at ITC Entertainment, STARLOG has found a behind-the-scenes photograph of actor Dave Prowse. He is in costume, but with his mask off—taking a break during the shooting of the *Space: 1999* episode "The Beta Cloud." He played a robot sent by an alien race to steal Moonbase Alpha's life support system: at all costs! Prowse, as you can see in the photo, was wearing black make-up to hide his facial features behind the lizard-like mask. Besides his role in *Space: 1999* (for which he received a "Guest Star" credit—a rare thing for an actor without any lines who appeared behind a mask), the 42-year-old, Bristol-born Prowse has appeared no less than seven times as The Monster in Hammer Films' "Frankenstein" film series. His most recent one was *Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell*. Prowse stands 6 feet 7 inches tall. He was undefeated as the British Heavyweight Weightlifting Champion, having won the title in three consecutive years.



Photos: © ITC

Three of the many faces of character actor David Prowse. Above: David relaxes on the set of *Space: 1999*. Above right: David as Darth Vader and the lizard monster on *Space*.



R2-D2 MAKES THE ROUNDS

Has success spoiled little Artoo-Detoo? The young protege of writer/director George Lucas has been seen rushing between Hollywood and New York to appear with some of the more glamorous stars of stage, screen and television. The popular droid was seen last August at Madison Square Garden when he visited rock star Peter Frampton in the middle of his show. Artoo just rolled out bleeping and blinking. Frampton later introduced Artoo to Olivia Newton John at the 3rd Annual Rock Music Awards in September. Rumor has it that the little guy is rolling around with some of Hollywood's famous female stars these days. He was last seen with Dinah Shore on the set of her syndicated talk show. Will Artoo-Detoo become the victim of fast women and drink? "I doubt it," confesses Artoo's older brother, See-Threepio. "He can't even answer his love letters."



Photo: Lynn Goldsmith

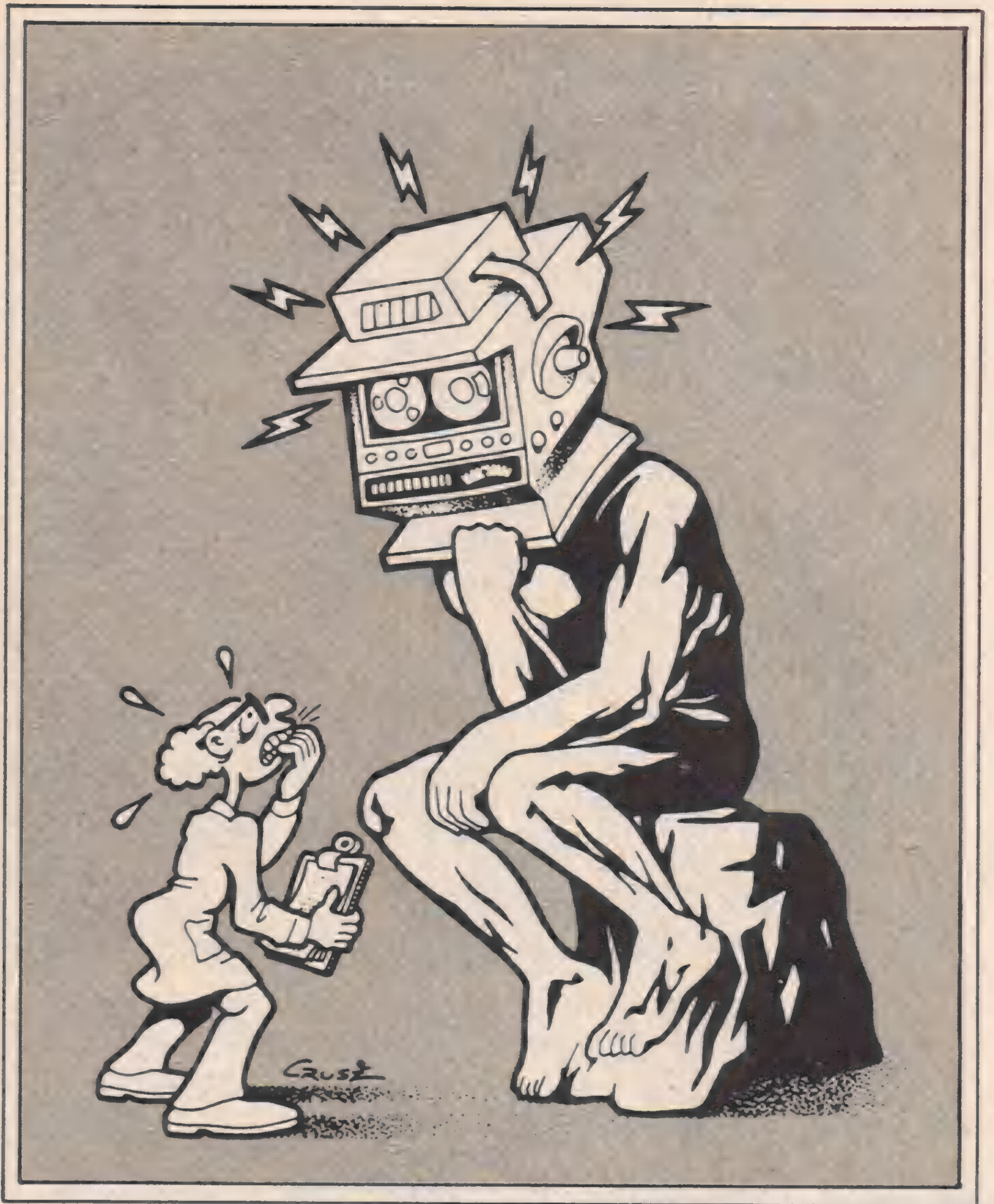
NEMO RESURRECTED; BODY SNATCHER RE-INVASION

Producer-director Irwin Allen, who has entertained SF fans over the years with his *Voyage To The Bottom of The Sea*, *Land Of The Giants*, *Time Tunnel* and *Lost In Space* TV series; is hard at work on two new SF projects—one for theatrical release, the other for television. His film, *The Swarm*, is a terrifying tale of ecology-gone-wild, as the first army of killer bees comes across the U.S. border from down south. Featured in the cast are Michael Caine, Henry Fonda, Katherine Ross and Richard Widmark. TV-wise, Allen will resurrect Jules Verne's man of science, Captain Nemo, for a made-for-TV mini series. The show will deal with exploits set in present day surroundings—Nemo having just regained consciousness aboard the *Nautilus* after a century of suspended animation. Also looming in the future are a host of SF films just beginning production. From Academy International comes the million dollar *Monster*; it will be

filmed entirely on location in Bogota. This movie will be based on the real-life appearance of a Loch Ness-type creature that reportedly arose from a lake in Colombia in 1971, devouring nine people. The film will be directed by Ken Hartford and stars Keenan Wynn, John Carradine and Diane McBaine. United Artists, meanwhile, is dusting off the vintage SF chiller *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* for a widescreen re-make. The pod-from-space invasion will be written by W.D. Richter, produced by Robert Solo and directed by Phillip Kaufman. Roddy McDowall, a familiar face to all, will star in *Laserblast*, an SF adventure to be produced by Charles Band and directed by Michael Rae. Roddy's co-stars include Kim Milford, Keenan Wynn, Cheryl Smith and Gianni Russo. Also in the works is a film version of the rabbit-run *Watership Down*, to be produced by London-based Martin Rosen.

TO THINK OR NOT TO THINK: THE COMPUTER DILEMMA

Although modern scientists have yet to come up with a computer that can think and reason on its own, ala Hal in *2001*, there is a furor going on within the ranks of the global computer-scientist community that could affect the creation of any possible future Hals. The debate concerns whether a computer should be **allowed to think for itself**. It was triggered by the publication of a book, last year, by the esteemed computer specialist Joseph Weisenbaum, a professor of computer science at MIT. In the work, *Computer Power and Human Reason*, Weisenbaum sent the "pro-think" computer crowd reeling by stating that machines could never be made to reason like human beings, and even if independent thought were possible, should not be allowed. He said that pursuing such a course smacked of Frankensteinism, partly because the thought processes of a human and those of a computer were totally alien to each other and could never be joined. He also warned that Man might depend on future computers in such a manner as to limit his knowledge to the facts that a computer could digest. The pro-think faction—led by Carnegie-Mellon University's Prof. Herbert A. Simon—was quick to respond via an article in *Science* magazine entitled "What Computers Mean For Man and Society." Arguing the benefits of a reasoning machine, Simon dismissed Weisenbaum as a man who believed that knowledge about man's ability to think was dangerous. Weisenbaum, in a brief retort, shrugged "I have pronounced heresy and I am a heretic." Meanwhile, the research continues in the effort to perfect a mechanized brain capable of intuitive reasoning. Thus far, computers have been able to function in given areas only after being "fed" specific banks of information.



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SHATNER ON KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS

"Once I got over my built-in abhorrence of these loathsome looking creatures, it was okay," says William Shatner. He refers to the nearly 5,000 live tarantulas (bought for \$20 each) that besiege him in *Kingdom of the Spiders*, perhaps the crawliest science fiction yet, from Arachnid Productions and Dimension Pictures. "I know that in real life they are basically harmless," he continues, "but it gets pretty hairy when they are dropping on you, or climbing up your legs all day long. I had 'em crawling on my face, all over me, but then so did the other members of the cast." All the other members of the cast included Tiffany Bolling and Shatner's real life wife, Marcy Lafferty.

"Marcy was not going to do the film," Shatner recalls. "But later (she) reconsidered and decided to go out and confront this universal primal fear we all have of being engulfed and rendered helpless by these eight-legged forms of life with quarter inch fangs."

These vile creatures (who play themselves, of course) are neither defanged nor drugged, and in all but long shots showing zillions of them, they have no mechanical stand-ins. They were gathered and "coached" by Jim Brockett, who owns Western Zoo Supply in Los Angeles and is the only person in the area licensed to import arachnids, reptiles and the like.

He explains: "You can't train tarantulas, but you can guide their movements with thin air streams, like blowing through a straw. We were able to get results this way that surprised director Bud Cardos. Many intricate movements were performed in one take.

"All spiders are venomous, but the poison is much weaker than a bee sting. Still that's how they kill their prey. They have two large fangs in front of their mouths anywhere from three-eighths to half an inch long. One kind we used is called the orange-knee, found mostly in Mexico. They bite and hang on. Their venom is usually much stronger than other wolf spiders.

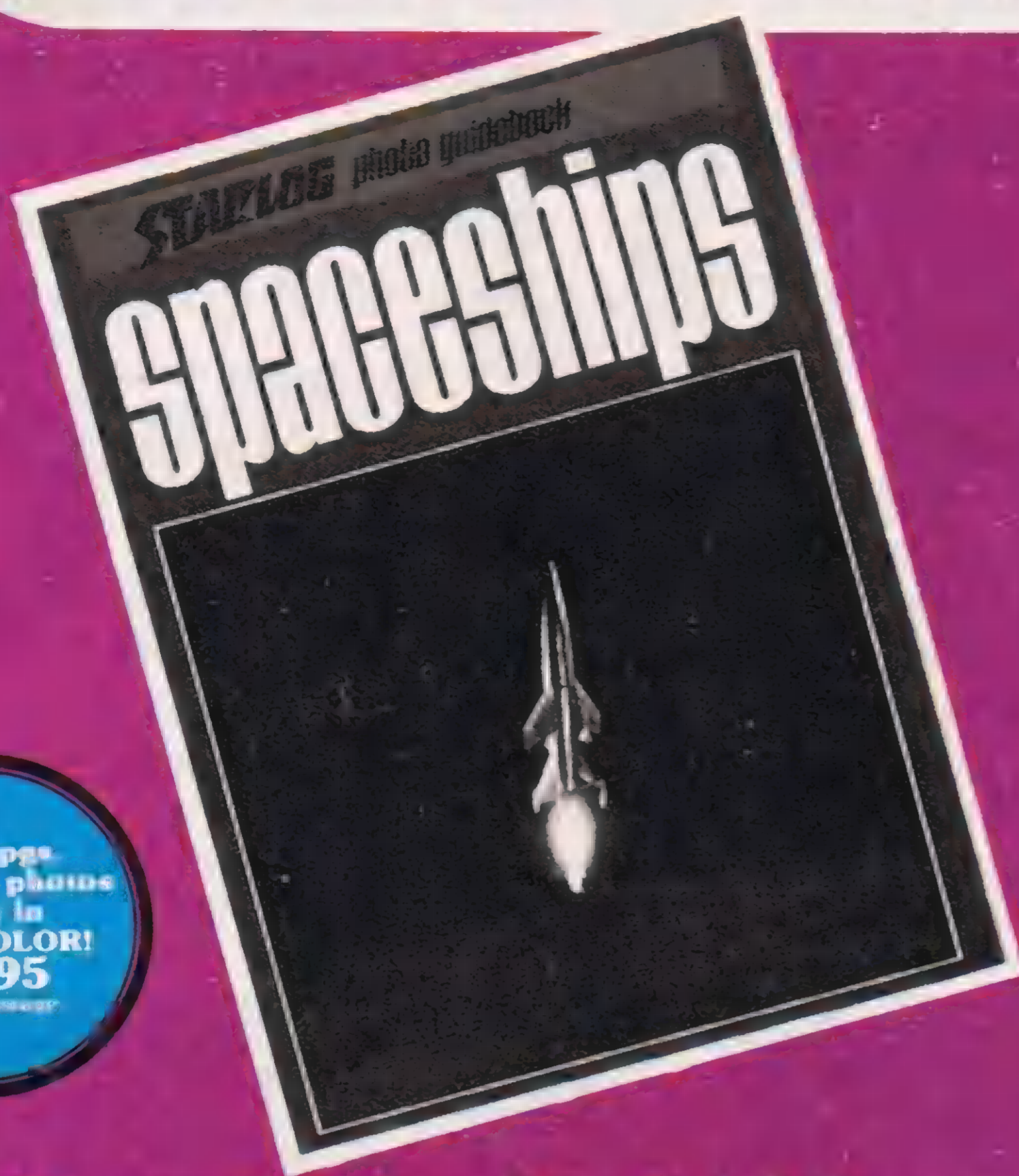
"We used 30,000 crickets a week to feed our spiders. "Normally, tarantulas are solitary creatures. When they mingle they attack each other and are cannibalistic, which, of course, gave us some problems. We had to isolate them in plastic containers, then pull off the covers when the director called, 'Action.' "

Brockett says the film is "a fascinating horror story because the premise is believable." The premise is that the tarantulas, deprived of their natural source of insect prey by the overuse of pesticides, band together and turn to another source of food. "Guess what," Shatner adds grimly; "us."

Despite the spiders, Shatner enjoyed making the film. "It was made in that beautiful red-rock country near Sedona, Arizona," he says. "Marcy, who also stars in the picture, and I enjoyed some marvelous side trips. It's known as John Ford country, because the late director made more than 20 films in northern Arizona and Sedona is the gateway to it."

Shatner says the movie is a camera picture, a director's picture, and the actors are practically incidental. "But I'll say this: none of us took it lightly. We all got the *baptism by spiders*. We both had nightmares before and during the shooting, although mine lingered for some time. It was a terminal nightmare. I don't think I'll go to bed at night without checking all around for a long time."

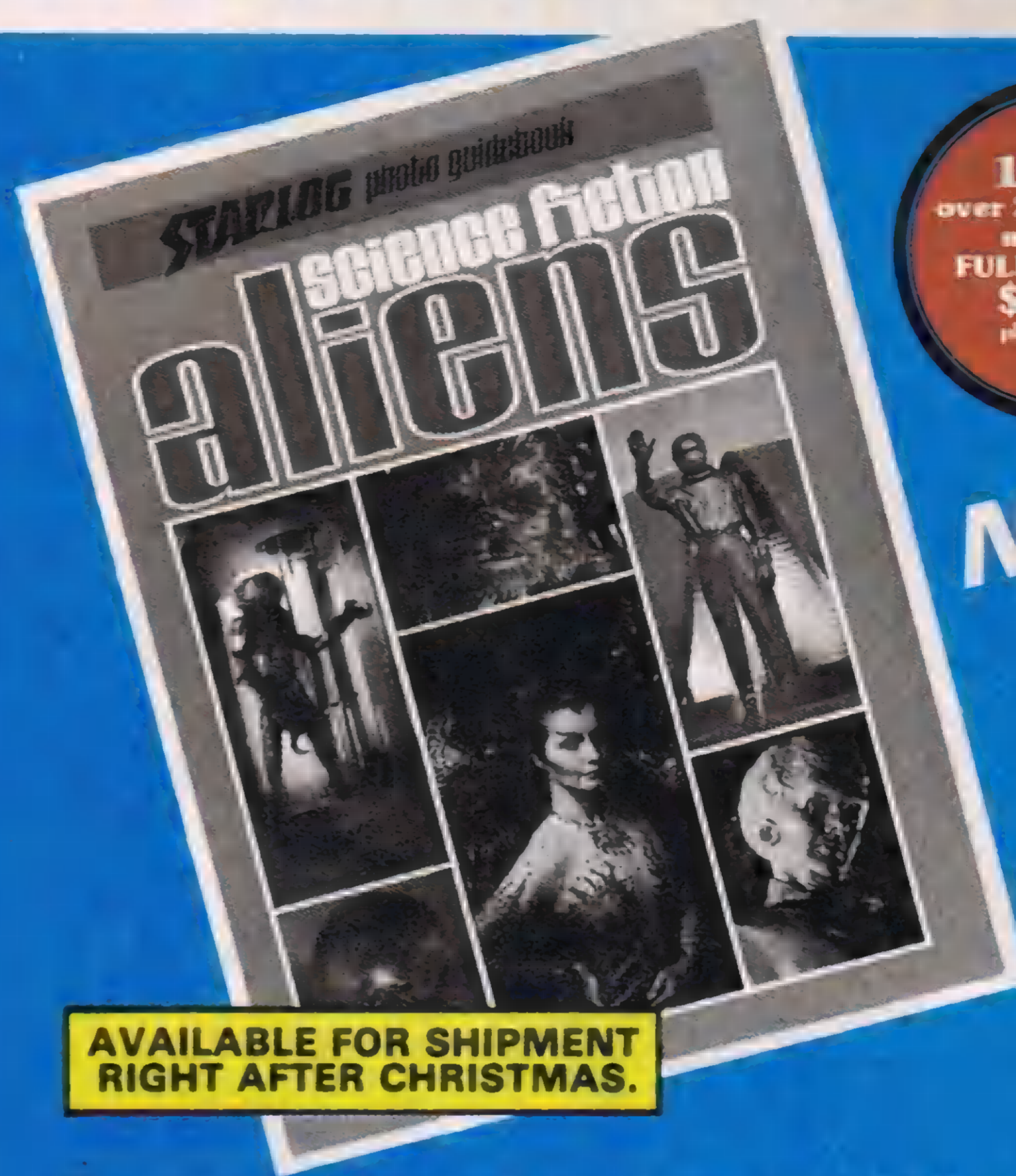
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Dehumanization; loss of personal freedom; subjugation of the individual to the will of the StateAll of these are classic SF themes and can be found throughout the genre, from George Orwell's *1984* to Stanley Kubrick's *2001*. These concepts are central in science fiction because they are also very real and present dangers of living in a modern, complex society.

Imagine an SF-TV show that concentrates on investigating these threats to personal rights and you have envisioned *The Prisoner*.

Left : The Village—an idyllic, isolated, self-contained environment. The large, central dome that dominates it is the home of No.2, the Village's main figure of authority, but clearly not the person at the top. But where is The Village and what does it mean? Is it an interrogation center for spies who've come out of the cold? Which side runs it? You must draw your own conclusions. Below left: "Harmony's a good town," the prisoner is told. But what is he doing there? "People don't ask questions here." Harmony is a bizarre delusion, yet all too real for the people who live there.



All photos: © ITC

Above right: The Village mall. In an age of rapid technological advancement, of what possible use is an antique bicycle? Where are we rushing to in such a hurry anyway? The prisoner fights to maintain his individuality and regain his personal freedom or die trying in the attempt. But who is the enemy?

Conceived and produced as a continuing allegory, called "the greatest SF event of TV," interpreted alternately as modern mythology, a psychological study and a political statement, its message is clear:

Modern Society is a vast, collective prison and each and every one of us is . . .

the Prisoner

"I will not be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed or numbered!" . . . Number 6.



By HOWARD ZIMMERMAN

The Prisoner is a show steeped in paradox. It is one of the most exciting series ever produced for TV, yet at the same time, watching it can be an extraordinarily frustrating experience.

Patrick McGoohan, creator and star of *The Prisoner*, constructed a beautiful video puzzle in seventeen episodes. Un-

**"I AM NOT A NUMBER.
I AM A PERSON."**

fortunately, the pieces never quite seem to fit together. Many of the dramatic elements and plot twists used in each episode seem to be irrelevant by the end of the show, for the prisoner always winds up back at square one. That is "the Village" which, although it is extensively inhabited, appears to be his

own, personal prison. There are several episodes filled with fast-paced action and intrigue and surprising developments that are ultimately revealed to be a dream, a fantasy; an induced hallucination. All of the action has taken place within the mind's eye: yet your senses perceive it as no less real.

But why bother to watch a show where the action is misleading, the conclusions inconclusive? Because it is pro-



"Fall Out:" Since you won't be our slave, may we be yours? This is the question posed to the prisoner when all else fails. But "The King is a pawn as well; only less active."

vocative, stimulating: thought-provoking. Once you are involved with the series, you can't help but to start looking at things that you take for granted in a new light. If this happens, then McGoochan has been successful.

The Prisoner is an investigation of the problem of keeping one's individuality and personal freedoms in a technological civilization. When asked "how free are we?" McGoochan's answer is clear, concise and more than a bit depressing: "I think," he says, "we're being imprisoned and engulfed by a scientific and materialistic world."

On one level, *The Prisoner* is a product of its time. When McGoochan produced it, over ten years ago, the United States was locked in the grip of widespread social protest and student dissent as the Vietnam conflict rapidly escalated into a major war. It was a time of brutal repression of individual rights. Phones were illegally tapped, personal records were covertly seized and examined, the President drew up his own, private "enemies list."

What makes *The Prisoner* so important though is not the fact that McGoochan dealt with the burning issues of the day, but that he translated them into timeless, universal symbols and examined them as such.

The Prisoner is an extension of McGoochan's first, highly successful series, *Secret Agent*. In it, he played John Drake, a British Intelligence agent. But contrary to the James Bond image, Drake questioned the necessity as well as the morality of what he was doing. Most of *The Prisoner's* seventeen episodes open with a short scenario picturing Drake's resignation from the Service.

"ALL OF YOU AT ONE TIME WERE PERSONS."

Prepare yourself: we are about to embark on an exploration of a world turned inside-out; an ultimate trip that would have made Odysseus or Alice proud. Welcome to the world of *The Prisoner* . . .

(There is no dialogue, although there is background music. The scene cuts occur with breathtaking speed—no image lasts longer than four seconds . . .)

—An unusual, one-seater sports car comes screaming down a deserted country highway. McGoochan is driving: his hands grip the wheel fiercely, his face is distorted with rage; the wind is whipping violently through his hair.

—Into the traffic-clogged city streets; the car heads for an underground garage.

—Angry footsteps echo down an empty hallway, stopping before a large, double door.

—McGoochan throws the doors back and steps into a private office.

—He strides over to a desk behind which a man is seated. He yells at the man, takes an envelope from his jacket, throws it on the desk and wheels out of the room.

—A vast underground filing complex; row upon row of cabinets. There are no people. A silent, mechanical arm passes down the length of the corridor, stopping before one of the cabinets; a drawer springs open. The robot arm reaches in, comes up with a card bearing McGoochan's picture. There are several series of numbers but no name on the card.

—The card is placed in a typewriter and "X-ed out."

—The arm then deposits it in a drawer marked: RESIGNED.

—McGoochan's car pulls up in front of his London apartment.

—A hearse, unseen, follows him.

—He enters his apartment and quickly starts packing.

—A man is seen leaving the hearse and walking up to McGoochan's front door.

—As he is finishing packing, the camera swings toward the door and a cloud of gas can be seen billowing into the room through the keyhole.

—McGoochan, too late, turns and notices the gas. The room starts to spin about him; he loses consciousness.

—He awakes in his own bed but when he looks out the window he sees that he is no longer in London.

—He is in a small, self-contained, isolated island community known as The Village. He is being held captive against his will.

SEEK THE TRUTH

The questions that McGoochan addresses himself to in the series all start with a capital "Q." Here are a few examples: Can an individual survive in a complex social system in which he is manipulated, seemingly at random, by unseen forces? Q: What is the most creative relationship that can possibly be evolved between a technological civilization and an individual? Q: Who is to shape this relationship, the State or the individual? Q: Is "the truth" a constant, objective reality, or must we each seek our own version of the truth—disdaining those beliefs commonly held to be "truths?" Q: What must we do to perceive the limits of our personal prison? Q: Knowing these limits, can we escape the prison?

It is certainly the rare TV show that can address itself to such overriding human themes, let alone get them successfully across the tube to the audience. McGoochan's intention was to present a certain set of symbols and let the viewers deduce their significance and consequences. To accomplish this (and avoid any problems of censorship) McGoochan conceived the series as an allegory. Webster's defines "allegory" as: "the expression, by means of symbolic fictional figures and actions, of truths or generalizations about human existence."

"It doesn't matter who is No.1, nor which side is running this," says No.2 in answer to the prisoner's question. Is the truth less valid when spoken by the enemy?



IN THE VILLAGE

The first episode, the "Arrival," establishes the scope of McGooohan's existential investigation. It starts where the opening reprise stops.

McGooohan walks out of the house in which he has awakened, trying to find out where he is and who is in charge. He learns only that the place is referred to as "The Village" and that everyone wears a differently numbered button. He tries to use a public phone but is informed that he must have "a number" to make a call. He wanders back to the house in which he awoke.

There is a number 6 on the outside of the door. Inside he finds a "Welcome" card and a button with the number 6 on it. He places this on his lapel; the phone rings. He is contacted by a man who calls himself Number 2. He receives directions as to where to go to meet with this man.

At Number 2's house, he is ushered into a large, sunken room by a silent, midget butler. Thick metal doors close behind him. He meets Number 2:

P.—Where am I?

No. 2—In The Village.

P.—What do you want?

No. 2—Information.

P.—Whose side are you on?

No. 2—That would be telling. We want information. . . . Information!

P.—You won't get it!

No. 2—By hook or by crook, we will.

P.—Who are you?

No. 2—The new Number 2.

P.—Who is Number 1?

No. 2—You are Number 6.

P.—I am not a number! (Takes off the button and throws it down.) I am a free man!

No. 2—(Laughter. . . .)

He is told by Number 2 that he is there because many people are curious as to why he resigned from the Service. Number 2 seems to run the Village but he also takes orders from the mysterious, unseen Number 1.

He tells Number 6 that all he has to do is talk and he will be set free. Barring that, he is a "guest" of the Village . . . for life. The Village is isolated and escape-proof, the prisoner is told. There is continual surveillance by overt and hidden TV cameras.

(continued on page 44)

McGooohan on education: "I think the first discipline a child should be taught . . . is to find his own answers, instead of watching other people . . . giving answers." And, "the wild beauty of a child's mind is one of the most unspoiled things" in the world.

the Prisoner

EPISODE GUIDE

1. ARRIVAL

Written by GEORGE MARKSTEIN and DAVID TOMBLIN; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by DON CHAFFEY; Executive Producer PATRICK MCGOOHAN. Guest stars: VIRGINIA MASKELL as The Woman; GUY DOLEMAN as Number Two; PAUL EDDINGTON as Cobb; GEORGE BAKER as the New Number Two. With ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler.

An Intelligence agent resigns from the Service. He is kidnapped and becomes a prisoner. He is held in a place known as the Village. His captors want certain information from him. Number 2 runs the Village but the unseen Number 1 is in charge. The prisoner is given the number 6. When he questions people in the Village he is told that "A still tongue makes a happy life." He tries to escape but fails. The lines are drawn: the prisoner will fight to maintain his individuality and achieve freedom—his captors will try to break him and use him toward their own ends.

2. THE CHIMES OF BIG BEN

Written by VINCENT TILSLEY; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by DON CHAFFEY; Executive Producer PATRICK MCGOOHAN. Guest Stars: LEO MCKERN as Number Two; NADIA GRAY as Nadia; FINLAY CURRIE as the General; RICHARD WATTIS as Fotheringay. With ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler.

There is a new arrival in the Village. Nadia is brought in by helicopter and is moved into a house next to Number 6. He finds that she has a similar background to his—she, too, has resigned. She does not trust him at first and tries an escape on her own. She is brought back and ruthlessly interrogated, as the prisoner helplessly watches. Finally, he agrees to cooperate with Number 2 to stop Nadia's torture. His cooperation takes the form of participating in a crafts show. Nadia now trusts him completely. The three carvings that he enters in the exhibition can be put together to make a boat. They attempt a sea escape. Nadia tells him the location of the Village and how they can get smuggled back into Britain. They succeed and arrive at the prisoner's London office. He is greeted by



familiar faces from the Service and asked "Why did you resign?" As he prepares to answer, Big Ben chimes the hour. By looking at his watch and doing a fast calculation, the prisoner realizes that he has not left the Village after all—there should be an hour difference in time between the Village and London. It's all been a plot to make him talk.

3. A, B & C

Written by ANTHONY SKENE; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PAT JACKSON; Executive Producer PATRICK MCGOOHAN. Guest Stars: KATHERINE KATH as Engadine; SHEILA ALLEN as Number Fourteen; COLIN GORDON as Number Two; PETER BOWLES as 'A.' With ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler.

The prisoner is the subject of an experiment to manipulate his dreams. Using a new wonder drug, the prisoner's subconscious mind is penetrated and his dreams are converted to electrical impulses and finally to a TV image. Number 2 is after the person whom he feels the prisoner was about to sell out to before his abduction. He has three people in mind, "A," "B" and "C." Twice the prisoner is drugged and his dreams violated. But the results are disappointing to Number 2. Even though they are now manipulating his dreams through direct impulse, the prisoner remains true to himself. Before the third session, the prisoner deduces what has been happening from the needle marks on his arm. He manages to manipulate the third dosage and winds up in command of the third session.

4. FREE FOR ALL

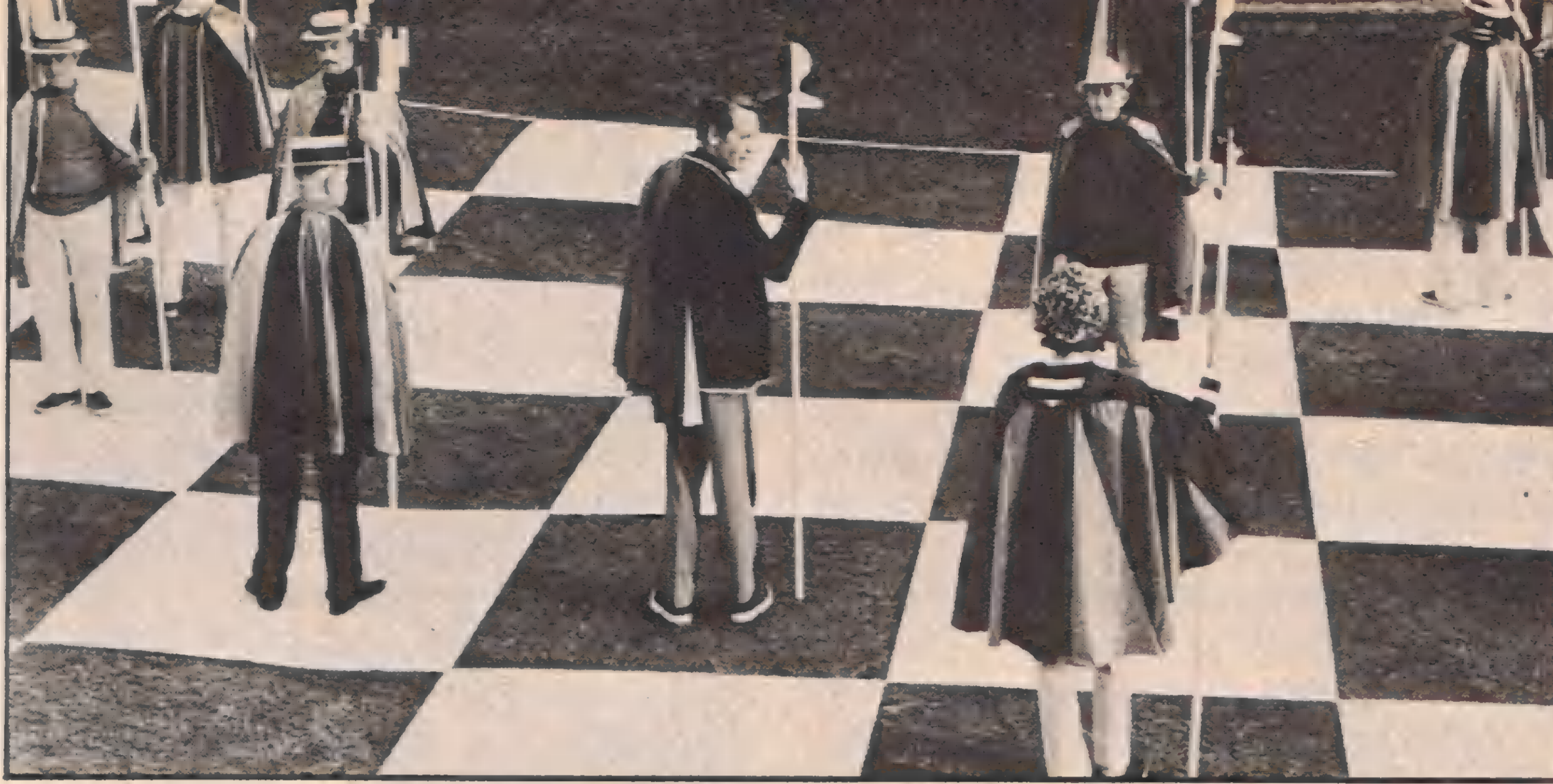
Written by PADDY FRITZ; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PATRICK MCGOOHAN; Executive Producer PATRICK MCGOOHAN. Guest Star: ERIC PORTMAN as Number Two. With ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; RACHEL HERBERT as Number Fifty-Eight; GEORGE BENSON as the Labour Exchange Manager.

The prisoner stands for election as the "New Number 2." He gives a speech to an expectant crowd, starting with the statement: "I am not a number. I am a person. All of you at one time were persons." He is told by the old Number 2 that this is a violation. He undergoes "The Test," which turns out to be a brainwashing treatment. Back on the campaign trail, the prisoner finds himself now saying all of the meaningless, trite sayings that are typical of all elections. He wins in a landslide. He tries to use his new position to free himself and the Villagers, but fails.

5. THE SCHIZOID MAN

Written by TERENCE FEELY; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PAT JACKSON; Executive Producer PATRICK MCGOOHAN. Guest Stars: JANE MEEROW as Alison; ANTON RODGERS as Number Two. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; EARL CAMERON as the Supervisor; GAY CAMERON as Number Thirty-Six.

Extensive efforts are made to convince the prisoner that he is someone else. Through a sophisticated brainwashing process, his tastes are changed, his right-handedness changed to left-handedness, even his instincts are altered. The key to this total invasion of his private world is another prisoner who appears to be in telepathic harmony with



In "Checkmate," as in no other episode, the central themes of the series take on a life of their own. The living chess game is a clear allegory for modern existence. As "Queen's pawn 6," the prisoner finally plays a role that mirrors his life in the Village. But the queen is a pawn as well. Always seek the next level: checkmate means the game's over, but there are 6 more "moves" in the series.

Number 6. He comes out of the session even looking different: his hair has been changed and he has a mustache. At his house, he finds that there is another Number 6—an exact double: At the point of doubting his own identity, the prisoner fights to be recognized as the true Number 6, not Number 12 as he is now referred to. Unwittingly, the prisoner whose telepathic link set up the brainwashing gives him the key to discovering the truth. He then plays at being the imposter, convincing Number 2 that the bogus Number 6 is really the genuine article. Stating that Number 6 is now dead and his mission accomplished, the prisoner plans to leave the Village. Ultimately, his plans are foiled.

6. THE GENERAL

Written by JOSHUA ADAM; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PETER GRAHAM SCOTT; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: COLIN GORDON as Number Two; JOHN CASTLE as Number Twelve; PETER HOWELL as the Professor. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; AL MANCINI as the Announcer; PETER SWANWICK as the Supervisor.

Number 2 orders everyone in the Village to attend revolutionary new lecture classes that can give people the equivalent of a university degree in a matter of minutes. Using a "subliminator," vast amounts of information are imposed directly upon the cortex of the brain. Whatever the tutor chooses to teach can therefore be mastered in a matter of minutes. A young man, Number 12, apparently shares the prisoner's distrust of the order. The prisoner learns that the Professor, whose device is being used, is himself looking to escape from the Village. He learns further that it is not the Professor, but the General—sinister, unseen—who is behind the whole speed learning scheme. Number 6 bullies his way into a secret session being held by Number 2 and his aides—he is on the hotline to the General. Number 6 talks his way into being allowed to ask the General a question. He feels that it is the one question the General will not be able to answer; he is right. But who is the General?

7. MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Written by ANTHONY SKENE; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by JOSEPH SERF; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: DONALD SINDEN as the Colonel; PATRICK CARGILL as Thorpe; GEORGINA COOKSON as Mrs. Butterworth. With: BRIAN WORTH as the Group Captain; RICHARD CALDICOT as the Commander; DENNIS CHINNERY as Gunther; JON JAURIMORE as Ernst.

One morning the prisoner awakens to find the Village completely deserted. He builds a raft and sets out to sea. After several near disasters he is picked up by a couple of gun-runners. But even here he is not safe and must dive overboard to escape his new prison. He swims to land and it turns out to be the coast of Kent. He makes his way back to his London apartment; finds out that it is now rented by a Mrs. Butterworth. Afraid at first, she decides to befriend him. Back at his old office, he is quizzed by a Colonel, a Commander and a Group Captain. Where is the Village? What is the Village? They do not believe his story. In order to prove what he is saying is true, he decides to search for the Village. They agree to lend him all their resources. Ironically, the prisoner is successful in finding the Village which, of course, means his return to imprisonment.

8. DANCE OF THE DEAD

Written by ANTHONY SKENE; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by DON CHAFFEY; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: MARY MORRIS as Number Two; DUNCAN MACRAE as the Doctor; NORMA WEST as Little Bo-Peep. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; BEE DUFFELL as the Psychiatrist; CAMILLA HASSE as the Day Supervisor; ALAN WHITE as Dutton.

Death lurks in the gaiety of a carnival and the prisoner is put on trial when he makes an audacious bid to foil his captors . . . truly one of the most bizarre, shadowy and allegorical of all the episodes. There is a female Number 2 this time, and she assigns a female observer to Number 6. He sees a new Villager—a



A rare behind-the-scenes shot of the Monitor Station in The Village being filmed. Even the watcher is being watched. But it is still impossible to find the hidden, omniscient No. 1. After all, some unseen person took this picture. Note that the map of The Village is down on floor level, while the map of the world circles the room.

former colleague—and finds out that the man is being tortured to make him talk about Number 6. Conversely, Number 2 tries to pressure Number 6 to talk, saying that it will stop the man's torture. The new prisoner finally does break, but Number 6 does not. On the beach, the prisoner finds that a young man's body has washed ashore. There is a radio on it but he is observed by another Villager as he fruitlessly tries to get it to work. He attaches a message to the body and sends it adrift again. Back at the Village, a Carnival is in progress. The prisoner finds himself the star of a "cabaret" which transforms into a trial—his.

9. DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING

Written by VINCENT TILSLEY; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PAT JACKSON; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: ZENA WALKER as Janet; CLIFFORD EVANS as Number Two; and NIGEL STOCK as the Colonel. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; HUGO SCHUSTER as Seltzman; JOHN WENTWORTH as Sir Charles.

Number 2 has received an assignment to find a missing scientist, Dr. Seltzman. Number 6 is a friend of the missing man and one of the last men to see him before they both disappeared. An outsider—a foreign colonel—enters the Village. The prisoner is prepared for an experiment. Seltzman had perfected a means of transferring the mind and personality of one man into another man's body. The Village has this knowledge and switches the prisoner's mind into the colonel's body. This, Number 2, feels, will motivate him to find Dr. Seltzman—since he is the only one who knows how to reverse the process. The colonel (with Number 6's mind) goes to London. He sees the prisoner's fiancée and future father-in-law. The prisoner is able to deduce where Seltzman is and finds him. He is being followed by a British agent, while an agent from the Village secretly watches them both. When the prisoner finds Seltzman and convinces him of his plight, the house is suddenly filled with smoke and they fall unconscious. They awaken at the Village. Number 2 feels that he has won . . . Seltzman cannot fail to help his friend and then the Village will have access to the other half of the process. Seltzman agrees to cooperate, but the results are anything but predictable.

10. IT'S YOUR FUNERAL

Written by MICHAEL CRAMOY; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by ROBERT ASHER; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: DERREN NESBITT as the New Number Two; ANNETTE ANDRE as the Watchmaker's Daughter; MARK EDEN as Number One Hundred. With: ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM as the Retiring Number Two; MARTIN MILLER as the Watchmaker; WANDA VENTHAM as the Computer Attendant; ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler.

Someone is going to be assassinated, but the prisoner doesn't know who. All that we know for sure is that he will be used, somehow in the attempt. (If, after nine episodes, you have to ask how we know, then you've been concentrating too hard on the commercials.) Number 6, despite himself, is drawn into the web of plots and counter-plots and must find out who is to be killed and by whom. Is the watchmaker, who has managed to build a bomb and radio-controlling device, the assassin? Number 6 might think that he is, if he had not discovered that the watchmaker's daughter is the one who revealed the plot. She says that Number 2 is her father's target. The prisoner goes to Number 2 and warns him of this. When he does, he finds that there is a new Number 2; rather, it is an old Number 2 who is about to resign and hand the Seal of Office over to the younger Number 2. The watchmaker's bomb is planted in the Seal. The prisoner must determine who is actually trying to assassinate whom and which plot to foil before the bomb goes off.

11. CHECKMATE

Written by GERALD KELSEY; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by DON CHAFFEY; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: RONALD RADD as the Rook; PATRICIA JESSEL as the First Psychiatrist; PETER WYNGARDE as Number Two; ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY as the Queen; GEORGE COULOURIS as the Man With the Stick. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; BEE DUFFELL as the Second Psychiatrist; DENIS SHAW as the Shopkeeper.

A living chess game is in progress on the Village lawn. The prisoner joins and is made Queen's pawn. Standing so close to her, the prisoner engages her in conversation without rousing suspicion. He talks of escape and she counsels caution. A rook runs off the board in a daring attempt to escape. The game's umpire, the "Man With the Stick," has him seized and dragged off to the hospital for treatment. The prisoner sees him afterward and the rook is still hostile and rebellious—just the kind of man the prisoner is looking for to help him escape. Number 2 meanwhile has taken the Queen and had her brainwashed. She believes herself and the prisoner to be madly in love. She is given a locket to wear that will keep the prisoner under constant surveillance. Number 2 finds out about the escape plan because of this, but Number 6 figures the locket out and takes it away. The escape plans continue. But Number 6 finds out that, ultimately, the rook has never trusted him because of his obvious air of contempt for authority. He believes that Number 6 is part of the Village establishment. Even as the prisoner succeeds in helping the rook to escape, he himself is left in the hands of the Village.

The silent butler serves the power of No.2—not the person who happens to hold the office. Each No. 2 must use that power to break the prisoner. They fail to make him deny his individuality because he is different. But it is also this difference that makes everyone else in The Village distrust him. This is the existential dilemma.



"I am a person. I am not a number. All of you at one time were persons." So speaks No. 6 as he runs for the office of new No.2. But elections are not always the free choice they seem to be . . . look at the Soviet system. Besides, everyone knows that No.2 is chosen by No.1 and other, unseen forces from the "outside."

12. LIVING IN HARMONY

Written, Produced and Directed by DAVID TOMBLIN; Executive Producer: PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: ALEXIS KANNER as The Kid; DAVID BAUER as the Judge; VALERIE FRENCH as Cathy. With: GORDON TANNER as the Town Elder; GORDON STERNE as the Bystander; MICHAEL BALFOUR as Will; LARRY TAYLOR as Mexican Sam.

A unique episode in the series—it initially appears to be a Western movie. Number 6 walks into a classic Old West town called Harmony. A corrupt judge wants him to take the job of sheriff; a wild young gun fighter wants to challenge him; a pretty saloon girl wants to love him. Number 6 rejects it all and escapes from the town. He is captured and put in the jail. The saloon girl arranges an escape for him and is put on trial for it; she is found guilty. The judge tells the prisoner that she will be set free if the prisoner will take the sheriff's job. He does, but refuses to wear a gun. The kid gunslinger taunts him, trying to get him into a gun fight. When the kid strangles the saloon girl, the prisoner puts on his gun and goes looking for him. He finds the kid and shoots him down. The judge is joyful, but the prisoner tells him that he is quitting. A general shootout follows and the prisoner falls—only to awaken from what has been a series of induced hallucinations. The western town is just a mock-up, not too distant from the Village. Number 2 (the judge) and Number 8 (the kid) discuss whether or not their plans have been successful. The prisoner who played the saloon girl is sobbing. She returns to the saloon where the prisoner had killed for her. Number 8 follows to kill her again—this time for real—and Number 6 again comes to her rescue. But tragedy strikes twice.

13. A CHANGE OF MIND

Written by ROGER PARKES; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by JOSEPH SERF; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: ANGELA BROWNE as Number Eighty-Six; JOHN SHARPE as Number Two. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; GEORGE PRAVDA as the Doctor; KATHLEEN BRECK as Number Forty-Two; PETER SWANWICK as the Supervisor.

The prisoner is deemed antisocial because of his need for privacy; he requires "treatment." He is taken to be converted for being "unmutual." The treatment is a bombardment of the frontal lobes with ultrasonics—this should produce "permanent dislocation." But he is not converted as they think. When Number 86 tries to slip another tranquilizer into his tea, the prisoner manages to switch drinks. He then hypnotizes her and gives her a strong post-hypnotic suggestion. The prisoner then goes and repents to Number 2 for having resisted for so long. He says that he would like to make a public apology. Number 2 orders everyone into the middle of the square for the confession. But the voice of Number 86 comes over the public address system: "Number 2 is unmutual!" The crowd turns into a mob and attacks Number 2.

14. HAMMER INTO ANVIL

Written by ROGER WODDIS; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PAT JACKSON; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Star: PATRICK CARGILL as Number Two. With: VICTOR MADDEN as the Band Master; BASIL HOSKINS as Number Fourteen; NORMAN SCACE as the Psychiatric Director; DEREK AYLWARD as the New Supervisor; ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; HILLARY DWYER as Number Seventy-Three.

After a young girl commits suicide during a harsh inquisition put forth by Number Two, the prisoner plans revenge. In a community where no one can be trusted, the prisoner finds Number Two vulnerable to paranoia. He starts a rumor that he, the prisoner, is in the Village to spy on Number Two; employed by Two's superiors. The prisoner hints that Number Two's loyal assistant, Number Fourteen, is also in on the plot. The prisoner brings Number Two to a state of utter fear through a series of clever moves. He leaves blank pieces of paper in secretive places. He listens to phonograph records that, he hints, may contain coded messages. He places strange advertisements in the local paper that also could be code. Number Two begins to suspect that everyone around him is in league with the prisoner-spy. He fires his staff, his most trusted servants and, finally, his right hand man, Number Fourteen. Alone and shaken, Number Two is finally plunged into complete mental and physical collapse . . . a

condition not unlike the young girl who committed suicide before his eyes.

15. THE GIRL WHO WAS DEATH

Written by TERENCE FEELY; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by DAVID TOMBLIN; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: KENNETH GRIFFITH as Schnipps, JUSTINE LORD as Sonia. With: CHRISTOPHER BENJAMIN as Potter; MICHAEL BRENNAN as Killer Karminski; HAROLD BERENS as the Boxing M.C.; SHEENA MARSHA as the Barmaid.

While hunting down a crazed scientist who plans to destroy London via a rocket hidden in a lighthouse, the prisoner himself is hunted by the scientist's daughter, a girl who calls herself "Death." The attractive woman, whose name is Sonia, attempts to kill the prisoner by blowing him up at a cricket match with an explosive ball, by matching him against a killer wrestler, by stalking him in an amusement park, by running him off the road in a car chase and by trapping him in a ghost village where he is attacked by a deranged butcher, baker and candlestick-maker. As the prisoner eludes the murderess' grasp, her admiration for him grows. She is a born killer. He, a victim. Yet he refuses to die. Finally, the prisoner meets the crazed scientist, a man who thinks he is Napoleon wanting to avenge Waterloo. Sonia asks the prisoner to join forces with them. He refuses and both the scientist and Sonia die as their rocket blows up. The prisoner jumps in his car and races back to the Village and safety; the children applaud. He has been telling them a bedtime story. He glances up and sees Number Two and his blonde assistant. Facialy, they are identical to the scientist and his deadly daughter. The prisoner smiles slightly. "Good night, children," he calls, allowing his fairy tale to end with a question mark.

16. ONCE UPON A TIME

Written by PATRICK McGOOHAN; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PATRICK McGOOHAN; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: LEO McKERN as Number Two; ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler. With: PETER SWANWICK as the Supervisor; JOHN CAZABON as the Umbrella Man; JOHN MAXIM as Number Eighty-Six.

Fairy tales and heroic epics often start with the phrase "once upon a time," but this is the *final* (two-part) chapter in the drama of the prisoner. The new Number 2 is actually an old one—he first appeared in "The Chimes of Big Ben." He is back for one final, desperate attempt at breaking the prisoner. Heavily narcotized, the prisoner is led into a room in which Number 2 will recreate his life at seven different ages. At each point of regression, Number 2 tries to reprogram the prisoner toward conformity and with the desire to please his superiors. Number 6 proves more than equal; never-yielding. When asked again "Why did you resign?" Number 6 says "I know too much. I know too much about you." Number 2 has the prisoner released from his cage (a barred room-within-a-room) and pleads for cooperation. But his time is running out and, in a fit of panic, Number 2 kills himself. The midget butler leads Number 6 out of the prison and, with the ever-present Supervisor, takes him to see Number 1.

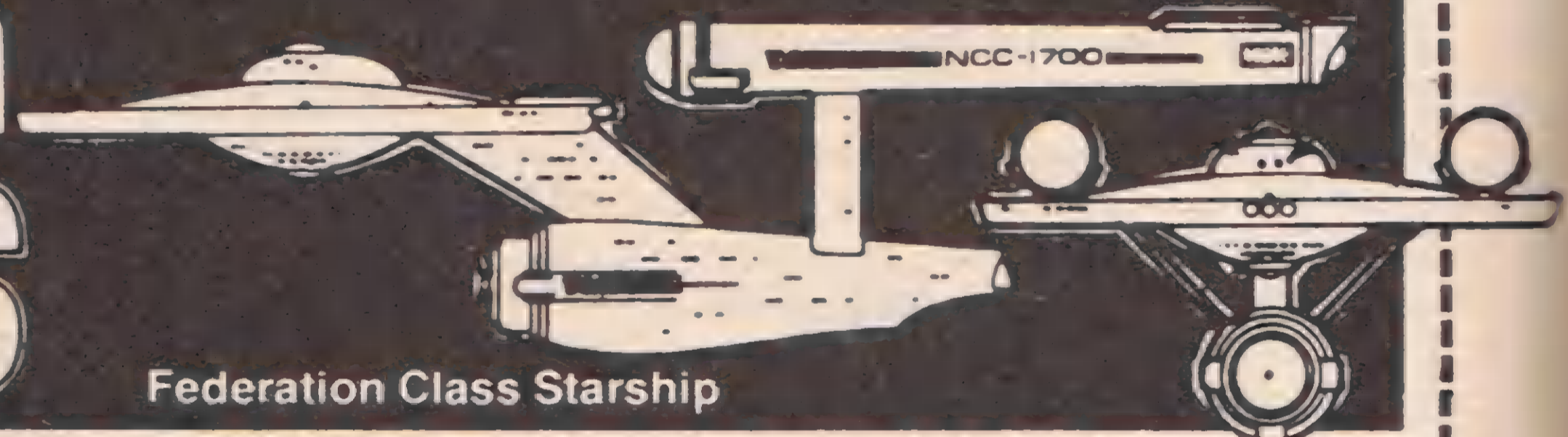
17. FALL OUT

Written by PATRICK McGOOHAN; Script Editor GEORGE MARKSTEIN; Produced by DAVID TOMBLIN; Directed by PATRICK McGOOHAN; Executive Producer PATRICK McGOOHAN. Guest Stars: LEO McKERN as the resurrected Number 2; KENNETH GRIFFITH as the President. With: ANGELO MUSCAT as the Butler; PETER SWANWICK as the Supervisor; MICHAEL MILLER as the Delegate.

The prisoner is lead by the Supervisor and the Butler into a chamber to meet Number 1. He passes a bust of himself and is told "We thought you'd be happier as yourself." He is

in a courtroom with a presiding judge and a panel of black-and-white masked on-lookers. In front of each is a title, such as "Passivity" or "Activity." He is now called "Sir." He is enthroned and becomes a spectator as two men are tried for revolt. The first is the young kid from "Harmony." He sings "Dry Bones" as the charges are read—he is an irrepressible nonconformist. Number 2 has been brought back from the dead and also tried. They both refuse to be contrite. The judge then makes a speech thanking "Sir" for being with them. He pleads for him to accept their offer to become leader of the Village. A crown is placed on his head. He may accept leadership or opt to leave the Village. He goes to see Number 1 who is inside of a cylindrical chamber at the top of winding stairs. He rips off Number 1's hood and there is an ape mask beneath it. Under that . . . it appears to be his own face. They fight. The prisoner manipulates a panel inside of the structure and flees. Freeing the two just-tried revolutionaries, he grabs a gun and the three of them fight their way out of the room. Number 1's chamber is revealed to be a missile and as the countdown ends, the three rebels run. The missile is fired. The three faces of the prisoner escape in a large van and are soon seen riding along a British highway and into London proper. The kid gets out and starts to hitchhike—trying to catch a ride in either direction. We see that it is the Butler who is driving the van. He and the prisoner catch a bus to the prisoner's house. The butler enters while our hero rides off in his car. The door of the prisoner's house is seen. It bears the number 1. Last scene: McGoohan is driving off down a deserted country highway, the wind whipping violently through his hair.

Science Fiction MINIATURES



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Commander Adam Quark plans to go where no garbageman has gone before. Offering encouragement are Betty-One and Betty-Two and Ficus; "more vegetable than animal."

to last year's pilot. Set in the distant future, it follows the adventures of Space Commander Adam Quark (Benjamin) who patrols the Milky Way in a U.G.S.P. (United Galaxy Sanitation Patrol) ship. His job: ridding the spaceways of garbage. His attitude: "Optimistic, energetic, brave and slightly uncoordinated."

Quark's crew consists of Betty-One (Trisha Barnstable), a former cheerleader and now co-pilot of the ship, and her clone-twin Betty-Two (Cyb Barnstable). Gene/Jean, the chief engineer, is a transmute with both male and female chromosomes making him demure one minute and macho the next. Andy (Bobby Porter) is an android built rather carelessly with spare parts. Ficus (Richard Kelton) is a super-logical first officer who is "more vegetable than animal." And then there's the ship's mascot, Ergo . . . ten pounds of congealed shapeless protoplasm with one eye and a nasty disposition.

If the crew isn't off-the-wall enough, the finishing touches are supplied by the residents of Perma One, the space station headquarters of the U.G.S.P. Among the more notable folks in command are Dr. Otto Palindrome (Conrad Janis), an absent-minded phone superintendent with gold braids and four arms and The Head (Alan Caillou), a Secretary General with a 36 hat size.

David Gerber and Mace Neufeld are executive producers for Columbia Pictures Television; Bruce Johnson is producer. The series was created by Buck Henry, the man who gave the world (even when the world didn't ask for it) *Get Smart*.

The date for *Quark's* premiere episode is still up in the air which, judging from the shape of things to come on the galactic garbage scow, is only fitting. NBC, however, has assured everyone involved that the show will definitely be in their second season line-up.

Stanley Kubrick may never be the same. ★

NBC'S QUARK

...A Space Oddity

By DAVID HOUSTON

Quark, the quirky science-fiction half-hour comedy which premiered last spring, is waiting in the wings at NBC. The network has ordered half a season of the SF satire as a mid-season replacement. In series format, *Quark* is even farther out than its pilot episode. It's sure to be outrageous and, with luck, might even be entertaining. The new format put forth by the "garbageman in space" series? PARODY. Not just vague parodies of science-fiction in general, but biting swipes at specific classics.

For example: One of the first episodes, "Vanessa 38-24-36" concerns a computer designed to run Quark's ship. Quark's resentment of his computer captain turns to concern when she cuts off his oxygen during a space walk. Understandably annoyed, Quark has to dismantle Vanessa while she sings a song.

Then there's "May the Source Be With You," wherein Quark has to get guidance from *The Source*—a universal spirit who can never quite make up its mind. "Turn right!" it majestically instructs Quark. "No, I mean turn left!" (This is a two-parter.)

"Goodbye Polumbus" ribs both the movie *Goodbye Columbus* (star

Richard Benjamin's main claim to fame) and a well-loved episode of *Star Trek*. On the peaceful planet Polumbus whatever you fantasize becomes real. The crew of Quark's ship run into The Winged Warrior and Zultar the Magnificent.

"All the Emperor's Quasi-Norms" is a dual take-off of *All The President's Men* and *Flash Gordon*.

Plot-wise, *Quark* is almost identical

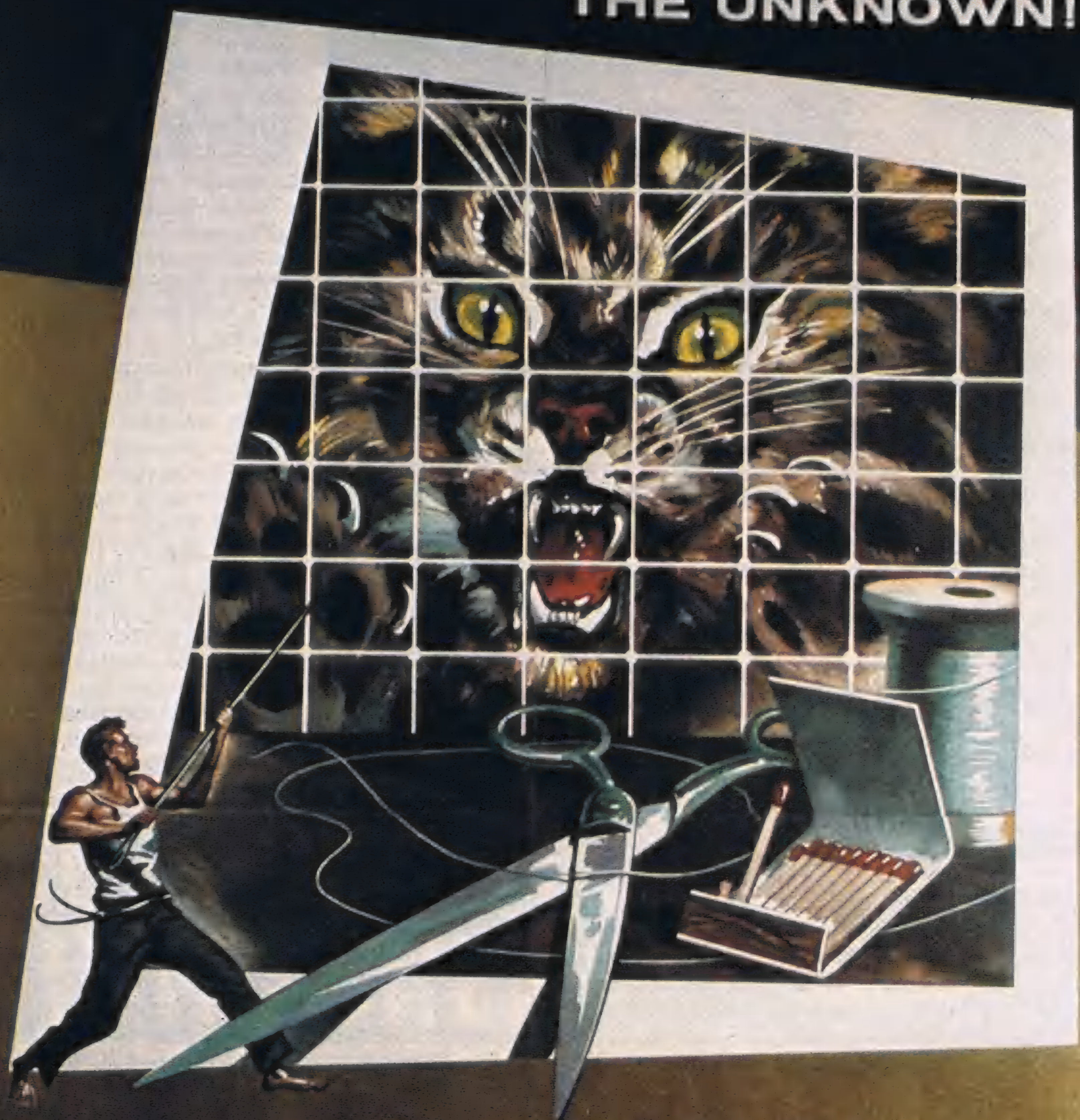
Below: Quark ponders the fate of another space baggie at the controls of his super-scow.

Below right: Quark confronts his crew; Gene/Jean, Betty-One and Betty-Two and Ficus; a new addition who lampoons beloved Spock.



Photos: N.B.C.

A FASCINATING ADVENTURE INTO
THE UNKNOWN!



THE INCREDIBLE
SHRINKING MAN

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE STARRING

GRANT WILLIAMS · RANDY STUART

with APRIL KENT · PAUL LANGTON · RAYMOND BAILEY

with JACK ARNOLD

with RICHARD MATHESON

with ALBERT ZUGSMITH



By ED NAHA

The clothes you wear are filthy, tattered rags. The walls you have formed around you for protection sway when you move; mere pieces of wet, soggy cardboard. You are weak with starvation. On the vast plane of ground that stretches out before you sits a chunk of food the size of a football. It used to be a crumb of pound cake, but that, along with everything else in your world, is different now. You slowly, cautiously, make your way towards the nutrition that can save your life. You clutch the make-shift sword at your side, guarding against any unknown dangers. You finally reach your goal, dizzy with physical need.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a gigantic tarantula appears. A spider as big as a charging elephant! You dash madly for safety, leaping into the confines of your cardboard hut. You watch helplessly as the titanic monster devours your food before moving on. You sink to your knees and stare hopelessly at the alien landscape. Nothing at all seems familiar. You are a stranger in this strange land. And the maddening thing about it is . . . this barren terrain is your home! A house you bought and paid for!

The endless plane before you: your basement floor. The hut you now live in: a discarded match box. The mammoth spider: a bug you would have once carelessly squashed with the flick of your foot. It's a nightmare, just another silly dream. But it's all too real when you're the incredible shrinking man — when your name is Scott Carey. Scott Carey, the only one of his kind. Scott Carey, now no bigger than a thimble, huddled in the corner of his basement. Scott Carey, watching the world around him get bigger and bigger as his body slowly, agonizingly, grows smaller and smaller . . . forever.

The horrifying existence of Carey was the creation of SF-fantasy writer Richard Matheson, who would later go on to write many *Twilight Zone* episodes, several Poe films (*The House of Usher*, *The Raven*) and such TV productions as *The Night Stalker*, *Duel*, *The Night Strangler* and *Dracula*. Matheson decided, in the early 1950s, to write a science-fiction horror story where the true threat of science-gone-astray confronted a hero in his own home; on a very personal level. He penned a novel, *The Shrinking Man*; an epic tale of radiation on the loose. And



Photos: © Universal

With his home transformed into a vast, alien landscape, shrinking hero Scott Carey runs for his life across his living room floor, pursued by his pet cat.

he wrote it exactly at the right time, from Hollywood's point of view.

For the science-fiction film, the 1950s was a Golden Decade. Hollywood, at the time, was getting nervous. Television was becoming just a little too popular. People were staying home at night instead of flocking to the theaters. Something new had to be presented on the screen to combat TV. Something exciting. Something thought-provoking. Something like science fiction.

The Hollywood studios got their heads together and decided that this time around SF couldn't be Flash Gordon stuff. It had to be relevant. It had to be dramatic. As if by magic, the alien, once a zoot-suited nasty that lived in Saturday morning serials, was suddenly respectable Michael Rennie in *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. The robot, the perennial stumbling, girl-chasing boob, instantly achieved fame via the charismatic Robby in *Forbidden Planet*. Rocketry went from Tonka Toy status to futuristic wonder in *Destination Moon* and the public's view of the scientist evolved from "He's created a monster" to "He's the hope of all mankind." For most of the fifties, intelligence ran rampant in SF movies and instant classics seemed to find their way into theaters every few months: *It Came From Outer Space*, *The Thing*, *This*

Island Earth and, in 1957, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

From its inception, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* was something special in terms of screen SF. It was absorbing back in 57 and it still packs a wallop today, twenty years later. Matheson adapted his own novel to the screen and somehow managed to avoid every cliché of an SF "survival" story. His script had depth; meaning. It was a profile of the courage of the entire human race as embodied by one, ordinary man . . . young advertising executive Scott Carey.

Scott's adventure was bought by Universal and the studio immediately assigned veteran director Jack Arnold to the project. Arnold was a genius at taut, efficient directorial style. He practically spear-headed the SF movement at Universal during that decade, coming up with such popular films as *It Came From Outer Space*, *The Space Children*, *The Creature From The Black Lagoon* and *Tarantula!* He saw the *Shrinking Man* as a challenge. There were no Martians, no robots, no spaceships. The only alien territory to be found was in hero Scott's own home. It was a truly claustrophobic tale. But Arnold saw a chance to say things in this film that he couldn't in others of the genre. And so, the incredibly unique screen life of the *Shrinking Man* began.

Scott's Story

The movie begins, idyllically enough, with typical citizen Scott Carey and his wife Louise vacationing on a small boat off the California coast. When Louise goes inside the cabin to get a drink, the boat and Scott are engulfed by a mysterious, glittering cloud. The mist passes by and Scott doesn't give the incident a second thought. Weeks later, Carey begins to notice that his clothes no longer fit properly. He is losing weight. A visit to his physician, Dr. Bramson, only increases his alarm. The doctor assures Carey that sudden weight loss is not all that unusual. A routine height check, however, reveals that Scott has shrunk four inches! The doctor attempts to dismiss the findings. "People don't shrink," he scoffs. "People just don't shrink."

By this time, it is becoming evident to both Carey and Louise that something is definitely wrong. They return to Bramson where Scott undergoes a series of x-rays, taken at two-day intervals. The x-rays are then compared. Scott is indeed shrinking!

Modern medicine steps in and attempts to fight the shrinking process. Bramson and colleague Dr. Silver discover a large amount of insecticide in Scott's tissue. Scott recalls accidentally being sprayed by a DDT truck but that was common bug spray, nothing more. The two doctors suspect that, somehow, a large dose of radiation is the cause of the sudden reversal in growth. Louise's memory snaps to life. The cloud! Scott tells the doctors of the occurrence at sea. All agree that the mist was, in reality, a passing mass of radioactive particles left over from God-knows-what.

While the doctors slave feverishly in their labs, Scott begins to experience some unexpected side-effects of his disease. Living in seclusion, he loses his job. His marriage begins to collapse; both because of his size and his emotional torture. The medical bills begin to mount as do the normal, day-to-day expenses. In order to stave off debt, Carey sells his story to the newspapers. He becomes a freak. A sideshow attraction, no more than four feet tall. Crowds surround his house, day and night, hoping for a glimpse of the famous mutation.



SHRINKING MAN CAST AND CREDITS

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN: A Universal Picture. 1957. Black And White. 81 minutes. Directed by Jack Arnold. Produced by Albert Zugsmith. Screenplay by Richard Matheson based on his novel *The Shrinking Man*. Music supervision by Joseph Gershenson. Art Directors; Alexander Golitzen and Robert Chatsworthy. Set decoration by Russell A. Gausman and Ruby R. Levitt. Sound; Leslie I. Carey and Robert Pritchard. Film Editor; Al Joseph. Makeup by Bud Westmore. Assistant director, William Holland. Special photography by Clifford Stine, A.S.C. Optical effects by Roswell A. Hoffman and Everett H. Broussard. Director of Photography; Ellis W. Carter, A.S.C.

Scott Carey Grant Williams
Louise Carey Randy Stuart
Clarice April Kent
Charlie Carey Paul Langton
Dr. Arthur Bramson William Schallert

In a fit of desperation, Carey runs away from home and meets Clarice, a midget at a nearby carnival. With Clarice, Scott begins to feel less freakish, less "different." He begins to reflect on the plight of those who are outsiders to most members of society.

For a time, Carey is filled with hope. The doctors feel they have discovered a way to stop the shrinkage. Scott's relationship with Clarice makes him feel important again. Unfortunately, the cure doesn't work and Scott again begins to dwindle rapidly. He returns, beaten, to his home where he soon finds himself residing in a doll house placed on the living room floor. As he grows smaller, his temper grows larger. The Barbie-doll-sized Scott orders his wife around cruelly, wallowing in self-pity and venting his frustration on the oversized world around him.

One day, Carey is left alone in the house and is savagely attacked by the family cat. Mouse-like Scott escapes into the cellar, where he finds himself marooned. His wife, returning home and finding both the panting cat and Carey's torn, bloodied shirt, assumes that Scott has come to a horrible end and, heart-broken, she moves out short-

Clinging to an oversized pencil, Scott escapes both a flood and a pair of shoes.



Scott Carey frantically wedges the cellar door shut as his cat prepares to attack.

ly thereafter. Stranded in the jungle that was once his cellar, Carey is forced to become resourceful, fighting minute-to-minute for his very existence. He builds a shelter out of a matchbox, scales skyscraper furniture in search of food, eludes a tidal wave caused by a leaking boiler, duels a mousetrap for a gigantic wad of cheese and fights an Olympian spider to the death in order to gain full control of his basement kingdom.

By the time Carey has conquered the cellarworld, he has shrunk to almost micro-dot proportions. As his body dwindles, his consciousness expands. Walking into the garden, Carey gazes into the heavens. He realizes that, perhaps, he is the man of the future. Perhaps if radiation is allowed to infiltrate the air, others will be affected in the same way in years to come. In a sense, he is a pioneer, about to explore a new, ultra-small frontier. "So close, the infinitesimal and the infinite," he muses. "The two ends of the same concept, the unbelievably small and the unbelievably vast eventually meet, like the closing of a gigantic circle." As Carey shrinks, melds with the cosmos, he reflects that, even in his tiny state of existence, he still means something in the overall structure of the universe. "To God, there is no zero," his voice echoes as his body fades from view. "I still exist."

Carey's Fate

The Incredible Shrinking Man caused a furor when it was released. A science-fiction film that came right out and said something *cosmic!* Studio executives bit

their lips. Critics began battling immediately. Was it science-fiction? Was it art? What was that ending all about? The closing sequence of *The Shrinking Man* shook the SF world to its rafters. Most detractors of the film found it too preachy, too convenient. At one point, even writer Matheson denounced the final scene, stating that he had nothing to do with it. (He has since changed his mind, saying that the ending was both dramatic and well done.) Director Arnold, in the midst of the mini-controversy, readily took credit and/or blame for the fade-out. The studio heads had insisted on a positive ending. They had envisioned Carey growing back to normal size and running off with his wife in the last few minutes. Arnold saw his chance, however, and gave them the ULTIMATE positive ending . . . a vision of true immortality.

The film did well at the box office and there was high praise for the fantastic, ever-changing world of the shrinking man. The special effects concocted for the film were lionized for portraying Carey's surreal realm in a realistic manner. The effects initially presented a problem to Arnold. He had to come up with a way to portray Scott's gradually oversized surroundings in both an awesome and understated way. He couldn't take the chance of overdoing it. Once the special effects became the star, Scott's plight would be ignored by the audience. After a few months of planning, Arnold devised a scheme to take the audience into Scott's Brobdingnagian universe in a step-by-step manner.

For the first shrinking scenes, actor Grant Williams was surrounded by oversized furniture, scaled to make him look slightly shorter than his normal-sized, six-foot height. As the character

of Carey slowly decreased in size, the furniture on the sets increased in stature. During the final scenes, Grant Williams was surrounded by some of the most amazing oversized sets ever constructed for a film. Giant blocks of cheese. Fantastic scissors. Mammoth coffee cans, spools of thread, needles, mousetraps, pencils, pieces of cake.

But director Arnold knew that audiences would soon catch on if only differently scaled sets were used. To add to the believability of it all, he resorted to both process shots and split screen setups when shrinking Scott was shown in the same frame as "normal-sized" people. The same type of effects were used during his battles with the cat and the spider giants but Arnold added oversized props of animal limbs to give extra "oomph" to the encounters. The essence of the film's power, in fact,



Grant Williams (as Scott Carey) sits in his doctor's office while awaiting test results. Below: In this publicity photo, Carey defends his cellar-world against his arch rival: the titanic, marauding tarantula.

rested in the total believability of Scott's problem on the part of the audience. Matheson and Arnold achieved total realism both in dialogue and in visuals. Scott was just an ordinary fellow who was forced into a strange new world; a world where one had to think to survive, to reason in order to live. It could happen to anyone.

The film's immediate popularity caused Universal to have Matheson write a sequel, *The Incredible Shrinking Girl*. The film would have had Scott's wife, Louise, meet a similar fate and follow him into the void. But the feeling towards quality SF films was changing, and the *Incredible Shrinking Man* was one of the last intelligent SF films to be made during that decade. Movie makers were beginning to feel that, if the teen audience was to be constantly lured away from the boob tube, the SF movies had to keep on coming . . . fast and cheap. The quality of *Shrinking Man* was soon buried beneath a wave of such cheapo films as *The Amazing Colossal Man*, *Attack Of The Fifty Foot Woman* and *Attack Of The Puppet People*.

The incredible sequel was never filmed and, as the fifties drew to a close, talents like Matheson and Arnold slowly retreated from the SF movie field, leaving it to the popular *I Was A Teenage Frankenstein* and *Teenagers From Outer Space* crowd. Arnold went on to helm *Tarantula!* and *The Mouse That Roared* before finally turning to television (*It Takes A Thief* and *Gilligan's Island*). Matheson plunged head-first into atmospheric horror films and lead Grant Williams starred in one more Universal SF film, *The Monolith Monsters*, before fading from view.

Today, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* still stands as being a milestone of SF filmmaking; a production that tried to dramatize a bit of philosophy back in the pre-2001 days and attempted to warn the world about the danger of accidental atmospheric pollution long before the advent of *Silent Running*.

Universal has just announced plans to remake *The Incredible Shrinking Man* as *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. It will star Lily Tomlin and have a new, contemporary, humorous script. How this second production will fare is anyone's guess but, for better or worse, it will never dim the sparkle of the one, the only, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* . . . a brain-teaser far ahead of its time. ★



CONVENTIONS

SUNCON —

The Thirty-Fifth World Science Fiction Convention

Miami, Florida — Sept. 2-5, 1977

Produced by the World Science Fiction Society;
Donald Lundry, 1977 Chairman

Of the hundreds of conventions held around the country and the world each year, none is as prestigious as the annual World Science Fiction Convention. This is the con at which the "Science Fiction Achievement Awards" (commonly referred to as "the Hugos") are presented. The World Cons are unique in that anyone who registers for one (in advance, at the last one held) automatically becomes a member of the World Science Fiction Society, and therefore gets to vote for the Hugo nominees of their choice. This year the pro guest of honor was Jack Williamson, one of the most talented, prolific and respected writers in the field and the fan guest of honor was Robert A. Madle. Mr. Madle is one of the founding members of "First Fandom," an organization consisting of people who were reading and/or collecting science fiction before 1938! The number and diversification of events and activities at the World Con was truly staggering. Need a mint copy of *Amazing Stories* #1 (which some



Above: Three of the winners of the gala costume competition. Right: Isaac Asimov's Hugo. Asimov was in NY at the Star Trek American.

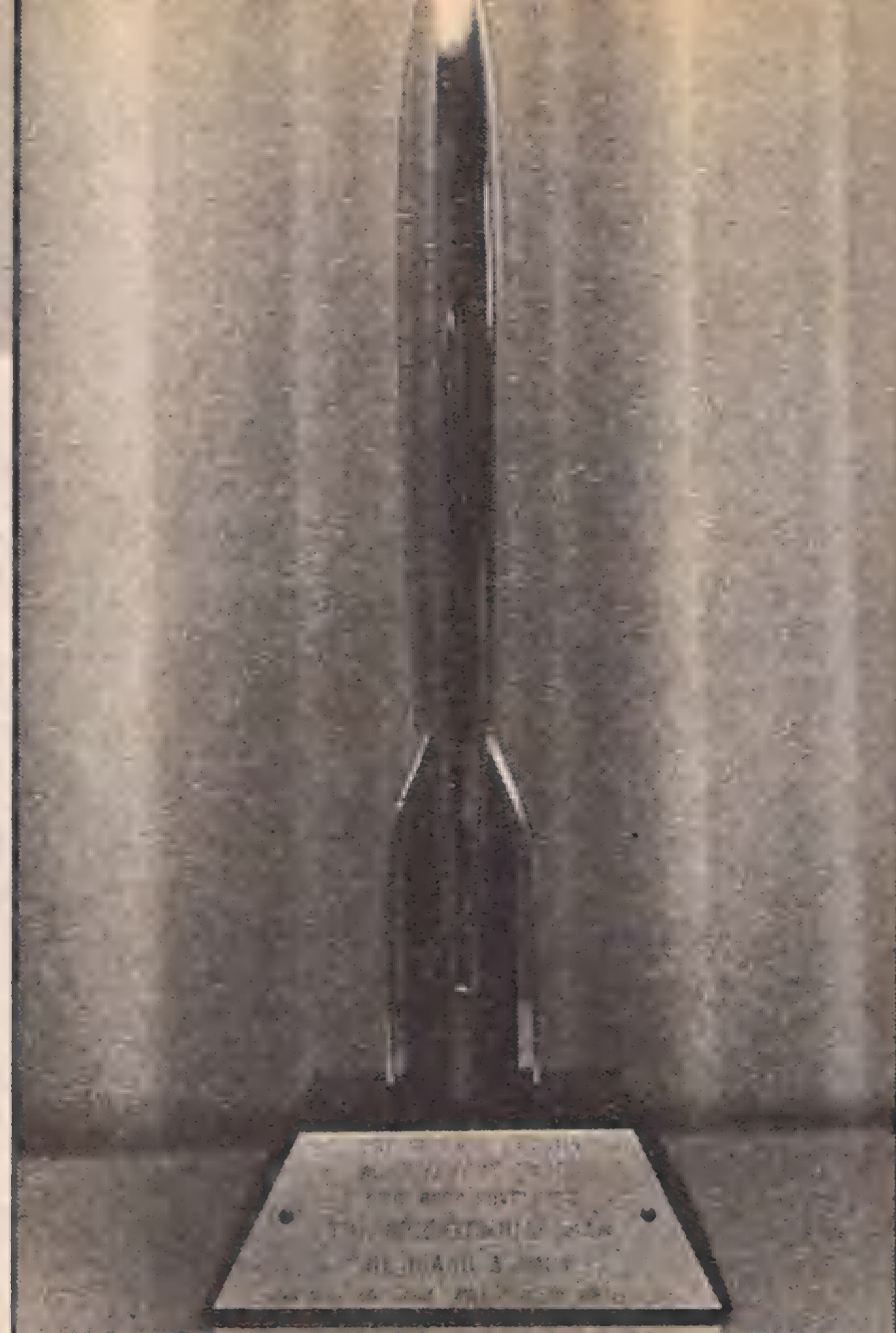


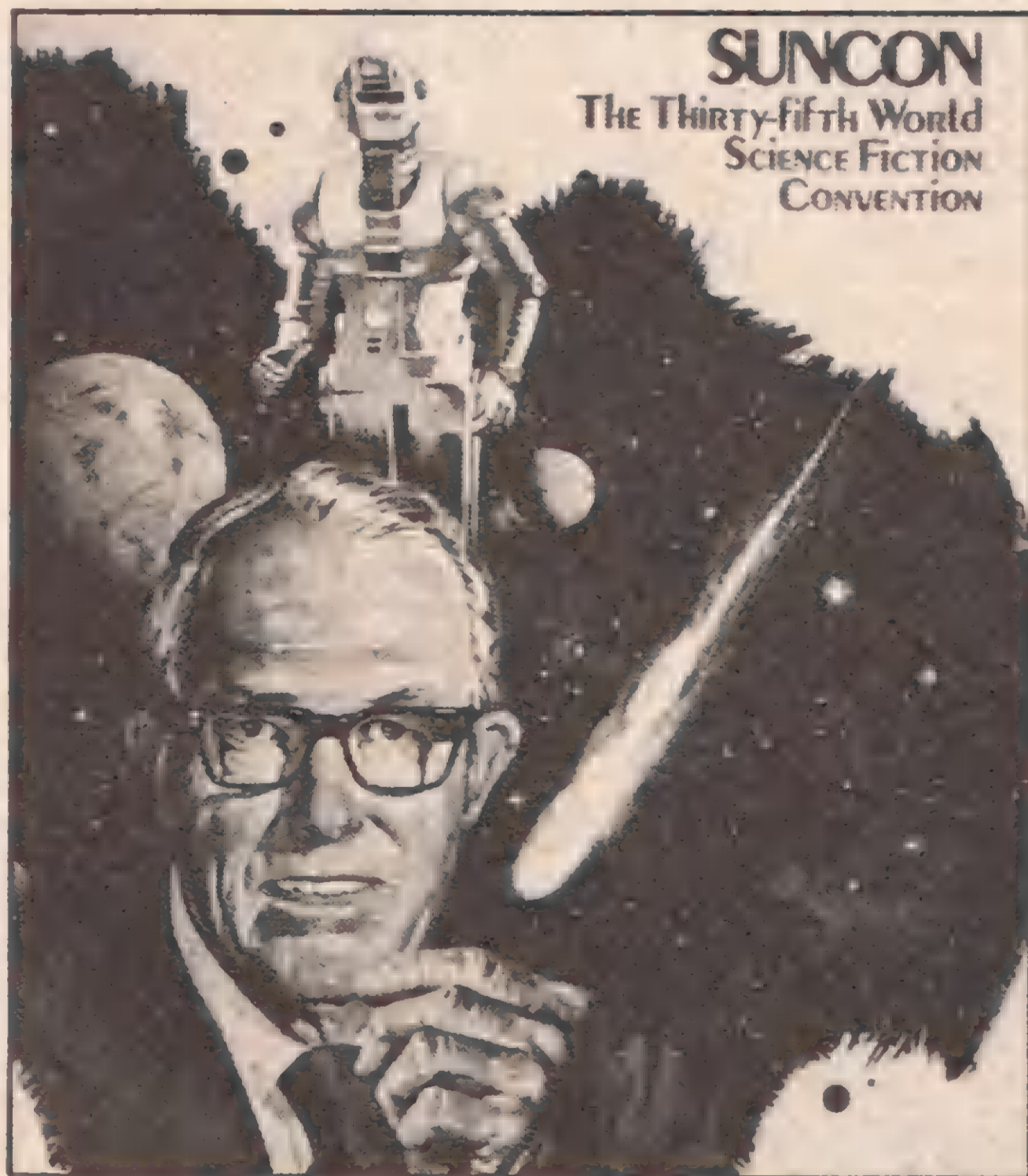
Photo: J.K. Klein



Photo: Lynn Goldsmith



Left: Pat Lajko and Mike Gillespie man the STARLOG booth. Above: Bob Heinlein autographs.



The full-color cover illustration for the SUNCON Program Book was done by SF artist Vincente Di Fate. Featured prominently is Jack Williamson who was pro guest of honor at the con. Mr. Williamson is one of the most prolific of the SF authors and is well-liked and respected by the pros and fans.

believe is the very first SF pulp)? . . . this was the place. Perhaps you're into collecting autographs; you could have found your favorite writers and artists here, although for Robert Heinlein's autograph it would have cost you a pint of blood (see "State of the Art," STARLOG No. 9). There were also pro, fan and pro-fan panel discussions; slide shows by the artist(s) or scientist(s) involved; non-stop showings of SF films; clinics; speeches; dealers' rooms overflowing with merchandise; authors' readings; a "Meet the Professionals" party—lots of parties; an original-art display and auction; selection of the site for the next year's con; a masquerade party and competition with assorted prizes; the HUGO banquet and awards ceremony and much, much more. After much thought and consultation, *Star Wars*, which is not eligible for a HUGO until next year, was given a special award for Outstanding Contribution to the Field. Producer Gary Kurtz was on hand to accept the award for George

Lucas—the presenter was a seven-foot Wookiee, obviously left over from the masquerade of the night before. Toastmaster Robert Silverberg did not argue with the "overgrown rug" as the award was taken out of his hands. (Although he was heard to mutter into the mike "I hope he doesn't think it's his.") *Star Wars* was very much in evidence all over the convention—from "Let the Wookiee Win" and "Give the Wookiee a Medal" T-shirts and stickers, to working toy light sabres and a host of other related merchandise. The SUNCON was attended by 3-5,000 fan-atics and narry a discouraging word. (Actually, Lin Carter was heard to say something about how "last year's program book was a hard-cover edition." But this was not-too-serious nit-picking. The con program books are highest-quality publications and are free with the price of admission. After a World Con, they can usually be sold to collectors for \$25.00 apiece—and up. But who would want to part with theirs?)

STAR TREK AMERICA

New York City — Sept. 4-7, 1977

Produced by Tristar Industries, Inc. (John Townsley)

Although this four-day gathering included scheduled appearances by James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, Walter Koenig, Bruce Hyde, Mark Lenard, Jesco von Puttkamer and STARLOG's own columnist Susan Sackett, the big thrill for the estimated 10,000 attendees was a surprise appearance by Leonard Nimoy on Saturday evening. The news started as skeptical whispers in the crowded dealers room, turned to excited shouts ("Nimoy's here!") and completely cleared the large room within minutes. It was Nimoy's first appearance at a convention in years, and he stated quite frankly that he was heartbroken by the "hate mail" he has been receiving lately from fans who are reacting to press reports that he has purposely disassociated himself from the *Star Trek* world—and especially from the new TV series. Nimoy said he was definitely interested (other commitments permitting) in playing Mr. Spock again and had been offered only one appearance: on the two-part opening episode. The rest of the convention was up to Tristar's usual competency as an activity organizer. Their next event is Star Trek World Expo featuring William Shatner.



Above: The Andrews Sisters of the Jawa clan cavorting prior to Nimoy's arrival and his less-than-festive remarks to the crowd (below).



Photos: David Hutchison



Above: Lord Darth Vader watches ominously over the crowded STARLOG display, while glamorous Nichelle Nichols entertains her fans with answers to their hundreds of questions (right).

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

Here is the latest information on the upcoming conventions. **Star Trek** cons are denoted with (ST), **science-fiction** cons with (SF). Other cons are labeled appropriately. As always, guests and features for most conventions are subject to last minute changes—for final details check with the person or organization listed. To speed communications, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. **Conventioneers, Please Note:** To insure that your con is listed, please send pertinent information to STARLOG no later than **10 weeks prior** to the event.

STAR TREK FESTIVAL (ST)

Reno, Nevada December 17, 1977

Star Trek Festival
535 Broadway #3
Reno, Nevada 89502

CHATTACON 3 (SF)

Chattanooga, TN January 6-8, 1978

Chattacon 3
C/O Irvin Koch
835 Chatt Bk Bg
Chattanooga, TN 37402

STAR TREK WORLD EXPO (ST)

New York City February 18-20, 1978

Star Trek World Expo
88 New Dorp Plaza
Staten Island, New York 10306

LUNACON 78 (SF)

Hasbrouck Hts., NJ February 24-26, 1978

Lunacon
C/O Walt Cole
1171 East 8th St.,
Brooklyn, New York 11230

AFRO-AMERICAN CON (ST)

Kalamazoo, MI March 5-8, 1978

Paula Smith
507 Locust St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

ORANGECON 78 (SF)

Orlando, FL March 17-18, 1978

OrangeCon
L. Hayworth
6913 Mediterranean
Orlando, Florida 32807

AGGIECON IX (SF)

College Station, TX March 30-April 2, 1978

AggieCon IX
Rebecca Mathews
Texas A & M University
Box 5718
College Station, Texas 77844

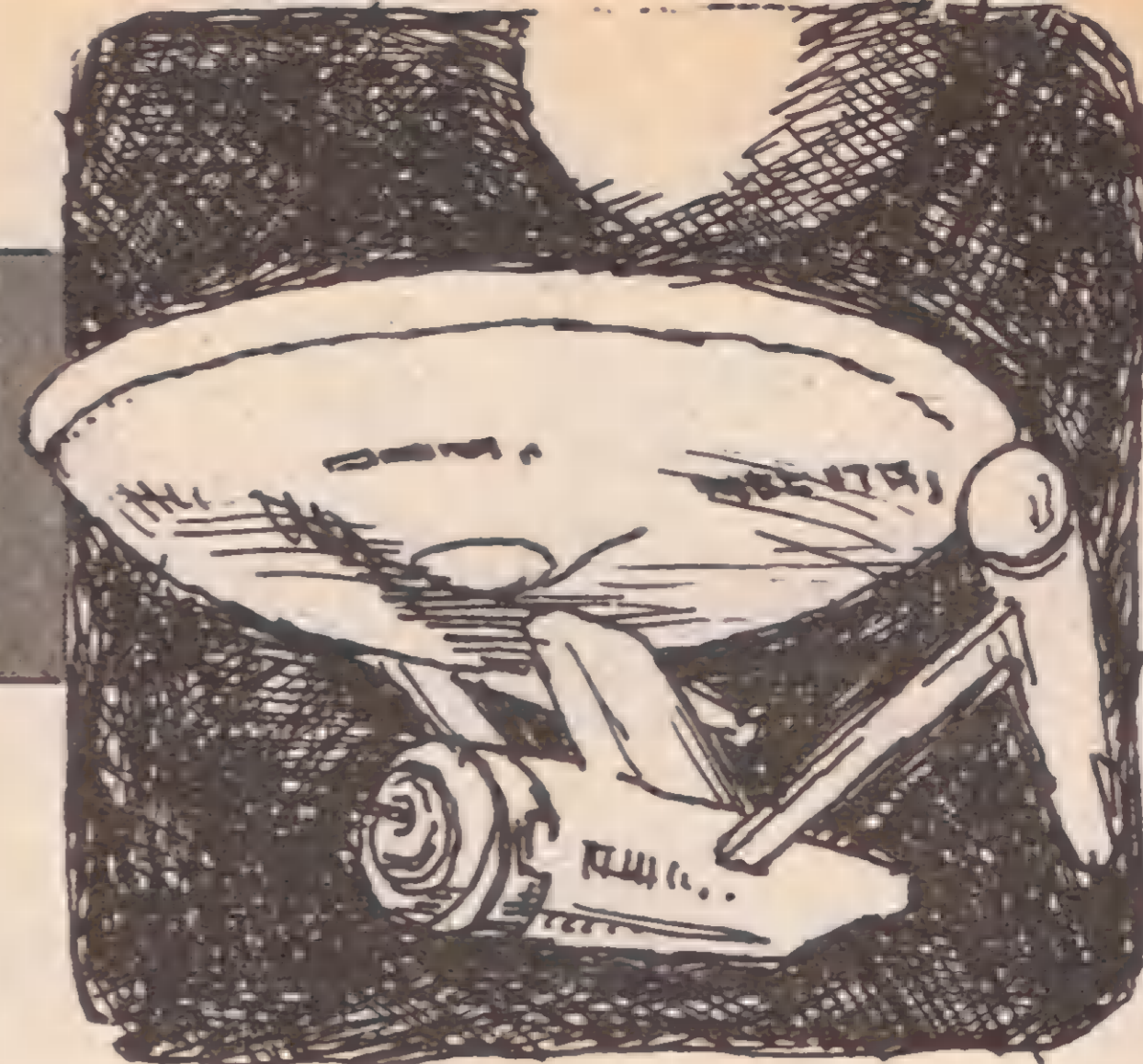
PHANTASMICON 78 (SF & ST)

Los Angeles, CA May 26-29, 1978

Two Worlds Enterprises
439 S. La Cienega Blvd
Suite 104
Los Angeles, California 90048

STAR TREK REPORT

A Fan News Column by Susan Sackett



Shortly after we announced the new *Star Trek* series, I made a startling discovery: Gene Roddenberry had the largest graduating class in the history of the world!

It had to be. Otherwise, why would so many long lost school chums suddenly begin calling up their oldest, dearest friend on this Earth, trying to keep old acquaintances from being forgot? Certainly, it couldn't have anything to do with a new series. It must have been coincidental that many of these classmates were actors, agents, writers and directors. Back in The South, that is. The Mid-West. New England. The Northwest. This class was BIG. And they were all on their way to . . . Hollywood! ("It's vacation time and we thought we'd take the kids on a trip out West . . .")

Fortunately, this is one class reunion that hasn't happened . . . yet. So, for those of you who never made it to the Home of Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock and Laverne and Shirley and The Fonz, i.e., Paramount Pictures, here is the latest as of this early fall writing:

CAST: William Shatner has signed to star as Capt. Kirk in the new *Star Trek* II series. The announcement was made by Paramount on Sept. 12.

There is no definite word yet on whether or not the studio has reached an agreement with Leonard Nimoy to play Mr. Spock in some or all of the episodes.

All the other actors have their contracts and should be signed by the time you read this.

From time to time we can look forward to guest appearances by Grace Lee Whitney as Yeoman Janice Rand (now Head Yeoman; Yeowoman?). And we are hoping to have guest appearances by many of the talented people who were in one or two of the old episodes.

Additionally, we have a new Writers/Directors Guide, which delineates the new characters. Although it is still scheduled to undergo some revisions and updates, this Guide lists three new major characters:

Lieutenant Xon (pronounced Zahn): a young, 23ish full-Vulcan, recently graduated from the Vulcan Science

Academy, and a genius even by Vulcan standards; he will serve as the new Science Officer on board the *Enterprise* (Mr. Spock has left Star Fleet to become director of exobiology for the Vulcan Science Academy). This is his first Starship assignment.

Lieutenant Ilia (pronounced Ill-ee-ah): female, sensuous, from the sexually expressive planet 114-Delta V; this totally bald helmsman often confuses a handshake with a kiss—and a lot more.

Commander Will Decker: now second in command of the *Enterprise*, he is in his early 30s, eager for his first Starship command someday, and Kirk is preparing him for that future while a warm father/son relationship develops.

As you have probably guessed, these new characters all have something in common—youth. The studio felt that we should infuse the *Enterprise* with some young blood, and we agreed, since this would happen in real life.

CASTING: Pat Harris and Marsha Kleinman have been set to cast the new *Star Trek* series. They have been on the Paramount lot for some time now, casting such series as "Happy Days," "Serpico," "The Odd Couple," and "CPO Sharkey." Harris and Kleinman's first challenge on the new *Star Trek* will be a search for a talented young man to play the new Vulcan role of "Xon." They'll also be casting the parts of "Ilia," "Decker," and weekly guest stars.

WRITERS: From the "Writers Status Report," Sept. 8, 1977 — TO: Gene Roddenberry FROM: Harold Livingston — Writers assigned: 1) ALAN DEAN FOSTER — second draft revised delivered 8/24/77; 2) MARGARET ARMEN & ALF HARRIS — story delivered 8/26/77; 3) SHIMON WINCELBERG — step outline delivered 8/26/77 (full outline to follow); 4) NORMAN SPINRAD (story assigned); POVILL & JARON SUMMERS (deal in progress); 5) WORLEY THORNE; 6) JOHN MEREDYTH LUCAS (two-parter); 7) RICHARD BACH; 8) ART LEWIS; 9) TED STURGEON 10) BILL LANSFORD; 11) DAVID AMBROSE . . . With the

assignment of the story to David Ambrose, we have now put a total of thirteen stories into work. . . . The stories now in work are considered representative *Star Trek* stories, truly exciting and imaginative and will certainly be, if not equal to—superior—to the *Star Trek* stories from the first three years. . . . We are fully confident that we will not only meet that competition, but do better.

A note on the above: Alan Dean Foster has written the story for our two-hour premiere episode (which most likely will be released theatrically abroad). Its title: "In Thy Image." While we can't disclose the storyline yet, we will have a chance to see Earth in the 23rd century, Star Fleet Headquarters, and the *Enterprise* being refitted while docked in Earth orbit. It promises to be an exciting opener!

CONSTRUCTION: From the "*Star Trek* Production Status Report," prepared weekly by Bob Goodwin to Gene Roddenberry and the staff, here are some excerpts from the report dated 8th September, 1977:

"So far we have pulled five skins (wall sections) for the segments of the bridge and by next week we will be finished with all twelve skins . . . the only possible problem involved is an echo effect in certain portions of the set, but Joe Jennings (art director) has arranged with Glen Glenn Sound to go over the set and eliminate any of those problems before we start production.

"In the engine room, the steel work has been completed. The ceilings and floors are almost in and the walls are going in today.

"Drawings on the briefing room have been completed . . . work is also going forward on drawings for the medical complex, which Joe should have soon for your approval

"The shell for the transporter room is being built. Soon Mike Minor will have sketches ready for you to approve on the look of the new transporter room.

"Joe has hired a new set designer who is at work on drawings for furnishings of the interior of Capt. Kirk's cabin and these drawings should be ready for you soon."

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The *Enterprise* bridge set under construction. All of the walls have been made "wild" — each one can be removed to allow for filming from a variety of angles.

COSTUMES: Bill Theiss will design the costumes for the new series, and has disclosed that "The uniforms won't be changed much." He has promised to add some new ones, though, and we can look forward to seeing more recreational attire worn in the corridors of the *Enterprise*.

Bill is also trying to reassemble experts from the original series to assist him. Frances Harrison will be Bill's assistant; she was key costumer on the last six episodes of the original *ST*. Bill's hoping to have Bill Blackburn in charge of men's wardrobe. He was DeForest Kelley's stand-in on the original show and also worked as an extra (he wore the White Rabbit costume in "Shore Leave"). Joy Tierney is Bill's choice for head of women's wardrobe, having served as cutter-fitter on the first two years of the original *Star Trek*. And Kazu Yamamoto, who worked with Bill

on "Planet Earth," another Roddenberry project, will be cutter-fitter on the new *Star Trek*.

MODELS: The original *Enterprise* will remain in the Smithsonian, but we are trying to borrow back the Klingon Battle Cruiser, which is also there, but not on display. Meanwhile, we're having a new model of the *Enterprise* constructed, with the added bonus of a saucer section which can separate from the engine nacelles, should such a maneuver be a necessary part of some story. This capacity of the *Enterprise* was described in *The Making of Star Trek*, although it was never utilized in the first series.

MAGICAM: We are investigating the possibilities of utilizing this process with facilities located on the Paramount lot. For details on how Magicam works, see the article in STARLOG No. 9.

HOW GENE FEELS

In the midst of preparing a script for Star Trek II, producer-creator Gene Roddenberry paused to reflect on the new show's progress.

"All I can say about the new *Star Trek* is 'Boy, am I excited.'

"Everything on the show is looking and feeling good. It will not be the same exact show as the old *Star Trek* because we will not be the same people as we were ten years ago. There are new things to talk about, new things to do, new things to show. I'm not arbitrarily changing things but if a technical expert comes in and tells me, 'Hey, these controls have come a long way in the last decade. They're outdated.' Then I'm going to replace the control panel with the latest equipment.

"I've gotten a few letters from fans

who have said, 'Hey, we won't watch the show unless everything is the same and everyone is back on it.' Well, in spite of the rumor going around, we made offers to EVERYONE in the original *Trek*'s cast. Nothing would have pleased me more than to re-unite the entire crew. As it is, we've gotten seven out of the original eight for sure. Which is pretty darn good, I think, for a show that's been off the air for ten years. It shows that we have a lot of affection for the original team. Not only do we have most of our old cast, but we're thinking about bringing people back who were popular on the show in smaller roles. People like Grace Lee Whitney and Mark Lenard. I think all our fans from the first *Trek* will really enjoy this new series. I'm just very excited."



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Oh well, don't take it so hard. Just run back the program cartridge and try it again. It's easy, when you're in the safety and comfort of your own home, involved with playing and winning . . .

THE COMPUTER'S GAME

Art: John Butterfield



John Butterfield '91

By RICHARD ROBINSON

Monday, July 21st, 1969, I went to the Moon in my bedroom. Sitting on the edge of the bed, half a foot from my Sony's matrix, I stared in awe at the barren rocks and wondered at the fact that I was part of a giant breath held as Armstrong and Aldrin touched down.

The same NASA technology that got me to the Moon, now lets me cruise in deep space with a fully-charged laser defense system so I can blast enemy ships into the void—again without getting out of bed. It makes me wonder if the trip to the Moon was really held on a giant TV set outside of Houston, Walter Cronkite's sincerity notwithstanding.

In the course of our space exploration NASA has contributed the electric brain to our culture. Right now the brain is small, a little weak in the frontal lobes, measuring only a couple of inches across. Sometimes referred to in Hulsian slang as the 8080, the little brain is as smart as a ten-year-old kid and at present is sneaking into homes all over the country cleverly disguised as Pong games.

Pong games are computers, controlled by microprocessors right out of the space program. Not the pea-brained computers that run digital watches and pocket calculators,

but the real computer brains that talk to me through my TV set.

The most spectacular TV computer sold as a 'toy' is the Fairchild Video Entertainment System. It deals black jack, plays a mean game of tic-tac-toe (and if the computer wins the screen lights up with the immortal words, 'You lose, turkey'), doodles an ever-increasing three-color mosaic on the screen, competes with the human brain in a series of sophisticated binary number games, and offers an endless series of search-and-destroy games like Shooting Gallery, Drag Race, Spit Fire, and Space War.

The Fairchild and all other computers have four basic elements: the actual computer brain in a box, TV screen to display what the computer has to say, a keyboard so you can talk to the computer, and a storage system that allows the computer to remember what its supposed to know. Home computer games use any TV set as the display terminal and combine the other three elements into one box. For \$169.95 Fairchild supplies the brain in a box which connects directly to any TV set—you can switch between regular TV and the computer display although most people who turn their TV sets into displays soon stop watching regular TV. The Fairchild box has a small keyboard to let the user tell the computer what game is to be played. It also

has a slot for tape cassettes which contain the various programs—to play Space Wars you slip in the tape cassette program for that game. Each cassette program costs \$19.95.

The initial novelty of playing computer games is that the user can alter the image on the TV screen. Fairchild supplies two joy stick controls which rotate 360° and slide up and down. By manipulating them, the joy stick images move across the screen at your command, rockets are fired, cars race each other, and suddenly you're a TV freak on a much more complex and intriguing level than just lying there and watching Kojak gun down the bad guys. Now *you're* holding the gun and deciding who the bad guys are.

Another major programmable TV computer comes from Atari, the company who invented the Pong game. Atari's Video Computer System sells for \$189.95 and comes with a 27-game Game Program cartridge including a combat package of Tank, Bi-planes, and Jet Fighter with steerable and non-steerable missiles, cloud formations, and multiple fighter-versus-bomber games. Additional tape programs are also sold: Indy 500, Video Olympics, Air-Sea Battle, Space Mission, and Street Racer. Atari seems to take a more violent and destructive view than Fairchild of what keeps us happy at home in the way of TV games. Reports from first users of both the Fairchild and Atari systems indicate that the Fairchild wins hands down as the more complex and interesting system.

Besides the programmable system, Atari also manufactures a series of computer games that are pre-programmed to play only one set of games. There's Video Pinball, Stunt Cycle, and Tank II. Stunt Cycle has two handlebar controls so you feel like Evel Knievel as you try to jump your cycle over 32 buses on your TV screen.

While computer games are fun, they have certain limitations as computer

Atari's Video Pinball takes the game out of the "penny arcade" and into your home.



Radio Shack's complete TRS-80 Microcomputer System consists of a 53-key alphanumeric keyboard and microcomputer, 12" video monitor and cassette storage.

systems. First, they don't have full typewriter keyboards to allow you to type in commands and completely alter their behavior. The pre-programmed cassettes that run computer games cannot be erased or rewritten. Second, there is no memory storage system such as a cassette machine or floppy disc so you can write your own games or type in other information. But, if you're willing to make the jump from \$150 to \$600, you can own a complete home computer—a computer so sophisticated that ten years ago it would have cost \$50,000.

Major electronics companies now make home computers. Radio Shack has just introduced one for \$599.95 including the complete computer, a 12" TV display screen, and a cassette recorder to remember information. The complete computer is \$399.95, with the TV and tape recorder making up the difference in price for the system.

These computers do everything the Fairchild and Atari games do, the problem being that the cassette programs are not as yet compatible. If you want to play Space Wars on the Radio Shack computer you have to sit down at the typewriter keyboard and, using the special computer language, tell the computer how the game is played.

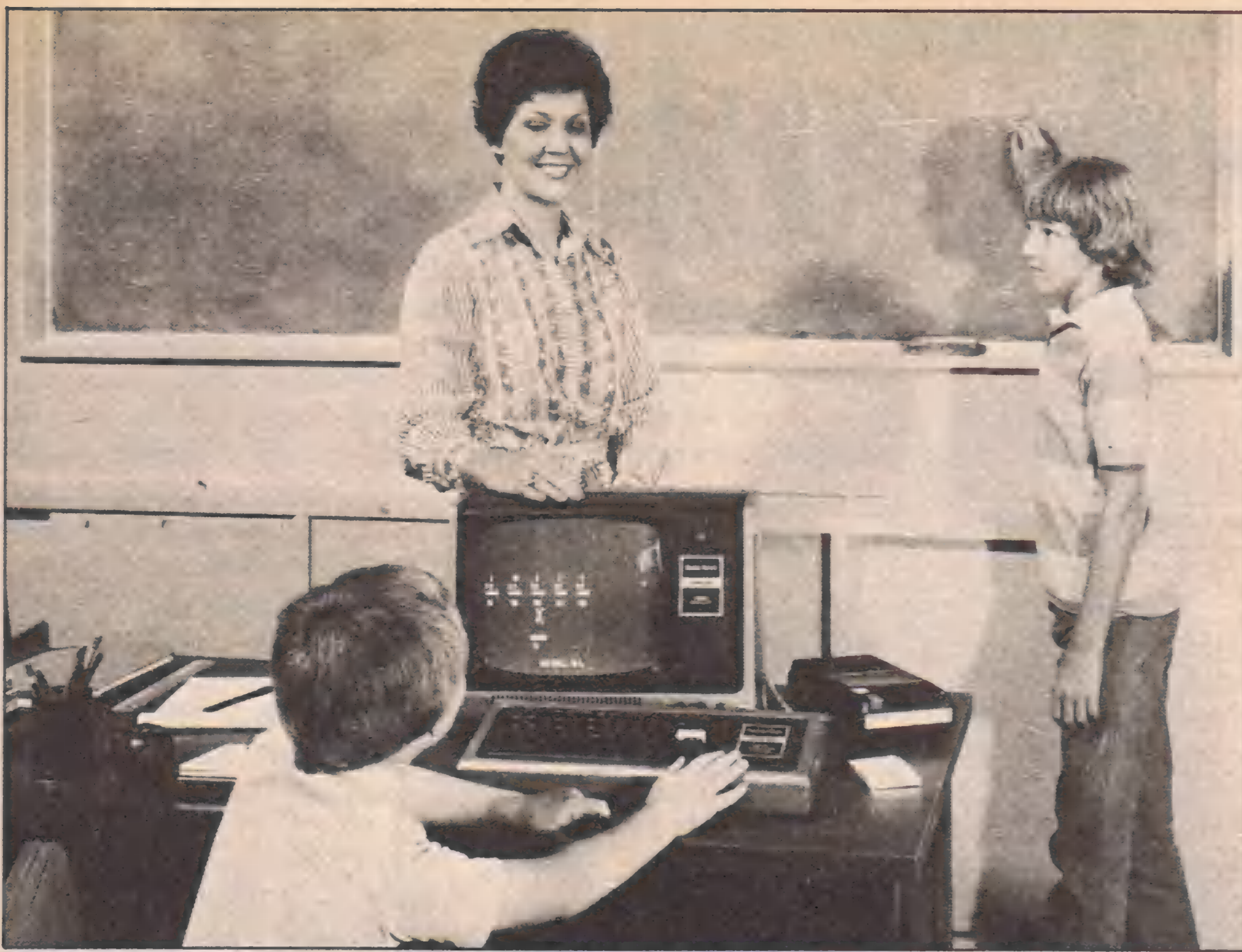
Most home computers are built for the computer hobbyist. This means that you have to be pretty well informed on how computers work to be able to manipulate the home computer to its fullest advantage. You have to be able to talk to the computer in computer language such as BASIC in ROM*. But

* "Basic" is a standard computer language. ROM, or Read Only Memory, is a form of information storage.

many computer manufacturers realize that people who want computers at home don't want to have to spend six months at computer training institutes, so pre-written programs are becoming increasingly available. Within the next few years we'll probably be able to buy computer programs on standard audio cassettes the way we buy records today.

One interesting home computer is the Bally Library Computer which sells for \$299.95 plus programs. By next year the system will be available with dual tape decks for memory storage and a typewriter keyboard. Right now it uses only pre-programmed cassettes but even at that here's what it will do: it's a printing calculator with ten separate memories; it teaches math with the computer automatically adjusting to your math level; it has a game called Math Bingo which adjusts to each player's ability so that a five-year-old can play with a math teacher and still win; it has programs for TV Bingo, Baseball, Sea Wolf, Red Baron, and Panzer Attack. And plans now call for a device to let you draw directly on your TV screen with an electric wand that paints in 32 different colors; compose and playback music on your TV sound system electronically; dial phone numbers and let you play chess on the phone with another player as you both watch the game progress on your TV sets.

When Lt. Uhura punches up her memory banks to get a display of how many Romulan ships are approaching at what velocity, she is playing out a computer fantasy that is probably the reason why we'd all like to have our own computers. To command it as Mr. Spock does and get an immediate answer to the most improbable questions is the



dream. But as Uhura or Spock point out from time to time, the information has to be in the computer's memory banks or it doesn't have any answer at all.

These memory banks, or computer programs as they're more rightly called, are what everything the computer 'thinks' is based on. And it is these programs that make the difference between a "smart" and "stupid" computer. Fairchild, Atari, RCA, and other computer game manufacturers are really in the business of writing interesting computer programs and if you were to get a home computer you'd have to learn how to talk to it in its own language; not as tough as learning Vulcan, but not easy.

Although one southwestern manufacturer has promised a \$500 version of R2-D2 that would follow computer commands as it swept up the house and took out the garbage, this final step in the computer is still years away. Computer games, home computers, and the other computer products that are flooding the market are all purely electronic; none of them promises to be anything more than a brain without a body. R2-D2 is a computer-controlled robot and as such is more complicated, though no more sophisticated than today's computers. If your dream is not to play space wars on your TV set, but rather to have your own menagerie of robots, you've still got a while to wait. But if you've got an active imagination and enjoy testing your reflexes and instincts against a variety of projected obstacles, your time has arrived. ★

Personal microcomputers are helping TV-oriented kids in school (upper), their parents at home with personal finance management, storing recipes (at left), or to play an ever-increasing number of games such as Atari's "Ultra Pong"

HOME COMPUTERS

Radio Shack—\$5999.95. For info on their TRS-80 micro-computer write Radio Shack, Dept. TRS-80, 205 N.W. 7th St. Ft. Worth, Texas 76101.

Heathkit—Build your own computer system from kits introduced in their new catalog. Write Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan, 49022.

MITS—These people started it all with their first home computer kit. Now they've got a full line of Altair computers. Mits, 2450 Alamo S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106.

Bally Library Computer—Available from JS&A National Sales Group, One JS&A Plaza, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

SWTPC—Southwest Technical Products Corp., at 219 West Rhapsody, San Antonio, Texas 78216 has a super computer system including kit systems with prices starting at \$395 for a basic computer.

Most major cities now have computer hobby stores. Check your yellow pages.

COMPUTER MANUFACTURERS TV GAME COMPUTERS

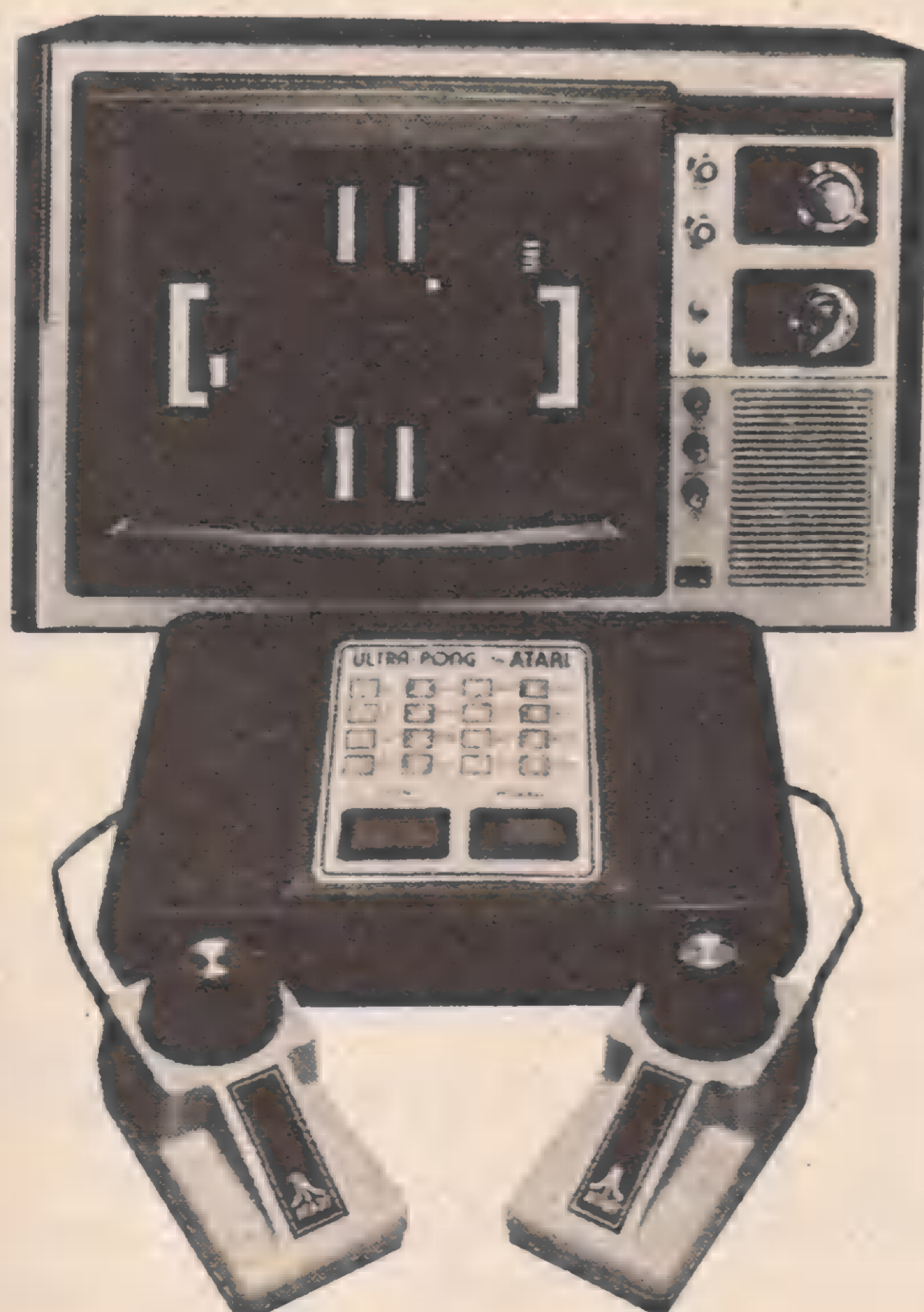
Fairchild—The Fairchild Video System is available throughout the U.S. at major department stores.

Magnavox—The people who started it all with their Odyssey Game have units available at department stores.

Atari—The Atari Video System is available at department stores, electronics stores and some appliance stores.

RCA—The RCA Video System is available at department stores.

Radio Shack—Radio Shack has a number of the less expensive video games in their catalog, including the many systems that were introduced before the interchangeable cassettes used by Fairchild and Atari came along. Check their catalog.



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 - ___ C-7 "What Are Little Girls Made Of?"
 - ___ C-8 "The Doomsday Machine"
 - ___ C-9 "Journey to Babel"
 - ___ C-10 "The Menagerie"
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(continued from page 27)

Number 2 takes the prisoner to the Labour Exchange so that he can get the necessary credentials for life in the Village—a credit card for food, another for car service, another for the phone, and so on. But first, he must fill out the standard form.

"Just fill in your race," he is told, "religion, what you like to read, what you like to eat, what your hobbies are, what you were, what you would like to be, any family illness . . . and, oh, any politics."

The prisoner storms out and soon attempts an escape. He is confronted by the monstrous Rover—a huge, white, amorphous ball that lives under the sea and acts as the guardian of the Village. It can travel at fantastic speeds on land or water. It can be used to track down an escapee, stop him, herd him back, or kill him. Now it forces Number 6 back to the center of the Village. He is brought back to Number 2 but finds another man has taken his place; he is the "new" new Number 2.

NOTHING IS OBVIOUS

On the surface, it appears that a man has been abducted and is being held in unexplained captivity. He is deprived of his liberty, privacy and name in an escape-proof environment known as "The Village." The rest of the series then details his struggle against seemingly insurmountable odds as he tries to escape his prison.

It is a series of give-and-take struggles. In practically every episode Number 6 undergoes brainwashing—either psychological, physical or both—in an attempt to break him, strip him of

his individuality, his hold on reality, and get him to reveal certain information. Each time his enemies are thwarted. Even as the prisoner is made to doubt his own sanity and identity, he stubbornly clings to his basic beliefs and privately-held truths.

In almost every episode, the prisoner attempts an escape, often seeking out a fellow rebel as an ally. Sometimes it is he who is approached by a desperate prisoner seeking a partner in escape. In every instance, his ally proves to be either a willing or unconscious pawn of Number 2. Every move has been calculated; they are all being manipulated.

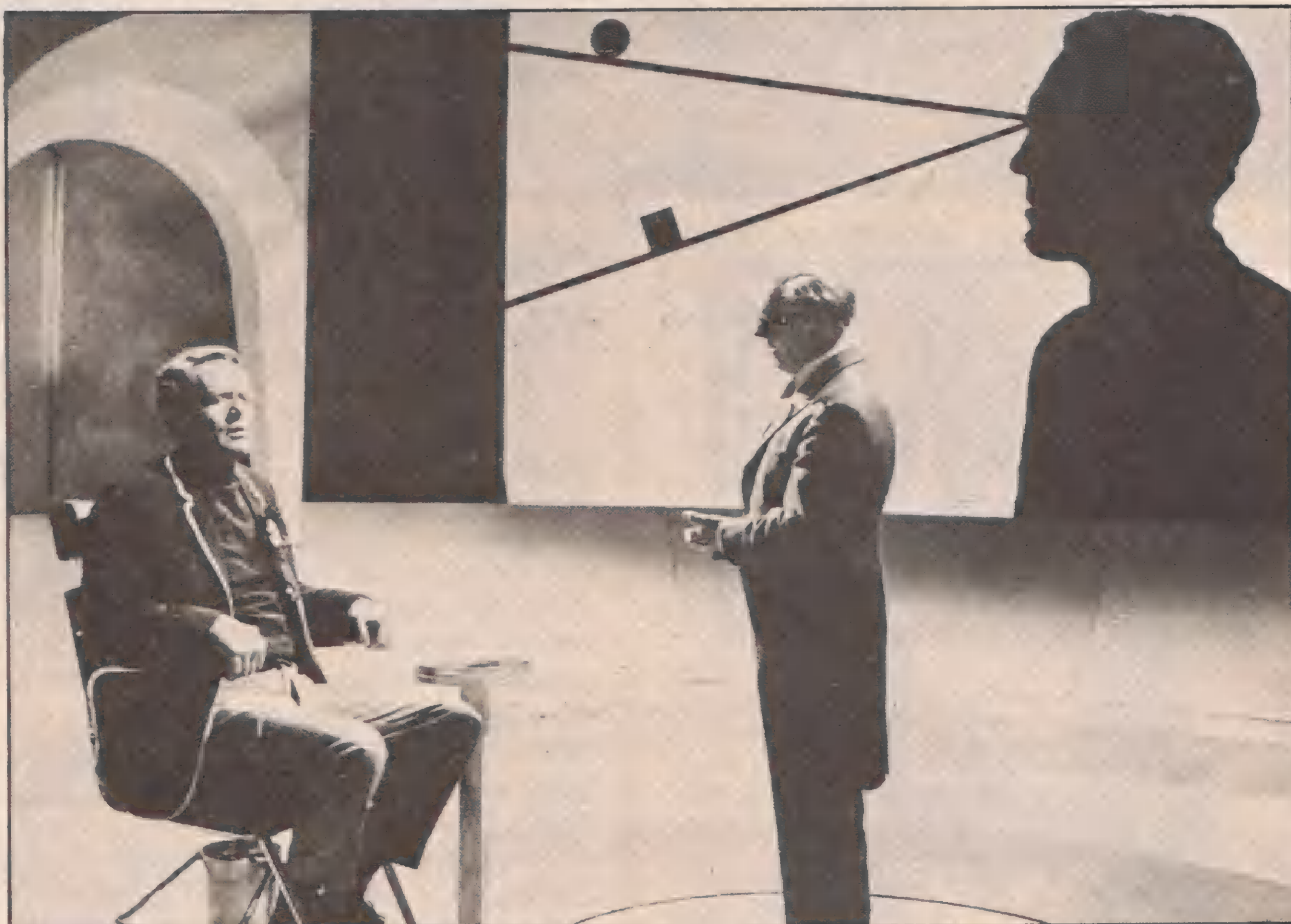
Number 6 manages more than once to "escape" from the Village. But it is either an illusion or circumstances are such that he is forced to return to the Village. So it appears to be a stand-off: he will not be broken but neither can he escape.

IT'S IN THE INTERPRETATION

But once again, it must be remembered that *The Prisoner* is an allegory and therefore must be interpreted symbolically.

A logical place to start is with the prisoner's number. The symbolism of having your name taken away and replaced with a number is clear enough . . . but why the number "6?" Is this, too, a symbol? The answer is "Yes." It and *everything else* in the show is a symbol. In numerology, the number 6 carries with it connotations of "ambivalence and equilibrium." It is also sometimes "used to represent the human soul."

What about "Number 2?" He is clearly a symbol for public—or State—authority. He constantly watches over



Another rare publicity photo: Interrogation at the Labor Exchange. But again, it is loaded with symbols. The shadow of the prisoner fills the back wall, yet the composition of the shot leads us to expect the interrogator's reflection.

the Village, secretly manipulating the inhabitants toward his own, unexplained ends. Yet he does not have ultimate responsibility and authority. He must take orders from the unseen Number 1—the invisible power-behind-the-power that is present in all complex organizations. Number 2 holds his power at the whim of Number 1. And frequently (almost every episode), Number 2 is replaced with a “new” Number 2.

And the Village—what of it? It is a microcosm of the world at large, the “global village.” Being such an intense condensation, minor follies and foibles of the Villagers take on grotesque proportions. In the opening episode, Number 6 is told that the Village is completely self-contained. Number 2 says “we have everything here—water, electricity, a council democratically elected . . .”

But, paradoxically, the Village is not merely a mythic symbol for Society; it really exists. According to *The Prisoner Puzzle*, a fascinating little booklet prepared by the Ontario Educational Communications Authority, “it exists in Wales. It’s name: Portmeirion. It is a complete private village set on the shores of Cardigan Bay, a resort town designed by architect Clough Williams-Ellis. He had sought the perfect site for the realization of his dream, and he has designed and built up the village for the past thirty years. What better place to set a series so concerned with distinguishing fantasy from reality than a village designed around a dream?”

**PERCEIVE
YOUR OWN PRISON**

Ten years ago, when *The Prisoner* was originally broadcast, it caused a storm of controversy—not over its existence but over its meaning. McGoohan meant it to be that way. He envisioned people viewing the shows in groups and engaging in extended explorations of the symbology.

Although we have presented explanations of some of the main symbols, they are by no means the only explanations possible. In fact, one of the central messages of the series is that there are no easy or obvious answers. One must take an active part in the pursuit of truth and not passively accept what others say.

But soon you will have a chance to decide for yourselves, *The Prisoner* is back on TV in syndication. ITC (the company that now owns the show) is trying to sell it to every Public Broadcasting station in the country.

In the Episode Guide included in this article, we *could* reveal the hidden meanings of *all* the symbols used . . . but “that would be telling.” If it’s information you want, seek it out. Even a prisoner may determine his or her own future. After all, we haven’t been reduced to mere numbers . . . ★

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“ . . .The eggs start to stir from the middle of the cluster exciting neighboring cuboids until the entire mass seems to revolve as if blown by some sort of cosmic wind.”

Excerpt from the shooting script for *Close Encounters*, revised 5/14/76



In 1964, a sixteen-year-old high school student wrote, directed, photographed, and edited a two-and-a-half hour eight-millimeter film titled *Firelight*. The movie concerned a group of scientists investigating strange lights in the sky. The entire production cost \$500. Thirteen years later that same person, no longer a high school student, has returned to the UFO genre with a major motion picture. This production's price tag is \$11,500,000.

The person's name — Steven Spielberg.

His major movie —

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

By RICHARD MEYERS

The idea was fascinating to me," Spielberg has said. "Just to think that there are civilizations light years away, with a technology more primitive in some cultures and perhaps thousands of years more advanced in others, and that perhaps just one of them has decided that our quantum progress in the last hundred years is worth the price of admission."

A fascinating premise, indeed. But it is also a most difficult scenario around which to base a "realistic" movie. To transfer his self-penned screenplay to film, Spielberg assembled a group of 114—all sworn to secrecy—and set out on a trek across several countries creating in the process a series of technological and man-made miracles—the kind at which movie people excel.

It all started on May 16, 1976 when the cast and crew left Los Angeles and flew to Rapid City, South Dakota. From there, the company traveled by buses to the small town of Gillette, Wyoming, for the first two weeks of actual filming. They were there to utilize the wide-open spaces, sometimes requiring as many as 200 extras for a scene. Then it was back onto a jet—two days ahead of schedule—for the next and most integral location—Mobile, Alabama.

Mobile, Alabama? Not New York, not Hollywood, not the international capitals of the film world? No, Mobile, Alabama where filming was concentrated on night scenes, crowd scenes (this time the extra count was upped to 2000), and character development scenes involving Richard Dreyfuss, Terri Garr and Melinda Dillon. But then it came time to do extensive special-effects scenes and that is when the choice of Mobile became not only convenient but essential. For, to delineate these extensive effects, Steven called on two people. First, his long time associate, production designer Joe Alves. Alves spent months searching for the proper locations and making scale models of the sets. In Wyoming he had discovered the "Devil's Tower," a mountain near Huelot which he felt a perfect background for the mind-blowing finale. He had also built the model for the climatic set. But there was one small problem.

Bigger than Superman

"Joe showed me the model he had built," Spielberg remembers, "and that I had subsequently fallen in love with. It

was four times larger than the largest sound stage."

The director had two possible solutions. Find a suitable location to hide the huge set or shoot it outside and take pot luck as to weather conditions. They found a suitable location.

"It's a defunct and demilitarized Air Force Base," Spielberg explains. "There are weeds growing out of the tarmac. The entire base was cordoned off. We hired security police. And the two hangars we used began to resemble motion picture studios."

And huge ones at that. The actual set was built in one of the hangars that measured 450 feet long, 250 feet wide and 90 feet high. The 007 Stage, the largest interior sound stage in the world (where *Superman* is now filming), seems paltry by comparison, although it measures 374 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 53 feet high (see STARLOG No.9: Ken Adam, 007 Designer). This Alabama hangar held over 100 million dollars retail worth of electronic equipment, 2 miles of steel cable, 150 tons of lumber, 16,900 feet of fibreglass and miles more of steel cable, nylon canopy, dirt, cloth backing, and various other material.

The second person Spielberg called on was Douglas Trumbull, the special effects man noted for *The Andromeda Strain*, and *Silent Running*.

Production Problems

"The major philosophy we followed was that the effects in the film had to be totally realistic," said Doug. "You might say that with a picture like *Star Wars* you were dealing with a fantasy situation and the effects didn't have to be terribly realistic. However in *Close Encounters*, since everything takes place in the present day, on the ground, so to speak, the tie-in between the effects and the live-action photography had to be conceived so as to create a total effect that was absolutely real."

But there were some problems in that area, too. Initially Colin Cantwell (2001, *Star Wars*) did some tests utilizing computer animation. Word of this got out and some of the rumors said that it was, in one critic's words, "disastrous."

"We had some very great success with computer animation," Trumbull counters. "However the sequence involving (it) was dropped for other reasons. It was very successful, it just didn't match the story properly."

So Doug went full speed ahead with the techniques he and his company, Future General, were testing.

"We were developing extensive camera systems, and the like, to work with a 70mm film in an effects format. Coincidentally, Spielberg wanted to shoot *Close Encounters* in 70mm."

Doug assembled a crack team of artists and technicians to create all the ef-

fects necessary. The group was spearheaded by "Richard Yuricich, who supervised the various photographic teams working in different departments, such as animation, optical printing, miniature photography, etc." Trumbull further explains, "Then Matt Yuricich (Richard's brother) is a specialist at matte paintings. There's a man named Bob Swarthe who supervised the animation department. And Bob Hull and Don Jarel supervised the optical and matte painting photography. All very talented people. And a major character is Greg Jein who supervised all the construction of the miniatures. He's one of



Steven Spielberg with Cary Guffey, the surprise acting star of the film. Cary plays Melinda Dillon's four-year-old son Barry, whose UFO experience and sudden disappearance play a pivotal part in the plot. Spielberg has said that in view of the acting demands of young Cary's role, his work with the boy was "the proudest part of the picture for me." Another child star is born.

the best model makers on the planet."

Trumbull and his crew moved into a 13,500 square-foot building and installed developing, optical printing, and editing rooms. They created make shift sound stages complete with dolly tracks running horizontally and vertically, as well as elaborate, electronically operated control booths. Labs of every description were set up; wood shop, model shop, paint shop, metal shop, camera shop, lighting shop, and miniature set shop. Experiments of every technical variety and nature took place there.

Alien Rumors; False Encounter

However, Spielberg needed to contact a few others to make his dream reach its full potential. Carlo Rimbaldi (*King*

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

CAST & PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced by Julia Phillips and Michael Phillips. Written and Directed by Steven Spielberg. Visual Effect Concepts by Steven Spielberg. Director of Photography, Vilmos Zsigmond, A.S.C. Special Photographic Effects by Douglas Trumbull. Music by John Williams. Production Designed by Joe Alves. Editing by Michael Kahn, A.C.E. Associate Producer, Clark Paylow. Technical Advisor, Dr. J. Allen Hynek. Art Director, Dan Lomino. Set Decoration, Phil Abramson. Assistant Director, Chuck Myers. Music Editor, Kenneth Wannberg. Sound Effects Editor, Frank Warner. Production Illustrator, George Jensen. Dolby Sound Supervisor, Steve Katz. Mother Ship Tuba Solo, Tommy Johnson. Light Board Oboe Solo, John Ellis. Makeup Supervision, Bob Westmoreland. Wardrobe Supervision, Jim Linn. Stunt Coordinator, Buddy Joe Hooker. Script Supervision, Charlsie Bryant. Title Design by Dan Perri. 2nd Unit Director of Photography, Steve Poster. Director of Photography Additional American Scenes, William A. Fraker, A.S.C. Director of Photography Special Sequences in India, Douglas Slocombe, B.S.C. Additional Directors of Photography, John Alonzo and Laszlo Kovacs, both A.S.C. Special Effects Consultant, Roy Arbogast. Director of Photography, Photographic Effects, Richard Yuricich. Matte Artist, Matthew Yuricich. Special Effects Editor, Larry Robinson. UFO Photography, Dave Stewart. Effects Unit Project Manager, Robert Shepherd. Chief Model Maker, Gregory Jein. Animation Supervisor, Robert Swarthe. Matte Camera Operator, Don Jarel. Project Coordinator, Mona Thal Benefiel. Technician, Robert Hollister. Model Shop Coordinator, J. Richard Dow. Camera and Mechanical Design, Don Trumbull (B.G. Engineering), John Russell, and Fries Engineering. Mechanical Special Effects, George Polkinghorne. Electronic Design, Jerry L. Jeffress, Alvah J. Miller, Peter Regla, and Dan Slater. Assistant Matte Artist, Rocco Gioffre. Effects Electrician, David Gold. Animator, Harry Moreau. Animation Staff, Carol Boardman, Eleanor Dahlan, Cy Didjurgis, Tom Koester, and Conne Morgan. Laboratory Technicians, Don Dow and Tom Hollister. Model Makers, Paul Huston, David M. Jones, Jor Van Kline, Michael McMillen, Kenneth Swenson, and Robert Worthington. Special Consultants, Peter Anderson, Larry Albright, Richard Bennett, Ken Ebert, Kevin Kelly, Jim Lutes, George Randall, Jeff Shapiro, and Rourke Engineering.

Roy Neary **Richard Dreyfuss**
Claude Lacombe . **Francois Truffaut**
Ronnie Neary **Teri Garr**
Jillian Guiler **Melinda Dillon**
David Laughlin **Bob Balaban**
Robert **Lance Hendricksen**
Wild Bill **Warren Kemmerling**
Farmer **Roberts Blossom**
Jean Claude **Phillip Dodds**
Brad Neary **Shawn Bishop**
Sylvia Neary . . . **Adrienne Campbell**
Toby Neary **Justin Dreyfuss**
Barry Guiler **Cary Guffey**
Team Leader **Merrill Connally**
Major Benchley **George Dicenzo**

Kong, The White Buffalo) created some extraterrestrial effects. John Chambers (*Planet of the Apes, The Island of Dr. Moreau*) and three assistants contributed some make-up concepts, and, in what turned out to be a much publicized coincidence of mistaken identity, Bob Baker designed some aliens. However, it was Rick Baker, the noted make-up artist (see *SFX: The Makeup Men*, pg. 62 in this issue) who got the pre-release credit, the pre-release pressure and the subsequent blame.

"Rick has been getting calls from all over the planet," says Trumbull. "Everybody says that he did something and he didn't work on the picture at all. Bob Baker has done the work; it has been photographed successfully, and it is being cut into the picture."

The basic problem for both men was that the initial rumors were unfavorable, the word being that the aliens were failures and thrown away.

"They were not thrown out," Trumbull reiterated. "There was a time when Steven decided not to use them but there was a change in that and we did, in fact, photograph what Bob Baker made."

Rumors weren't the only problems the production faced, but they were the major ones. Before release, the secrecy surrounding the project was so great that not only were reporters grasping at straws, they were grabbing and running with them.

"The Washington Post tried everything to get onto our set," related Spielberg in an interview. "Their reporter decided that the best way to break our security was to interview some of the extras at night in bars, then write the story in the first person, as though he had been there. It was printed, and it was the most erroneous, far-fetched encounter of the fifth kind that I had ever read."

Even small items in various newspapers sent shock waves through the press corps, the rumor mills and science fiction circles. A tiny piece was printed in The New York Post about the final print of the film being delivered to Columbia during the week of September 26th. This report, taking up a mere two inches of space and placed in the middle of the entertainment section, is said to have made executives at the studio and Spielberg upset and unhappy. Its appearance has been blamed for everything from dozens of inquiring phone calls to the film's official press preview being postponed.

Douglas Trumbull, for one, is not dismayed by the situation.

"I think secrecy is a good policy," he says. "If we keep a low profile, no one will be disappointed when they see the movie."

There were six weeks shooting in Alabama, and a few inserts were made in Washington, D.C. utilizing Howard

K. Smith of ABC News as himself. Then came the move to India and the last sequence to be filmed, in which Francois Truffaut witnesses a mass homage to the UFO phenomenon by Hindus (the extra count here reached a new high of 10,000). After all that, few on the crew were disappointed.

You Better Believe It

"The effects will make you jump out of your socks!" says Trumbull. He elaborates, "Steve is great to work with. He and I worked very closely together on special effects. Steve is credited as creator of *Close Encounters*' special effects and that's entirely true. I'm the supervisor of special photographic effects. I'd be glad to work with Spielberg at any time in the future."

And what of the effects? All during filming and subsequent summer post-production months questions were raised. Would it be worth the money spent? Would it be better than *2001*? Would it be better than *Star Wars*? Trumbull does not seem to be worried.

"The film's last forty minutes combine live action and effects. It makes the 'ultimate trip' from *2001* look pale by comparison. You won't believe your eyes when you see it."

The audience sees the film through the eyes of the on-screen characters. They, too, cannot believe what they see. It starts when Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss), Jillian Guiler (Melinda Dillon) and her son Barry (Gary Guffey) actually witness extraterrestrial phenomena. The skepticism, ignorance, misunderstanding, and confusion that they are greeted with by the Government, their friends, and even their loved ones, force them to look elsewhere for answers. They are joined on their quest by a professional, Claude Lacombe (Francois Truffaut), who heads an international organization of "truth seekers." The movie follows the group to the ultimate confrontation between men and . . . something else.

"*Close Encounters* has 250 special effects shots. Now that's less than *Star Wars* (365) but remember *Star Wars* has many shots that last for only two seconds. We treat our effects like *2001*—we let the audience look at them a long time."

It is the filmmakers' and studio's fervent wish that audiences do watch this groundbreaking picture for a long, long time. Only then will they know for sure whether this controversial subject matter and publicity procedures have paid off. However, Trumbull doesn't doubt his own work one iota.

"We use about thirty spaceship miniatures in *Close Encounters*. We constantly show the special effects interacting with actors. That's the whole theme behind *Close Encounters*—aliens having their first interaction with man." ★



The following scene descriptions and photographic directions are excerpted directly from the May '76 shooting script of Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

PAN WITH OBJECTS

At midfield they begin to lay "cuboid eggs." The far object squirts blue phosphorous like cubes spinning from all sides. The object closest to camera deposits white hot cuboids that form a blazing blue and white knot twenty feet in the air and midfield.

...ALL AT ONCE the cuboids are aware they are on camera and begin to perform extraordinary geometric maneuvers. Suddenly the film starts running out and red 're-load' lights appear everywhere. The cuboids don't waste a second. They stop performing. They regroup. They exit the shot in a rush . . . off to the right.

ANGLE—COMPUTER MONITOR READOUTS

The cuboid circle seems to rush the view head on. It is a speed show as well as a light display. Once again six cubes leave the circle to explore the monitors and the men working them. Several cuboids run circles around some of the technicians working the area.

ANGLE—MEDIUM C.U.—LACOMBE

He is reacting to all of this. The cubes race counter-clockwise behind him in blue and clockwise in front of him burning white. His glasses and the double glass windows behind him make all of this movement seem like a fever dream . . .

JILLIAN AND NEARY P.O.V.

We see the cuboids rising, knotting, binding, squeezing, bleeding, glaring, and finally bursting into golden galactic dust that races in all directions and right into us.

ANGLE—BETWEEN NEARY AND GILLIAN

The galactic golden dust explosion makes them flinch and they cover their faces as the particles storm the camera splashing all over them.

WIDE VIEW—GROUND LEVEL

It is gently snowing golden high points. F.G. technicians are aglow in the stuff. The scientists are running frantically, trying to preserve samples before the elements dissolve in thin air. They help pick them off each other with tweezers and conventional soup spoons . . .

INSERT—NEARY'S HANDS

One final micro-cube remains. It is so bright that his cupped hands reflect light off his face. The micro-cube does something extraordinary. It finds its way underneath the skin in Roy's open palm without causing the slightest tinge of pain. He watches it travel around the inside of his hand, up a finger, down to the wrist, into a vein. The vein glows bright blue as the speck of light runs its course around the hand and finally, sadly, fades out leaving everything dark and silent and mystical.

INT. RADAR LOWBASE CUBICLE DOWNFIELD

Starting on the radar scan some new airborne phenomena is apparent . . .

ANGLE

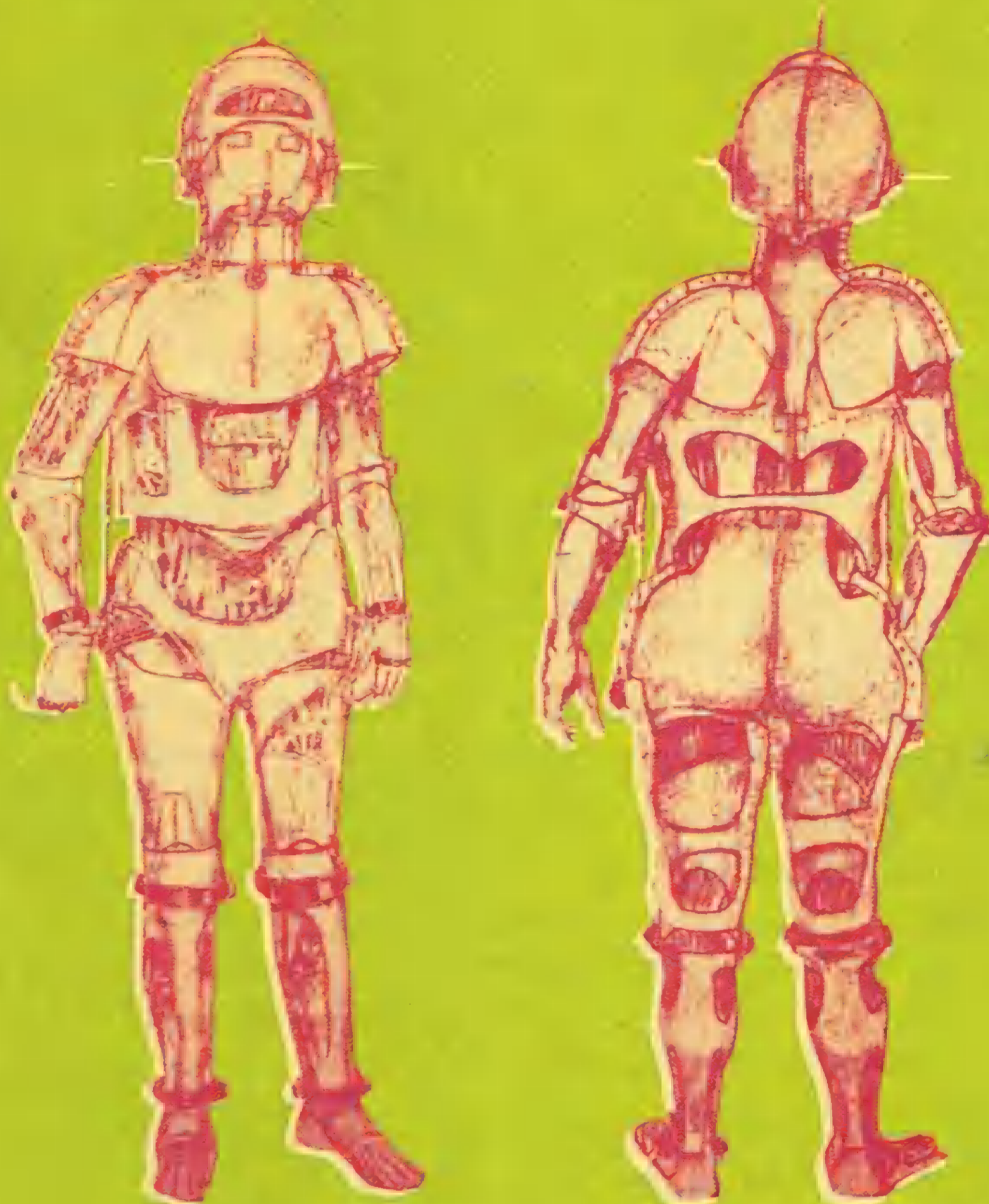
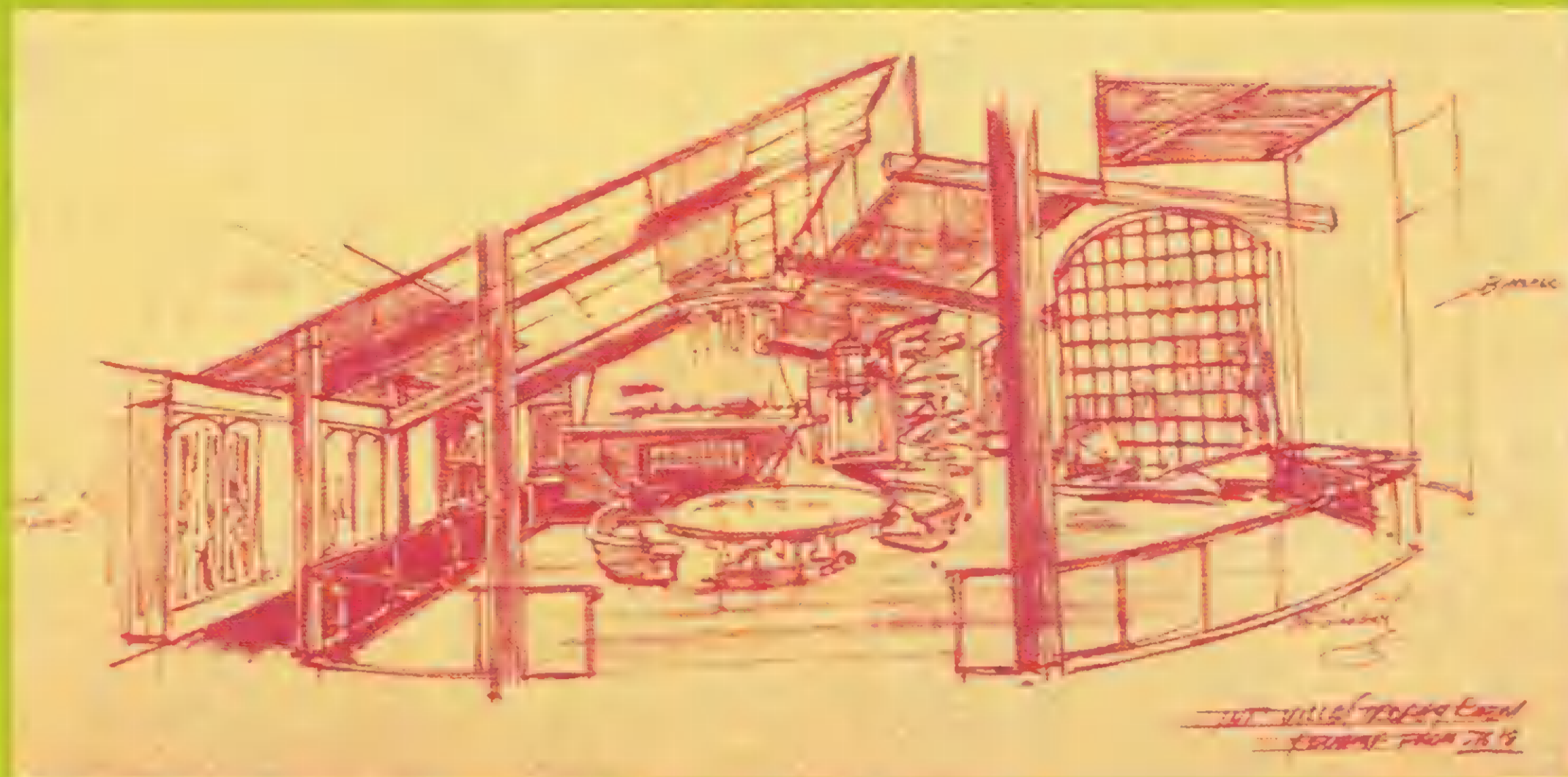
Past the organ and on downfield where the three objects go through a color pattern communique. Lacombe is in the f.g. He turns to look into the sky.

LACOMBE'S P.O.V.

Past the tower the mountain the lights in the clouds return the signal and the cloud beings to glow yellow-orange.

ANGLE—LACOMBE

Looks back at three objects and they turn yellow-orange. Then in a flashbulb popping effect they explode to red. That is the signal . . .



Mort Rabinowitz (left) brings an extraordinary combination of talents to his new position on *Logan's Run*. Pictured here are some of his pre-production sketches. Above is an interior set design for "Crypt," an episode based on Harlan Ellison's story treatment. Right: front and rear views of Mort's design for the robot "Friend," from "The Innocent."

LOGAN'S RUN GETS PRODUCTION DESIGNER

By DAVID HOUSTON

Now that science fiction has firmly established itself as a mainstay of TV this season, several changes are being made to enhance SF's image both on existing shows and on new projects in the works. In the vanguard of this spirit of change is *Logan's Run*. The biggest change, of course, has been in its timeslot. In an effort to give *Logan* the chance to survive, CBS has moved it from 9:00 PM on Friday to 8:00 PM on Monday.

The series has also been given a Production Designer. In the low-budget, tight-schedule world of series TV, a production designer is usually out of the question. On television it's usually an

art director and various other department heads collectively filling the spot, but not on *Logan's Run*. With new sets, practically a new world, required for each episode, the show needed someone to hold it all together visually.

As shooting on the first few episodes got under way, the excellence of the company's art director became evident to executive producers Goff and Roberts, and they appointed him to the superior and unusual post of Production Designer. That excellent artist is Mort Rabinowitz—and this is his first TV series of *any* kind. Miraculously, he's still smiling.

Mort's job, from now on, will be to create the futuristic look of *Logan's* world via fantastic settings. He came to

Logan's Run at the time when extra footage was desperately needed to expand the already-shot pilot episode. "I wasn't at all sure that I could work this fast," he laughingly confides to STARLOG. "After I had been interviewed and tentatively offered the job of art director, I went home and thought it over for four or five days."

His children made his decision for him. "My kids kept saying, 'Oh, come on, Pop. DO IT!'"

So he did it. The first sketches to come off the drawing board at his MGM offices weren't quite what the producers were expecting. "I had some pretty grand ideas, and the cost figures for them were astronomical, by TV standards. But CBS liked the designs

and picked up the tab for the additional money. They wanted a first-class-looking operation.

"After the pilot, our budget had to be geared down a bit, as always happens in television. But Goff and Roberts are still excited by the design of the show and they back me up all the way."

Mort comes to series television with an unusual background: for many years he's been a successful fine artist, a painter and a sculptor. His work is on permanent display at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Mexico's Museum of Modern Art, the Houston Museum of Fine Art and the Museum of Fine Art in Santa Fe, in his home state of New Mexico. During the past 20 years, he has lent his skills to the movie industry—but always on an occasional and temporary job-to-job basis. He did illustrations for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, was art director for *Castle Keep*, *Babymaker* and *Flap*, and won the Venice Film Festival's Gold Lion Award for his production design of *Interregnum*, a feature-length documentary. He originally got into films after a producer saw an exhibit of his work and offered him an illustrator's job.

"I resisted at first. It was hardly fine art, after all. But three kids later, I simply needed the money." The producer remembered him and helped him get a start.

It was essentially the attractive income that brought Mort back to Hollywood after a seven-year absence. Fortunately, it hasn't turned out to be a painful sacrifice for him. With the tight organization at MGM and the unlimited imagination expected of him, he feels right at home. "I'm gaining respect for film that I've not had in twenty years," he says.

But where—with his fine arts background and his home in the badlands of New Mexico—does he get his ideas for the wild and futuristic 23rd century world of *Logan's Run*?

"It's not so unusual for an artist to find himself involved in fantasy; most artists have a pretty active fantasy life of their own, you know," he explains while pulling a favorite book from his shelf. It's a pictorial survey of the most modern of modern architecture. "But I'll tell you, the most important influence on me is a group of children I taught in New Mexico."

He elaborates: "I did two years residency for the National Endowment of the Arts, in New Mexico. I taught Indian and Pueblo children kindergarten through twelfth grade." The unique program was intended to expose children to professional art, not just educational



Two pieces of equipment designed by Rabinowitz. A portable laser cannon being used to penetrate a force field and Rem's universal tool.



therapy. "The world of those kids is so totally fantasy anyway! The role reversed itself. They got to me more than I got to them! We'd pick up a theme like: What is life in the future going to be like?" Mort was astounded at their flights of fancy. Great towering cities, extraordinary means of transportation—imagination pouring out of young minds too innocent to worry about self-criticism. "My own work began to change—to what I was like as a kid."

When designing for *Logan* now, Mort feels free to just let his mind explore and soar, unhampered by worries of acceptability or practicality. "We're doing science-fantasy, after all."

But practicality does play an important role in every stage of his design work. In order to have a set built as he envisions it, Mort must be as creative as a fine artist in cutting financial corners. One of his first jobs was to design the Hall of the Elders—which he wanted under a dome. To cut costs, he called for a modular design based on the geodesic principle. It was built at minimal cost—and turned out to be a breakthrough in engineering. The design is now being considered by outside companies for commercial application.

And what of all those mechanical-looking shapes and futuristic three-dimensional wall decorations? Usually these are vacuum-formed of plastic from an original plaster sculpture. In Mort's office there are numerous modules of interesting shapes clearly made of styrofoam. Styrofoam?

"Yeah. I found that I just couldn't afford the vacuum-formed pieces. See that one there—" He indicates a honeycomb piece against the wall. "It cost me \$2.80. A vacuum-formed equivalent would run over \$200.00. Know what it is? It's a packing form, one ordered by a manufacturer and run off in quantity. They'll call me up and say they have an order for so many of an interesting shape; I'll go down and look at it and tell them, perhaps, to add so many for me to the run."

"Lots of people come to me with ideas. They know the kinds of things I want. You know, everybody's so excited these days about *Star Wars* and the whole notion of imaginative fiction."

In the film and TV industry, the world of tomorrow has become the business of today, and Mort Rabinowitz, artist, sculptor, professional dreamer, feels right at home in it.

BUCK ROGERS DESTINED FOR TV

Clearly encouraged by the success of *Star Wars* and fascinated by the concept of large-scale SF on TV, NBC has commissioned Universal Studios to produce a weekly series of hour-long episodes to be set in the 25th Century and to feature classical SF hero, Buck Rogers. The series is already being rushed into production so it can make its initial appearance "this season," according to an NBC spokesman.

Heavy on action, plot and space hardware, the series will be updated but based directly on the comic strip that made its debut on January 7, 1929. Buck will be accompanied by Wilma

Deering, scientist and space pilot; Dr. Huer, historian and philosopher; and Barney, ace pilot and wing-man for Buck.

The updating places Buck in the late 1970's at first, just preceding the



Buster Crabbe

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Holocaust which he survives by entering a state of suspended animation. He awakens in 25th Century America, in the midst of a vast conflict that threatens our solar system and neighboring star systems.

Executive producer Andrew J. Fenady promises that the series will be a "high-energy adventure . . . science fiction and romantic fantasy," and that "special effects will be an integral part of the series."

Fenady's list of writer and/or producer credits include the series *The Rebel*, *Branded*, and numerous movies-of-the-week, including *Mayday: 40,000 Feet!*

Dick Caffey, producer, was vice-president in charge of television production for MGM. He produced *The Deadly Tower*, *Combat*, *Garrison's Gorillas* and *The Survivors*.

Buck Rogers is now owned by Crystal Pictures, Inc., in New York City. Not only has Crystal leased the property for TV development, they are looking for theaters interested in showing the original, twelve-chapter serial.

The story editor for NBC's *Buck*

Rogers (probably the single most crucial position on a series) is an accomplished writer and one intimately associated with the science-fiction field. But it just wouldn't be fair to divulge his name here; please turn to page 54 for more on the shapes of SF things to come on TV this season.



NEW HQ FOR MAN FROM ATLANTIS

The spirit of change in science fiction is certainly evident on this year's Man From Atlantis. The new weekly version of Atlantis features a special, beneath-the-sea base of operations for Mark Harris and the research group . . . the super-submarine, Cetacean.

It took only three weeks for Gene Warren's staff at Excelsior Moving Pictures to complete the *Cetacean*, the world's most sophisticated undersea

George Lucas has acknowledged the influence of *Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers* on *Star Wars* and Crystal Pictures has picked up on it.

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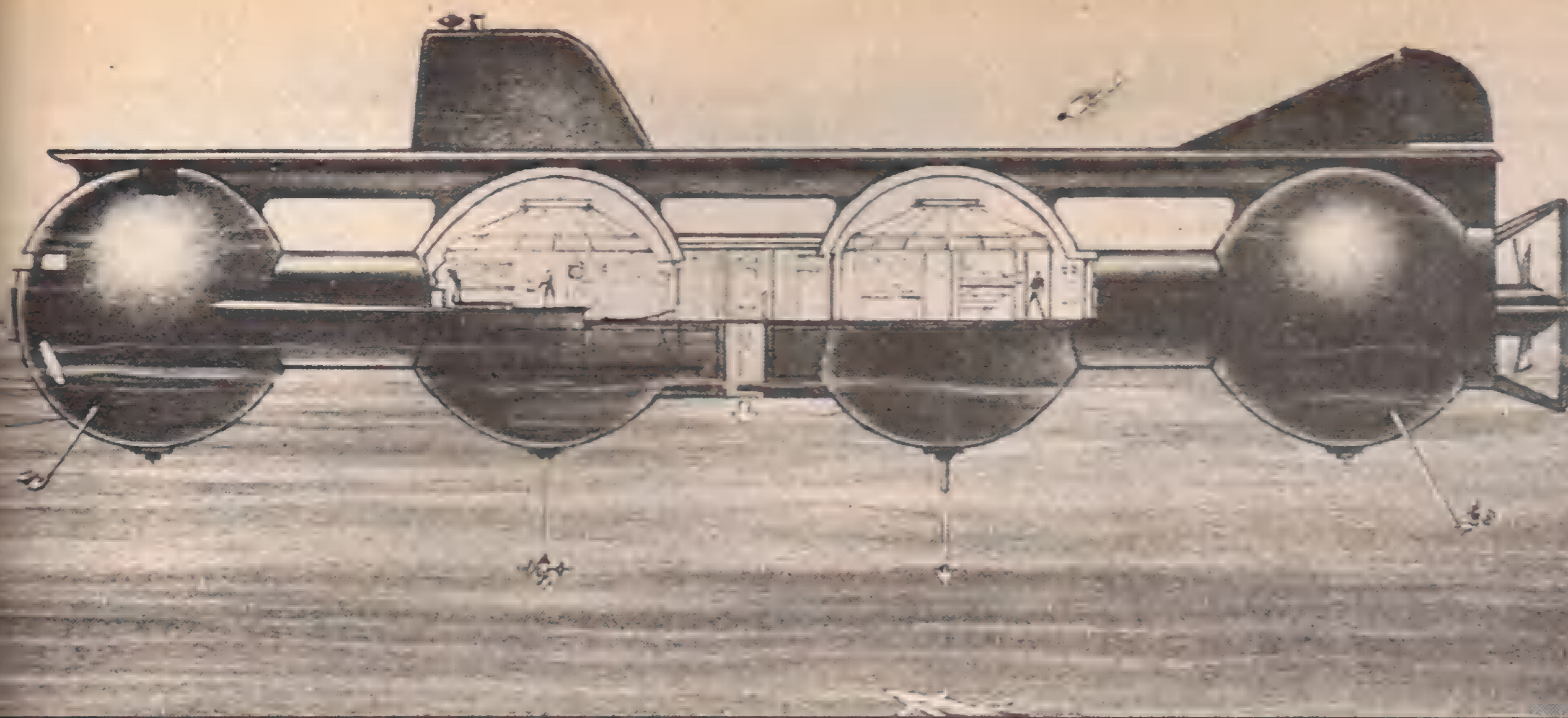


Photo: NBC

ship. The upper level is taken up by Dr. Merrill's laboratory while the lower level provides access to the undersea drill which is used to take core samples from the ocean floor. There is also a sickbay located there.

Aft is Pod "D," which houses mechanicals, storage, and drive mechanisms for the sub. Also the pod is similarly equipped with TV cameras in the manner of Pod "A." There are a total of ten TV cameras around the sub in various locations permitting a full 360-degree view.

A good deal of detail is as yet unspecified about the operation of the sub which will have to be determined by the writers as the series continues to develop. For example, it has been hinted that the sub is nuclear-powered, but the writers have not yet established the precise details of the power plant layout—nor will they until the story line makes it necessary.

Those who have followed the *Man From Atlantis* since its premiere last spring will remember that the vessel was originally the creation of Mr. Shubert (Victor Buono) as part of his developing undersea empire. The second episode in the series has the sub as part of the property of the Foundation—presumably salvaged from the wreckage of Mr. Shubert's destroyed empire. The *Cetacean* has now become the principal research tool of the Foundation. ★

research vessel, for the Foundation of Oceanic Research. ("Cetacea" is a biological order of large aquatic mammals which includes whales, dolphins, and porpoises.)

Photographed to appear about 22-meters long on the screen, the actual model is only about 80-centimeters long and is photographed "dry" (the underwater effects is added optically) which sidesteps the usual production problems associated with filming underwater.

Unique in its design, the *Cetacean* is divided into four diving bell-like "pods" which are designated "A, B, C and D" from fore to aft. Pod "A" is equipped with photographic and television recording equipment as well as an intensely bright light source (a "super

As much of the *Cetacean* as we've seen so far.

beam") which can slice through the dark murkiness of the ocean depths and whatever-else the writers happen to think of as the series goes along.

"Pod "B" is split into two levels with the upper level being the main control and navigation center while the lower level is set aside for the crew's quarters, galley, spare electronic equipment and computer hardware. The pod is also equipped with the main sonar "antenna" at its base.

Amidships, between Pods "B" and "C" is the "sealock" that permits access to the sea by the crew for exploration and also for emergency escape.

Pod "C" is the research heart of the

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STATE OF THE ART

A column of opinion by David Gerrold



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There is good news and there is bad news . . .

But first—

A few words about the cast and crew of *Logan's Run*:

By now, you've probably seen the show; in fact, by the time this issue hits the newsstands, at least eight or nine episodes will have aired, so you will already have some idea what the show looks like and if it is any good or not. (As I write these words, of course, we are still in the middle of last summer—talk about your time machines!—and still waiting for the whole thing to begin.)

However, whether the show is a success, or a failure, or somewhere in the gray area of mediocrity in between, the labors of love that have been put into it by several under-noticed individuals still deserve a warm hand of applause and appreciation.

First on the list is the cast. There is a feeling on the set among the four stars (Greg Harrison, Heather Menzies, Donald Moffat and Randy Powell) that this is a *family*. There is a mutual affection and respect that an outsider senses immediately—but that warmth also extends from these four actors to include the entire soundstage crew; they too are part of the family. They are a team organized around a mutual purpose; there is dedication in their work and it shows in the little things that add up to the key big one: *morale*. It is as happy and good-natured a crew as I have ever met; in fact, only once in the past ten years have I seen a soundstage have this kind of morale, and that was the original *Star Trek*. Is there a relationship? Probably so. Science-fiction shows are a challenge; they *demand* a higher degree of care and imagination from everyone involved, from the scriptwriters, the designers, the builders, the technicians, the costumers, the makeup man, the film crew and especially the actors.

These four actors are as fine a cast as a show could ask for. Greg Harrison is a man of deep personal integrity; he is very much aware of the particular responsibilities on his shoulders because

he plays the title role and the series revolves around his character. He understands not only the investment of time and money that a TV show represents; he is also very much aware of what the success of the show will mean to him as an individual, how it will change his life—partly for the better, partly for the worse. He seems to accept it not so much as a chance, but a *challenge*.

Ditto, Randy Powell, who plays Francis, the pursuing Sandman. Randy impresses you first with his intensity and his warmth. He takes a personal interest in every script, whether his character is in it or not—he cares about the show and wants it to be a success. On one afternoon, for example, Greg and Randy went off to a corner of the soundstage to practice a battle sequence—for an episode that wouldn't be filmed for at least two weeks; but it was their personal decision to work out a hand-to-hand combat sequence that would be accurate, believable and dramatic, and if it meant taking a little extra time each day to rehearse/choreograph the fight, they would do it; not only because it was their responsibility, but because they *wanted* to do it.

Heather Menzies is also a joy to watch . . . but she is definitely *not* a token cupcake. Jessica is Logan's partner, not his property; and Heather Menzies brings her own personal warmth to her characterization. In the dailies, you can see her working on each individual moment with both care and forethought; she makes even awkward scenes work because she convinces you that she believes in what is happening.

And finally, Donald Moffatt, who plays Rem like a lost child—innocent, slightly confused, not yet ready for tears, but a little bit anxious about each new experience confronting him. Moffatt brings a touch of humanity to a role that could be dull and deadly; in fact, he brings a warmth to the whole show that was not evident in the movie or the first part of the pilot episode. Think about it; Logan and Jessica by themselves, no matter who plays the parts, are not

likable characters unless we can see them through the eyes of someone who actually likes them. If for no other reason than that, Rem is a very important part of the chemistry of this show—and if the show succeeds, it will be in no small part due to Donald Moffat's characterization.

There is a footnote I must add to all of the above: no matter how good a cast is, if they are handed a weak script, the best they can do is struggle to overcome its deficiencies. If there is a cross-purpose of goals among the key people behind the scenes, it will show as an indecisiveness of purpose in the individual episodes, no matter how much integrity the cast strives to bring to each show. This is true whether the show is *Star Trek* or *Logan's Run*, *Gilligan's Island* or *The Flying Nun*. Although all the elements may work individually, the whole thing will fail to jell and the audience will sense that something is amiss, though they may not be able to identify the specific reason for their dissatisfaction.

The reason for this *caveat* (and now that the show is on the air, you will be able to judge for yourself) is that I suspect that something of this kind is at work on *Logan's Run*, and if it is, I'm sorry to see it happening; not just because the series could be a lot of fun, but primarily because so many fine people have put so much effort into making it work.

I don't have the space here to list all the behind-the-scenes people who deserve their fair share of kudos, but there are two in particular who have performed yeoman service to this show and their efforts should not be underestimated: Producer Len Katzman and Story Editor Dorothy Fontana. Unfortunately, too much of what is reaching the screen does not represent the best they are capable of—but the reasons for that are not going to be discussed here; it's an old, familiar story and only the details are different; you can probably figure it out yourself.

Which brings me to . . . *the bad news*. As you may remember from last

issue, I had just finished writing one of the episodes for *Logan's Run*. In fact, I was pretty damn pleased with the script I wrote.

It was called, "Man Out Of Time" and it was about a time-traveller from 2119 who travels forward in time to 2319 (the year of *Logan's Run*) to find out if the big war that seems imminent in his time really does happen, and if so, what he can do to stop it. Logan, Jessica, and Rem are caught in the dilemma of whether to help him or stop him. If he succeeds, of course, their world will never have existed—and neither will they.

By the time you read this, the episode will have already been telecast—at least, *something* resembling the above description will have been telecast. It was scheduled for sometime in October, but if you were watching the opening credits closely, you will have noticed that the episode was telecast without my name on it; instead it said, "written by Noah Ward."

Who is Noah Ward?—you ask. I will tell you. Noah Ward is second cousin to Cordwainer Bird, and first cousin to frustration. Noah Ward is a registered (with the Writers Guild of America) pseudonym of David Gerrold. I use this pseudonym instead of my own name whenever a work of mine has been rewritten to its detriment.

This is not an uncommon situation in the industry and the Writers Guild and the studios have worked out specific mechanisms for regulating the use of pseudonyms. Many writers have taken their names off scripts they feel have been badly rewritten. Dorothy Fontana has done so—on *Logan's Run*, in fact—so has Harlan Ellison: he uses the aforementioned Cordwainer Bird, a name you might remember seeing on the ill-fated *Starlost*.

At this point, you are probably saying, "Hey—what gives, Gerrold?! Last issue, you were telling us what terrific people they were over at *Logan's Run*. Now you're going to tell us they're clutheads—?!!"

Yes, I wrote a script I was proud of. Yes, it was rewritten. Yes, I was unhappy with the rewrite, and yes—although I waited until after I had had a chance to view the rough cut of the episode—I took my name off the script.

The rewritten version was not the story I had intended; I felt it was weaker than what I had turned in, and it did not represent the best that I am capable of.

But the fact that I am unhappy with the one episode of *Logan's Run* that I participated in is not intended as a comment on either the people who produced the episode or a review of the series in its entirety. (After all, I could be wrong—it wouldn't be the first time.) I have said in print, and I repeat, that Len Katzman and Dorothy Fontana are terrific people, and I would willingly work for them

any time they asked. I still feel the same way. Len Katzman is still one of the best producers I have ever worked for and he has not gotten one tenth of the credit he deserves for the hard work he has done on *Logan's Run*. Dorothy Fontana is still the best story editor in Hollywood.

So how do we rectify the two positions?

Not very easily—and I suppose there is an insoluble dichotomy involved—

The author wrote a script that he thought would be an interesting and exciting episode—but part of the interest and excitement was based on his own conception of Logan, Jessica and Rem. The producers of the show (not just Len Katzman, but Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, too) had a different conception of their main characters and the kind of stories they would like to tell about them. And because it is *their* responsibility to the studio, and not the individual author's, they have to do what they believe is best.

So the script had to be changed to match their idea of what the series is about.

I do not agree with them. I don't like the changes. But I do understand and accept the reasons why they felt the changes had to be made.

Under such circumstances, a mature individual shrugs, perhaps gives a little sigh of disappointment and does the only thing he can do: takes his name off the credits. That's what I did.

My *only* complaint about how I was treated by the staff of *Logan's Run* is a small one: I wish they had given *me* the chance to make the necessary changes in my own script. I would have been delighted to save them the trouble, and we might all be a lot happier with that specific episode.

There's a moral to this—which is why I have gone on at such length—there is one aspect of television production that audiences need to understand. It is not an obvious thing, but it is so prevalent in film production that it should be the required First Law of Film Criticism: **It doesn't matter what any individual person wants to see on the screen; what is finally shown will be a compromise of all the individual wishes of the production crew involved.**

Corollary to the above: **The trick is to find a whole bunch of other people who share your vision.** That will minimize the amount of compromising involved.

You see, nobody *sets out* to make a bad show. But the bad shows *do* happen, and the primary reason is the existence of differing goals and visions among those who bear the responsibility for putting all the pieces together: goals and visions *so different* that the only compromise is an uneasy one.

Yet, despite the ever-present possibility of not achieving a quality result, you *have* to start out with enthusiasm for what you are doing—for your craft and

for the fun of a new project—as well as a clear perspective of the problems that you have to deal with and solve. Without that enthusiasm you are only guaranteeing your own failure—you have to like what you're doing, you have to want to do it. *You have to take the chance.*

And you keep your eyes open and you hope . . .

Which brings me, finally, to the good news . . .

Here's the details: Universal Television has acquired the rights to *Buck Rogers*, and will be producing fifteen episodes of same as a prime-time, mid-season replacement for NBC; it will be a one-hour, action-adventure series with the emphasis on human beings we can care about facing the challenges of new and alien environments.

The Executive Producer is Andrew J. Fenady, who once-upon-a-time was a villain on the old *Space Patrol* TV series, has produced *The Rebel* and *Branded* TV series, the motion picture *Chisum*, has written the novel *The Man With Bogart's Face* (buy it, it's a good read), and is also one helluva good storyteller. He has an instinctive sense of story structure and he can find a way to make any individual scene so compelling that even to listen to him tell it in his office is to be held spellbound. Fenady has stressed that he wants good stories, dramatic ones—and they have to be believable. He wants action and excitement—and most of all, he wants to make a show that will be the best SF show ever to be seen on TV; he has to—because this year the competition will be especially fierce. Since the success of *Star Wars*, everybody wants a piece of the gold mine, and everybody and his brother are doing science fiction. (Incidentally, the director for the first episode is Fenady's brother, George . . . He directed 30 episodes of *Combat* and every other episode of *Emergency*). Sam Peeples is writing the first episode, a two-hour special which will introduce all the characters. Peeples also wrote the second (and successful) pilot episode of *Star Trek*; he has also just recently finished two versions of *Flash Gordon*; one for Dino de Laurentis (of *King Kong* notoriety; the 1976 version) and one for Filmation Associates (*Space Academy*, *Star Trek* animated).

Line Producer for *Buck Rogers (In The Twenty-Fifth Century)* is Dick Caffey, who was Head of Production at MGM until he was offered this opportunity. Dick Caffey is an extraordinarily practical man, and if anybody can solve the problems of bringing *Buck Rogers* to the TV screen, it will be Dick Caffey. He has said repeatedly that the "hardware" (the miniatures, the special effects, the sets, the costumes) have to be *right*, and the look has to be *special* and distinct: "unique."

(continued on page 78)



Photo: Warner Bros.



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No. 1 JUNE, 1938

Below: The final farewell. In a few hours Krypton will be no more. Left: The first appearance of the *Man of Steel*, ever, as created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster.



Photo: Warner Bros.

Brando as Jor-El prepares to banish Kryptonian villains General Zod, Non, and Ursa into the Forbidden Zone at the opening of next year's \$50 million two-part *Superman*. What's the white "S" doing there? Read on!



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ILYA SALKIND

The Producer of SUPERMAN

Chronicles the Continuing Evolution of a Legend

By RICHARD MEYERS

By now, everyone has heard: it's not a bird, it's not a plane, it's a staggering, multi-million dollar, star-studded, cinematic celebration of America's most famous folk legend. No, it's not Marlon Brando—but if his name comes to mind it's understandable. The hero in question, of course, is Superman . . . Marlon Brando is playing his father.

The production team of Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler have also cast Gene Hackman as the evil Lex Luthor, Margot Kidder as the insatiably curious reporter Lois Lane and ex-soap star Christopher Reeve as Clark Kent/Superman. Richard (*The Omen*) Donner is directing this grand extravaganza that will be billed as a giant, fortieth birthday present for the *Man of Steel's* dedication to "truth, justice, and the American way" and his uncanny ability for making investors rich.

The rumor mill has been working overtime on this production, so we decided to "go to the source." Producer Ilya Salkind was kind enough to invite us over for a chat and proved to be most informative.



Top: Ilya Salkind stands amidst the Daily Planet interior set. Below: Marlon Brando and Susannah York as Superman's parents prepare to launch their son's "star" ship.



Photo: © Warner Bros.

The first thing we wanted to know was how the whole project got started. Simply stated, Ilya was with his father, Alexander, in Paris after the success of *The Three (and Four) Musketeers* discussing what could be done as a follow-up. Ilya harkened back to his early years in New York and the legend of Superman. He remembered how much he enjoyed reading the comic books. The elder Salkind, who never flew, and rarely ever left Europe, was unaware of the *Man of Steel's* existence. But, with a little persuasion, he saw the possibilities: he said the word and the word was BIG. The wheels were turning—the idea was germinated.

Still, a young producer with one major success on his hands means little or nothing to film backers—the men with the money. Ilya sometimes refers to them as “the little gnomes in Geneva.” Without a sure-fire package, exciting script and big-name stars, he was just another “Joe” on the street with an idea.

So the process started. Salkind approached William Goldman, screenwriter of *Butch Cassidy* and *All the President's Men* with the concept. After a few stabs, Goldman gave the ball back. The younger Salkind tried several other writers, known and unknown. Finally, near the end of his rope, he contacted Mario Puzo, who, in Ilya's words, “got very excited.”

The author of *The Godfather* went to work while Ilya tried to untangle the copyright knot. According to Salkind, Warner Brothers hardly acknowledged the fact that they owned the property. And once they finally got going, it took another six months of major hassles to secure the rights. Ilya made some heavy concessions but he also made sure Superman was his for twenty-five years, enough time for plenty of sequels.

Meanwhile Puzo had pounded out a 150-page groundwork, but as soon as Spengler and Salkind started to work out the necessary changes, Mario threw up his hands.

“This is all I can do,” he told them, “I'm played out.”

So, although they thought the Puzo story was terrific, the production team tapped the combined talents of David and Leslie Newman as well as their partner Robert Benton for the shooting script. The team had the right cerebral approach to the subject matter and a few notable achievements to their credit, like *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Late Show*.

“I think it is a sensational, I mean, really sensational script,” Salkind says now. “The writers really got it together. It comes out as a complete story on every level, with people as human beings, with humor, with drama—there's all these extra levels.”

So they had a shooting script. But, again, a shooting script is nothing to the



© Warner Bros.

Below: Yvonne Blake designed all the costumes, from Krypton on down. Above is the super man himself, Christopher Reeve.



© Warner Bros.

"gnomes." Salkind needed a star to get the clout he wanted. A BIG star.

"We tried to get a star for the role of Superman which was a mistake," Salkind admits. "I was forced to follow the bank people even though I wasn't really that reluctant. Okay, so you get a Robert Redford, and even though it doesn't work it's still Robert Redford and he's so fantastic, after awhile we might forget he's Robert Redford, he's such an exciting actor. Thank God that when that did not work out I got the idea to get stars to play Jor-El and Luthor and put an unknown in the middle."

So Marlon Brando was enticed with a good script and two million dollars for three weeks work.

"I know the stories on that have been crazy, but that's what it was," says Salkind simply, adding "which is a lot of bread, but Redford got paid the same for *A Bridge Too Far*."

At the same time Ilya doesn't regret a penny of it because it was Brando's name that got the production rolling.

"It gave it a reality," he elaborates. "I mean the fact that this is a serious, major motion picture. It is not a rip-off, not a cheapy, not a campy—it's Marlon Brando, who's one of the best actors in the world."

After Brando came Hackman and after Hackman came Hamilton. Guy Hamilton is the English director of *The*

Ipcress File, *The Battle of Britain*, and four of the James Bond films. He was also a known, dependable name for the "gnomes." But when the major interior shooting was changed from Italy to England, Hamilton had to back out because of tax troubles.

Before settling on Hamilton, Spengler and Salkind had tried to get every major director in the business including Francis Ford Coppola, Franklin Schaffner, William Friedkin, George Lucas, and even a young unknown who was in the midst of cutting his new motion picture called *Jaws*.

About the time Guy Hamilton left, *The Omen* premiered. Ilya contacted its director, Richard Donner, and the anti-Christ picture did well enough at the box office to please the backers. Donner joined the crew.

"I think he's a great plus," Ilya says. "First of all, he knows what he's talking about since he read *Superman* comics as a kid. He's a 'good old American boy' who respects the legend. And, as a good director, he's looking for levels. Not just *Doc Savage* levels, but more."

Once the picture began rolling, the search for the actor to play Superman intensified. Initially, everyone was thinking along the comic book/TV series characterizations. That is, a mature, 40-ish Clark Kent. Bruce Jenner came across too young; Sylvester Stallone too lumpy. But the group's at-

titude changed with the "discovery" of Christopher Reeve. The face was right, his acting ability clicked, but his physique didn't. Reeve clinched the part by lifting weights and building his upper body muscles up to a visually impressive degree in an incredibly short amount of time.

Then, finally, after as Salkind puts it "going through hell," Margot Kidder was chosen out of hundreds to play Lois Lane. The movie had leaped all its obstacles in somewhat more than a single bound, but at least it was now rolling like a mighty locomotive.

The foundation now laid, the "gnomes" turned their publicity machine on and immediately surprised the waiting public. What on Krypton was going on? The first pix released showed Brando as Jor-El with a big "S" on his chest. . . Ilya replies calmly.

"Admitting that there have been four different versions (of the Superman legend) we make a slight variation on the fifth."

It seems that Jor-El, like every other high ranking Kryptonian, wears the planet's seal on his clothing. In his case it is in the form of an encased "S."

"So then, obviously when the time comes, Superman makes himself a suit like the ones worn on Krypton. And we have all the crowds wearing more or less the same suit."

And it follows naturally that when



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Superman gets around to creating an emblem for himself, he adapts his father's. Ah, but what of Ma Kent? In the original Superman legend, *she* made the suit.

"The interesting point here is," Salkind explains, "everytime you say 'the original legend,' that's not true—because there have been three or four different versions written by the comic people. This I have discussed with them. There are a couple of guys there who are absolute encyclopedias. They know everything. There have been at least four different versions. Every time it has changed slightly."

Another big change in the legend is that Jor-El lives on after the destruction of Krypton. Ilya elaborated on this point.

"That's what makes this movie work. If you lose Jor-El, Superman becomes a nice guy without any problems who just tries to help everybody. He becomes dull in a way. What is the motivation? What is the mission? He's a good guy, he's the ultimate good guy, he'll help anybody, right? Even Batman has a good reason which Superman doesn't have at all. Superman's just there: he's got powers, so, of course, he's got to use them.

"Our theory (of the origin) is very different, because Jor-El tells him—this is the big trick of the movie, how they communicate through death—'You're going to Earth, my son, DO NOT GET INVOLVED. You have powers and all that but only get involved if you cannot help it. But do not interfere, you cannot change destiny.' We go into a much bigger level."

Interesting . . . but some people might suggest that this concept is simply a device to milk the most out of Brando's three weeks' work.

"No," says Salkind. But then he surprisingly adds, "What happened is simpler but there's a lot of truth in that. Six months before (the casting of Brando) Puzo had written Jor-El appearing and reappearing all through the pictures. This was not a rip-off. When we gave the script to Brando it was there. Now, he shot three weeks and a lot of people will say, 'Yeah, but how can you give him star billing?' And all that. But Brando *himself* wanted to be first on the marquee because he knew he was going to deliver a part big enough. I mean, it's the central figure around which everything revolves, including Superman. It's quite a part."

Finally we touch on the subject of money. No matter how one looks at it, 30 million dollars is a lot of money.

"It's more than thirty million," says Salkind reluctantly. "The reality is, and I don't like to push it too much because if you do it gets a little sickening, the two movies will come up to forty or more, plus. We're already over budget.

Superman Flies Back Home...To England

(When the Superman production moved back to Pinewood Studios, STARLOG writer Richard Meyers made the trans-Atlantic trip as well, at the invitation of producer Ilya Salkind. The following information is the result of that slightly-mind-boggling experience. Ed.)

Superman is in England. Dozens of him, in all shapes and sizes; two- and three-dimensional; plastered on the walls of the Pinewood Studio in picturesque Iver Heath. Almost everywhere you look the tri-colored costume and rugged countenance of the superhero confronts you.

A two-dimensional Man of Steel seems to fly straight out from the front wall of the 007 Stage (the world's largest interior set), where, for the last three months, workmen under the direction

of production designer John (Star Wars) Barry have been creating the exterior of the Fortress of Solitude at the North Pole, ice flows and all.

A three-dimensional model hangs outside the editing rooms where Stuart (The Omen, Tommy) Baird is responsible for putting together a three million-foot-plus jigsaw puzzle of drama, action, comedy, and special effects.

Dozens of Superman heads and Superman bodies line the tabletops of Stuart (2001, Star Wars) Freeborn's make-up labs, made from several different materials, along with the heads and bodies of General (Terence Stamp) Zod, Non (Jack O'Halloran), and Ursa (Sarah Douglas)—three Kryptonian villains.

These are needed by the various SFX



Photo: Warner Bros.

Producers Ilya Salkind (left) and Pierre Spengler stand before the 007 Stage. Within those tall walls is a gigantic set incorporating two views of Superman's Fortress of Solitude amid the jagged peaks and ice flows of the North Pole.

"Where's the money going? Simple. First we've got an enormous cast, which is very expensive, six or seven million, and then there's the unbelievable crew. We've got five hundred people now, full time, on six different crews. Then you have the enormous amount that will go into special effects and all that. And then the length! My dear friend, if we were shooting three or four months, okay, but nine months of shooting? It's that length that kills you."

It's the length indeed. After almost four years Salkind's brainchild is coming close to completion. With a March '78 deadline to aim for, it can safely be said that everyone involved is trying to move faster than a speeding bullet.

"Basically," Salkind concludes, "I think the biggest concern for me is to get the movie done as best as possible, new, inventive, and different. And the launching is to be incredible. Not overkill, but very clever, very delicate. Because it's getting so big now that it's hard to follow."

And somehow, we get the feeling that when Ilya Salkind says "big," he means "BIG." Over the next five months, more and more of the fascinating story-behind-the-story will be revealed . . .

crews involved with this massive production. In charge of the "flying" scenes, is Wally (*Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*) Chilvers; Les (*Star Wars*) Bowie is the "models" man and John (*Rollerball, People That Time Forgot*) Richardson is the "big bang" man.

And there's a three-dimensional model of Superman streaking across the wall of Ilya Salkind's office at Pinewood where we once again sat down to discuss what has become the largest motion picture undertaking in history. The rumor mills were still strong and we needed a little more information before we could really adjust to the now fifty million-dollar-plus production. First, there were some North American left-overs. There has been quite a stir in fan circles about some casting choices. Was it true that we were to see some old friends during the Smallville scenes? Ilya replies in the affirmative.

"Kirk Alyn is in the film. He plays Lois Lane's father when she's twelve years old, and Noel Neill will play Lois Lane's mother. (Ma Kent is) Phyllis Thaxter. She was a big star in the forties and fifties. Very big. She looks great, she's exactly the part."

Now, about the hiring of Richard Lester as co-producer. It has been said that this move was everything from a desperation ploy to a sword over Richard Donner's head. Ilya answers

that it was neither. Simply stated, they had so much to do that they needed a third man who they could trust to handle the second units. Since the team of Salkind and Spengler had worked with Lester before and the man had been responsible for the effects-laden *Juggernaut* and *How I Won the War*, he seemed to be the wisest choice.

Besides the effects, we wondered, what does Ilya have to do personally. Salkind was happy to reply.

"It goes through every level. Financially I get reports from Pierre. Same with the technical/scheduling aspect. I get every memo that is sent to and from everyone, and I will know about it, and when necessary, intervene. The biggest thing of all is my total involvement in whatever is shot. I see it immediately and give opinions. All day long we work on the shooting script. Big issues, little issues. More than anything it's keeping in touch with everyone; seeing that we all are happy. My job is to fight to see that everything works."

But that's not all, folks.

"Then, of course, there's the merchandising supervision, which is colossal; book supervision; a featurette I'm producing; comic books, whatever they do; marketing, all that which Warner is starting and the general publicity which I supervise very closely. And on top of all that I'm analyzing some special effects in the theater."

Wait a minute. Better run that by us again. Theater gimmicks?

"Gimmicks, but not gimmicks," Ilya says somewhat cryptically. "If they work they'll be unheard of."

Still, with all their work, the Pinewood pace seems comfortable. Fast, but comfortable. Like cruising down the highway in a twelve cylinder car at ninety-five miles an hour. The ride is smooth, but if you hit a bump, watch out! This calm attitude is due mostly to the integrity and talent of the cast and production crew. There is no back-stage maneuvering, no all-encompassing egos to be concerned with. It is basically a bunch of good humored, concerned people trying to make the best film possible. Ilya elaborates on the situation.

"All the Daily Planet has been done, interior and exterior. All the interior Fortress of Solitude. Krypton is all done. Kansas, Ma and Pa Kent, is all done. Now we have a lot of Lois and Clark, and Luthor's h.q. and opticals.

"But I tell you, if what I've seen so far in the matter of flying and opticals and all that keeps up, we won't have a problem. Now, we might have horrible things later, but so far we've had flying that works, we've had models and trick images and it all works. We still have a lot of stuff to be done, like an earthquake, but every trend of it so far works." ★

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This is the sixth part in STARLOG's feature series on **Special Effects**. **Part I—The Use of Miniatures** appeared in issue No. 6. **Part II—Robby the Robot** appeared in No. 7. **Part III—Model Animation** appeared in No. 8. **Part IV—Magicam** appeared in No. 9. **Part V—How to Roll Your Own** appeared in No. 10.

Upper left: Richard Basehart, Sayer of the Law, in the first stages of Humaninal makeup designed by John Chambers and Dan Striepeke. Here the foamed latex appliance is glued down. Upper right: Special rubber-mask greasepaint is applied to the exposed skin and prosthetic. Lower left: After the beard and wig, only the eyebrows remain to be done. Lower right: Bullman receives final touch-up on set.

STARLOG PRESENTS
THE MAGICAL TECHNIQUES
OF MOVIE AND TV
SPECIAL EFFECTS

PART VI
The Makeup Men

Series Edited By DAVID HUTCHISON



In the world of movie magic there is nothing more important than transforming a fantastic concept into an awesome reality. Now, STARLOG presents a behind-the-scenes look at the true artists of SF and fantasy productions—the makeup men. John Chambers, Stuart Freeborn and Rick Baker tell of their struggles and triumphs on such films as *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *King Kong* and *Star Wars*.

By SAM MARONIE

Anyone who has seen more than five motion pictures in his life has more than likely viewed some of makeup wizard John Chambers' handiwork. No matter if your tastes run to westerns, SF or romantic drama, the prolific Chambers has contributed to dozens of Hollywood features from every genre.

For example: In the *List of Adrian Messenger* he fashioned ten disguises for Kirk Douglas—everything from elderly cleric to youthful farmer; for a scene in *True Grit* (in which John Wayne chops off a man's fingers) Chambers provided the fingers—blood and all; and for an episode of television's *I Spy*, John transformed actor Robert Culp into a Chinese war-lord. But it's in the realm of science-fiction

JOHN CHAMBERS:

"There is often too little time and less money to get the job done right."

and fantasy films that Chambers' expertise and creativity have proven themselves many times over.

For an episode of *The Outer Limits* ("The Sixth Finger") he "evolved" David McCallum into a super-domed man from the future; Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter and Maurice Evans were just a few of the actors transported to the *Planet of the Apes*. And certainly not least in his credits, Chambers

created Mr. Spock's famous Vulcan ears for *Star Trek*.

"I was going to join *Star Trek* as a favor for Gene Roddenberry," revealed the 53-year-old Chambers. "I committed myself to a regular series—something I had never done before. But there came some studio interference and they wouldn't meet my price, so it never came about."

With *The Outer Limits*, *Apes* and the recent *Island of Dr. Moreau* among just a few of his achievements, Chambers' career appears strongly meshed into the SF world. Is he a particular devotee of this type of storytelling?

"No, I'm not what you could really call a 'buff,' although I do enjoy many science-fiction films and I see them whenever I can. I do like to see other makeup artists' work; it makes me feel good to see others who have made it and



Upper left: *Dr. Moreau* had 12 makeup artists and three hairdressers working full time. Above: The finished Hyenaman (Fumio Demura).



The Boorman, played by "The Great John L" exemplifies the intricate and time consuming efforts of John Chambers: the Humanimals took 3 1/2 hours in make-up, everyday.



do good work. There are just too many schlock artists around right now.

"For a while I was the only commercial makeup man around Hollywood; people from TV series would come to me and ask: 'Can you make this for X amount of dollars?'; it was like someone going in to buy a pair of shoes. I did so many of these jobs that I didn't even know what half the stuff was for. Nine times out of ten, I never even saw the end product!"

As a youngster in his native Chicago, John demonstrated a flair for art and design. John later majored in commercial art in high school. His first jobs were designing earrings, rings and carpets for local films. While in the army his artistic talents were put to use creating dental plates and prosthetic devices (artificial noses, ears, etc.) for wounded soldiers. After the war he joined a hospital staff, in charge of prosthetic appliances.

Intrigued with the then-emerging world of TV, Chambers packed off for Hollywood where he landed a job on the NBC makeup staff in 1953. In those days of live television, radical makeup changes—literally turning a young actor into an 'old man'—had to occur in mere

seconds while the camera rolled away. "Ninety-five per cent of the good makeup men in movies come from TV because you're forced to improvise in a short amount of time. Even now, TV is such a hectic medium that there is often too little time and even less money to get the job done right. You usually end up using shoestrings and bailing wire to get the effect together and out."

Chambers' inventiveness under such constraints was demonstrated many times in his work on episodes of *Voyage To The Bottom of the Sea* and *Lost In Space*.

"OK—say we needed a 'Blob Man' for a *Voyage* segment," he explained. "We'd go to the makeup lab and get a model of any actor's head. Then we'd mix up a plastic solution and just pour it over the head—blob! blob! blob!—After it set we'd stick in a couple of phony eyes and—one Blob Man! I'm glad my name wasn't on any of the credits; these are the things I sit back and laugh about now."

But don't let Chambers' modesty lessen the complexity of his work. In 1968 the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences awarded John a special Oscar for his work on *The Planet of the Apes*. It was only the second time a makeup artist had been so honored.

However, this makeup man's greatest creations are not available for general audience view. During the past several years Chambers has been supplying accident and war victims with new faces. Men and women who have lost ears, noses or suffered other disfigurements are given second chances in life through the humanitarian's prosthetic artistry. And his payment:

"It just makes me feel good to know that I can help people," he confessed. "God put it there, and it comes easy." ★

STUART FREEDORN:

“... A makeup man has to be a chemist, artist, engineer, sculptor, hairdresser ...”



Photos: 1977 Star Wars Corporation.

Above: Chewbacca receives final touches from the hand of the master and his creator, Stuart Freedorn. Left: Chewie, full length, even down to his feet!



By RICHARD MEYERS

“I have been doing makeup for, let’s see, forty-one years of my life,” says Stuart, “And I think I’ll carry on a little while longer just to be sure it’s the correct career I want to follow. I don’t like rushing things, you see.”

“I always did makeup for all the shows we did at school. So one day I tried to get into movies by writing to all the studios I knew about and, unfortunately, I didn’t get any kind of answers at all. So I thought maybe it’s because they need to *see* something. I then started a 16mm *cine-society* and wrote all my scripts, favoring stories that incorporated a lot of makeups—aging, characterizations, nationalities, everything I could think of. I played various parts myself while making up everybody else in the cast as well, just to get experience. I really didn’t know much about film makeup because there weren’t any schools as such in those days.”

“And then I took a lot of pictures of myself in these makeups. I knocked out some eight-by-twelves and sent them to all the studios. Waited, waited, and waited. Not an answer; nothing.”

“Well, there’s nothing for it, I thought, I’ve got to get in somehow. So I went down to the studio, which was a considerable distance from where I lived. I went up to the gate to tell the guard that I’d like to see the chief makeup man. ‘Have you got an ap-

pointment?’ he asked. Well, I’ve written . . . ‘But have you got an appointment?’ Well, uh . . . actually, no . . . I thought maybe if I could just . . . ‘No appointment, you don’t go in!’

“So I went around the corner and thought about it. Well, damn it, I’ve got to get in! So I came back to the gate and watched until a lot of people were piling up, got myself mixed up with them and went in.”

“I got a fair way in when suddenly there was a hand on my shoulder: ‘Hey! Where are you going? Well, uh . . . I . . . you know . . . I’m going to see the chief makeup man. ‘Oh no, you’re not. Out!’ So I was thrown out again.”

“I realized that it wasn’t easy—no way could you get into movies, just like that.”

Stuart’s frontal assault on the industry got a boost when a local news-



Photos: Courtesy Stu Freedorn

At right: One of George Lucas’ favorite creations by Freedorn was Greedo—Jabba the Hut’s hit man, featured in the Cantina scene and later redone by Rick Baker.

Photo: Courtesy Stu Freeborn



One of Stu Freeborn's creations featured in Stanley Kubrick's *2001*.

paper featured his work in a full-page article.

"I thought maybe the film people would go for the publicity angle. So I cut out the article and made copies, put them in envelopes, and sent them to all the studios I had had no results from in the past.

"And I waited . . . and I waited . . . *nothing* happened! Nothing at all, so I thought: that's it. I don't know what else I can do."

But fate lent a hand. Alexander Korda had created the Denham Studio which he populated with experienced American technicians who were to bolster the fledgling British film industry. Korda hired a top Hollywood makeup artist to find talented Britishers and train them. On the desk of the Yankee makeup boss on his first day of work was Freeborn's last copy of his newspaper clipping. Stuart had read about the new studio and sent his last clipping to the Denham studio. It worked; he was called in for that long-awaited appointment.

(continued on page 69)

RICK BAKER:

"There are people in higher positions who tell you how they want it and you have to do it their way . . ."

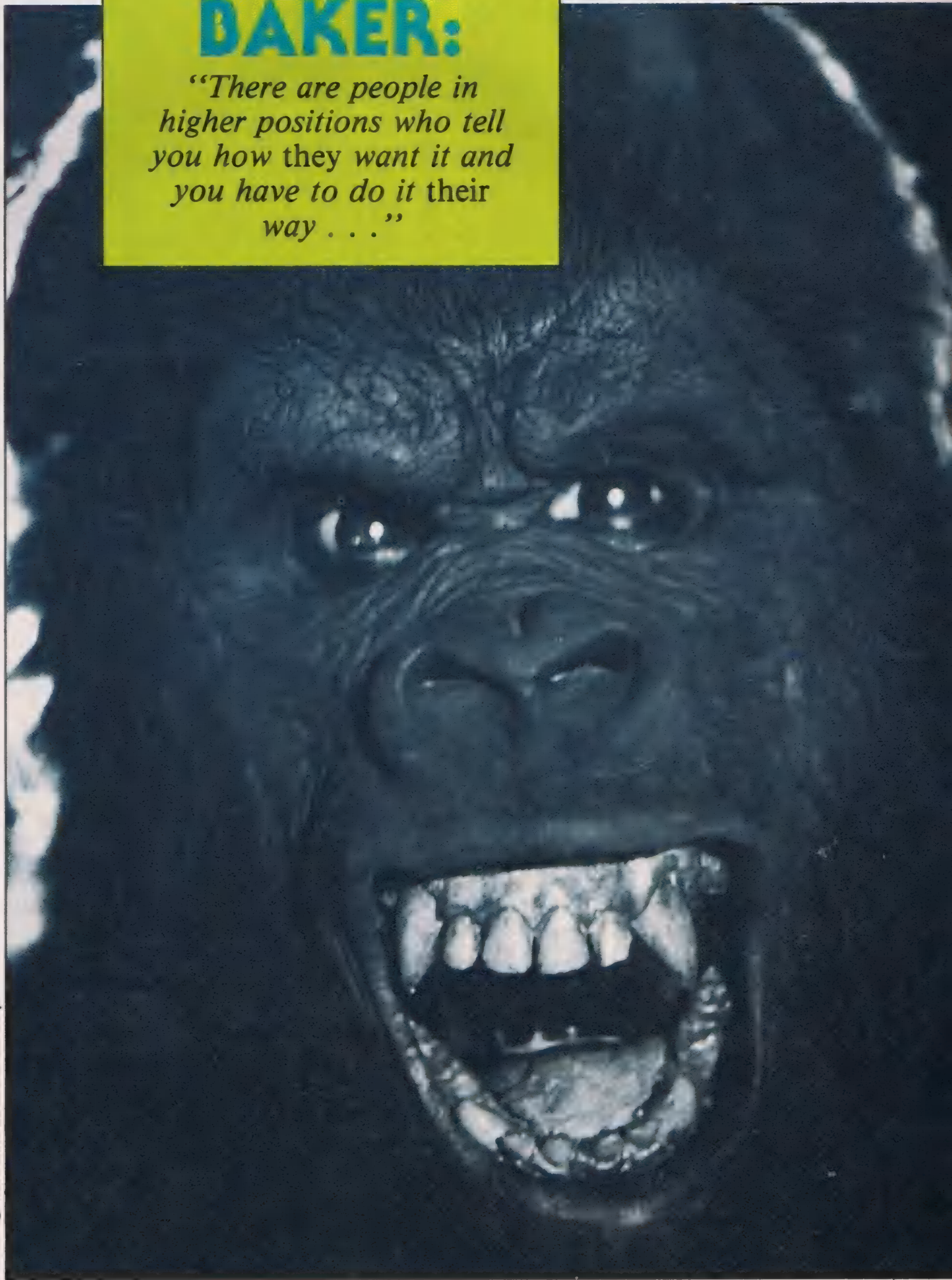
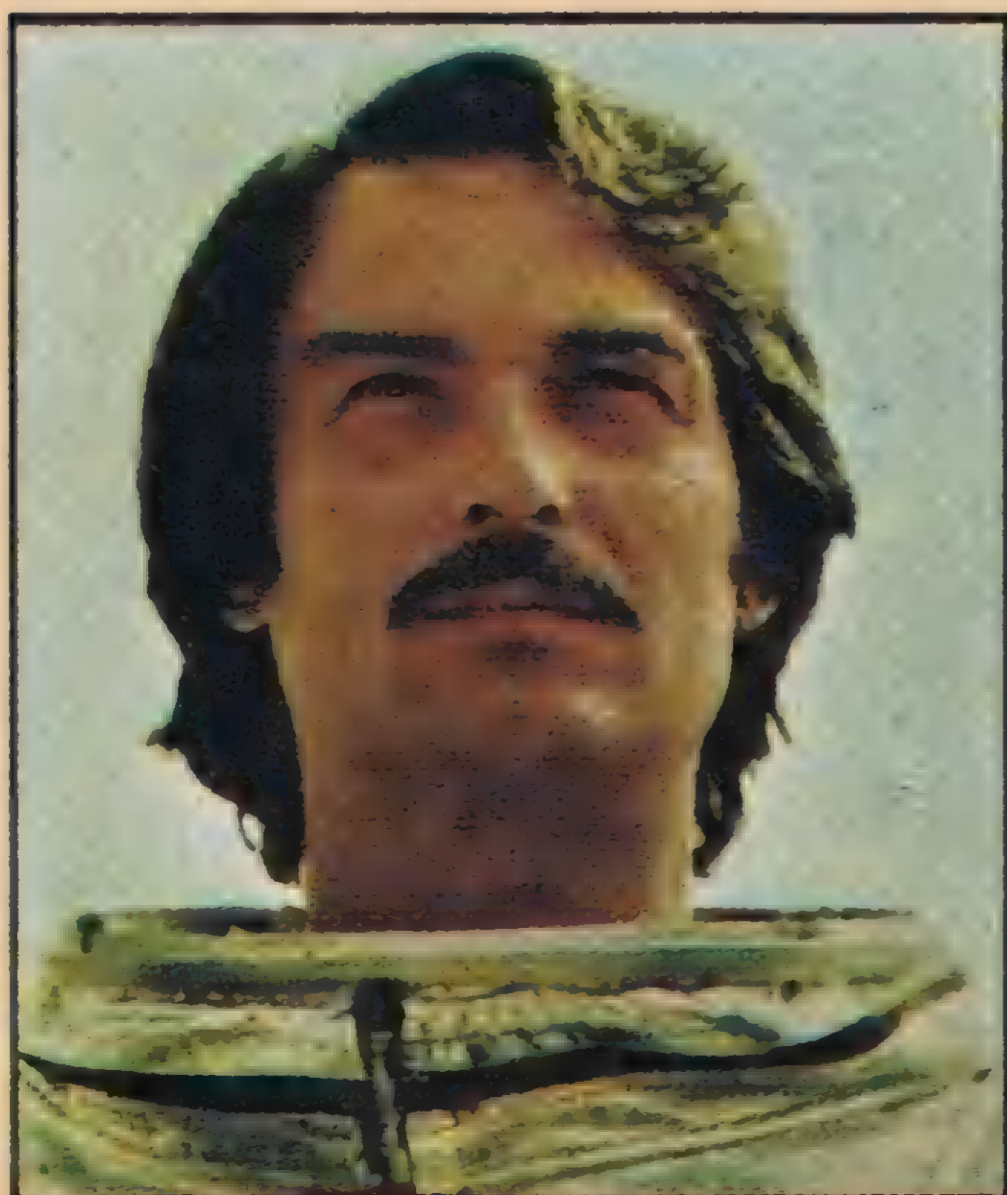


Photo: © 1976 Dino de Laurentiis Corp.

Above: Rick Baker, star, in more ways than one, of *King Kong*. Below: Scheduled for February release is A.I.P.'s *The Incredible Melting Man* with special effects and overall design created by Rick Baker. An Astronaut returns from the first Saturn orbital mission and discovers that his body is melting at an ever increasing rate.



Photos: © 1977 A. I. P.



Above left: Original clay models for *Melting Man*. Above: *Star Wars* denizen. Left: Rick with his mass-produced rubber masks.



By RICHARD MEYERS

“When I was really young,” says Rick Baker, “I thought I wanted to be a doctor. I think the reason for that was I saw all these doctor types in the movies making monsters. I wanted to be a doctor so I could make monsters! But as I grew older I realized these aren’t the guys, it’s the makeup artists. So I put the effort into learning make-up.”

At the age of thirteen he made his first slip rubber mask, at fifteen he was contacting the union (unsuccessfully), at seventeen he got his first job, but not doing make-up.

“I got my first job at a place called Clokey Productions,” Rick explains, “which did *Gumby* and *Davy and*

Goliath, stop-motion animation shows. I went in there and showed them my stuff and they said, ‘start tomorrow.’ It was summer and I needed a job. I wasn’t able to progress with my make-up because I wasn’t able to buy the materials I needed.

“So I made puppets for them. They had plenty of animators, but they didn’t have many, let’s say, artists. I sculpted bodies and made molds. That’s where I learned about foam rubber to begin with.”

And that is where Rick also learned his first hard lesson about show business.

“It brought me to the reality that doing this type of work for an occupation is different from doing it for yourself. That means that there are people in

higher positions who tell you how *they* want it and you have to do it *their* way regardless of whether you think it’s right or not.

“The problem was that everybody who was working there, including myself, wanted to do really neat stuff but they didn’t want neat stuff, they just wanted a *lot* of stuff *fast*.”

Soon after Rick’s frustrating experience there came the turning point and the turning point’s name was Dick Smith.

“How that came about was that I was born in New York and my parents wanted me to go back and meet my relatives, and I knew that Dick was from New York. I was always a fan of Dick’s; I always thought he was the best. So I wrote him and sent him photographs of my work and I got a fantastic reply immediately.

“Well, I was really elated, and I went to New York and spent a day with Dick. He had just finished the first test on *Little Big Man* and I figured I’d wind up spending an hour with him and that would be it, but instead he gave me a note pad. I said, ‘What’s this for?’ He said, ‘Well, I’m going to tell you a lot of stuff and I don’t want you to forget it!’ It was just great.”

Still, even though Rick felt his improvement was immediate, it wasn’t until a couple of years later when he was an art major in junior college, that he got his first make-up assignment . . .

Professional At Last

“Which was a terrible film called *The Octo-Man*,” Rick recalls. “Originally they went to Jim (Danforth) but they found out stop motion would be too expensive. *Anything* would be too expensive for these guys! So I went in to see

these clowns and they said just build the suit, the audience is never going to see it, just one quick shot . . . I was naive enough to believe them.

"They really screwed it up. They showed it a lot more than they intended to. So that was my initiation into the *real* motion picture business. I found out very quickly that it was not what I imagined it to be. It was exciting, but it was disappointing."

What followed was a series of interesting quickies for the quickly learning artist. *Schlock* for Jon Landis, winner of the 1973 Trieste S.F. Film Festival, a series of blood-and-guts work for Larry Cohen, including *Unreal* and *It's Alive*,



Photo: courtesy Rick Baker

Produced for *Kentucky Fried Movie*, Dino is one of Rick Baker's "ultimate apes."

then finally a taste of the high life, again thanks to Dick Smith. But high life, Rick was to discover, can taste pretty weird when you're used to hamburgers.

"I was working with Dick on *The Exorcist*. Dick also referred me for other jobs but most of those I couldn't do because I wasn't in the union. He referred me to *Live and Let Die* which I wound up doing some things for. I was supposed to do this disguise make-up on Yaphet Kotto in there, but I got into a big fight with him about the concept. And it wound up with me getting fired because I wasn't black and knew nothing about black people! I wanted to send Yaphet a letter when I won an Emmy for *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, to tell him I didn't know anything about black people. But anyway I did some special effects heads, one of Geoffrey Holder and stuff. But Dick was always in there recommending

me for jobs, so when he got *The Exorcist*, he needed some help so I went out to do some work on the dummy's head who turns around 360° [and] I went with Dick to Iraq to do the opening sequence."

The sweet and sour taste of success stayed in Rick's mouth all during his next major assignment.

"I think it was October 1975," Rick remembers, "when Jon Landis said, 'Hey, did you hear they're going to remake *King Kong*?' and I said, 'No kidding?' and he said, 'Yeah, some Italian guy's going to do it,' and I said, 'It's probably going to stink,' and he said 'Yeah.'"

The first meeting between Rick and the *King Kong* production people was just as auspicious.

"I called them," Rick explains, "because I heard they were going to call me but I was just about to start another picture called *Squirm* (which he ended up designing the makeup for). So I met John Guillerman and Mario and Federico, Dino's son, who I thought was a sketch artist or something. I talked to them and was amazed by how uncomprehending they were. They just didn't comprehend what we were telling them.

"We're talking to them about the concept of the film, but their's was *Kong* as a disaster movie. This is not *Beauty and the Beast* or this or that, it's a disaster movie. We said that stinks, you're wrong, that's not what *Kong* is all about. We referred to the original picture many times but they really didn't have any respect for the original and shot it down, stop motion and all.

"Finally they said, 'Well, we're very interested in using you in some way, would you object to working with a makeup artist?' I said I *am* a makeup artist. 'Oh, I see,' they said, 'how about if a sculptor works with you?' I said I *am* a sculptor! 'Oh, yeah, well, O.K.'"

And once the *Kong* production team decided to hire him, it still wasn't exactly smooth sailing.

Kong Controversy

"At that point they were still talking about *Kong* being a 'missing link.' I think *Kong* is synonymous with gorilla to people and that he would be powerful and majestic—not a skinny ape-man. At this time they had hired me to build the suit and not play *Kong*. Now I've played apes before, I know what to do, I'll wear the suit if you want me to. They said no, no, we want a *black* man to wear the suit, we want a *muscle builder* to wear the suit. They wanted a black muscle builder because they thought it was the closest thing to a gorilla to start out with.

"*Kong* is the major character in this picture; you'd be better off getting a skinny actor inside the suit who at least could give you a performance and con-

vey power and emotion, rather than some muscle builder that can't even walk. They said, 'well, we'll see about that.'"

Things did not improve for Rick. Dino De Laurentiis, the "Italian guy," brought in Carlo Rambaldi, and it was not long before the special effects man from Italy and the makeup kid from Brooklyn were forced into a showdown.

"They said, 'We've got it all figured out,' Rick recalls. 'We want you to build a suit on your own, away from Carlo, and he's going to be building a suit on his own, and you will meet on this day and compare suits. We like some ideas Carlo has and we like some ideas you have. This way one guy isn't suppressing another guy's good idea.' I agreed because I thought mine would be better."

Although it sounded reasonable to Rick, he was soon to discover that all was not on the up and up. He was given half of the money he thought he needed and one month to create his concept of the film's leading character.

"They gave me some sketches that were these missing-link things, which I kept but did not use. Well, I'm going to stick my neck out here and build a gorilla suit to show them that this is the way it should be. After I started, I chickened out a little and I didn't build the suit I intended to build (which I think was an awfully big mistake). But I still built a very massive gorilla suit."

"I did some things for speed's sake that weren't good, but I was thinking of the picture in the long run. I ended up sculpting the body and casting the padding. I knew we would have to do more than one suit and this way we could match the padding. Once we did this we could make a hundred suits, all identical, in no time at all—instead of building the suit out of polyfoam or something.

"I was working seven days a week and fifteen hours a day with a friend, and my one assistant (Rick was allowed only one paid assistant). I finished it at four AM on the morning I had to be at the studio at seven with everything completed. The suit was never completed the way I wanted it to be completed, but, at least everything was there.

"So I show up at the studio more than a little concerned about what they would think of the concept of the suit, but I was pretty confident that they were going to be impressed with my work. So I put the suit on (I built it to fit myself) and did some tests with it. I got absolutely no response, which scared me. They didn't say that's great or that stinks, they just photographed it as I walked around.

"Finally, I asked about Carlo's suit. They said that he didn't have enough time to finish it and that it would be done in a couple of weeks. During this time he had convinced them that a suit

was not necessary because he could build a mechanical Kong that would do the whole picture—you wouldn't need a man in a suit and you wouldn't need opticals, see. And they went for it.

"I went over to see what Carlo was doing and he hadn't done very much, but what disturbed me was that he had a crew of *twenty* people and an unlimited budget!"

Carlo's suit appeared more than a month later to almost unanimous disapproval. All John Guillerman, the director, said was, "Get Rick and his suit." But all was not roses.

"It just turned out to be a big hassle. I would have very distinct ideas on how to improve my suit and I would show them to Carlo and Carlo would say they're no good. I found out later that he would draw up my ideas and show Dino *his* great idea. The same thing was happening in every department. They had an Italian art director and an American art director, they had an Italian this and that, and an American this and that. They were trying to make this an Italian movie made in America and underplay what the Americans did in the film."

The filming was rushed, the Americans were continually asked to make mountains out of Italian molehills, and, near the end, the head office threatened to withhold money from Rick unless he signed a contract stating that he would never build or play a gorilla for anyone except De Laurentiis.

"My major disappointment is that, besides the fact that I got screwed royally, this, I think, was my one and only chance to build the *ultimate* gorilla suit and play it correctly and really have the money and situation to convince the world that it's possible to do a man in a gorilla suit that would be very convincing, very accurate and very exciting."

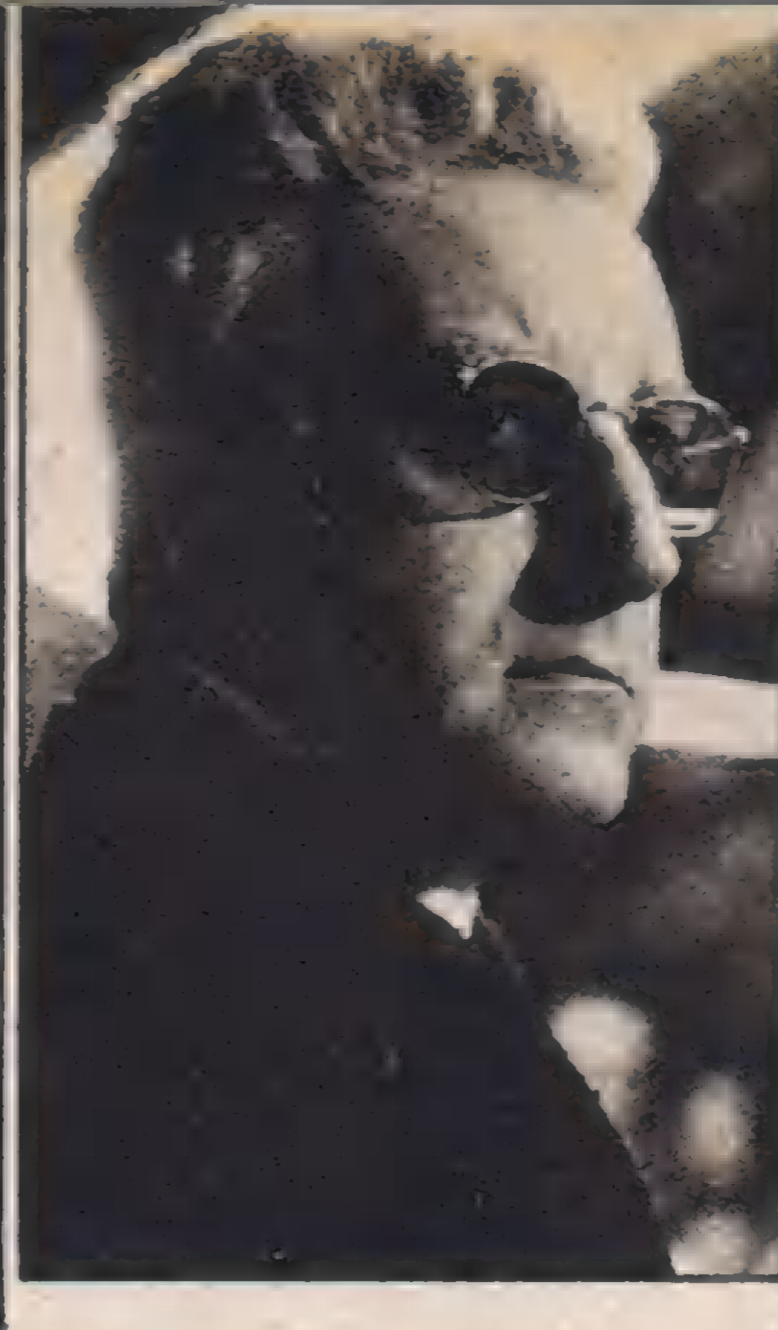
Afterwards, however, Rick managed to exorcise his demons, somewhat, by building and playing an ape named Dino in Jon Landis' *Kentucky Fried Movie*, as well as exercising his talents on a little number called *Star Wars*.

Star Wars Cantina

"I heard they were doing some alien makeups and were calling every makeup artist in town. So they got my name and I went in there with my portfolio, met George Lucas, and we hit it off very well because we're both very enthusiastic about this kind of stuff. We had a lot of fun talking about the sequence and what could be done—we were both like a couple of little kids going 'oh, boy!' I think that left a greater impression on him than my work, you know."

After securing the job, Rick assembled a team of five model animators and they went to work.

"At that point we had six weeks before they wanted to shoot this. In six weeks we set up shop, made thirty aliens



Photos: courtesy Stuart Freeborn

Peter Sellers and Stuart Freeborn have worked together on thirteen films. In *Dr. Strangelove*, Stuart created the three faces for Peter's three roles.

—some were my designs, some Ron Cobb's, and some were the technicians' —broke down the shop, and got out of there. Which is pretty good considering that thirty days isn't enough to do *one* of them correctly. Because of the way the film was going to be shot and because they really didn't have to do anything (except turn around), they were all very crude. And not one of them is anything that I'm really proud of. I'm just proud we got it done and delivered them a lot more than they paid us for. And they realized that."

And the crowds did likewise. But there always seems to be some question as to which aliens are whose. Rick clarifies the situation.

"Any insert with just monsters and no principals or the bar is our stuff. Now what happened is that we made a bunch of aliens, I usually say thirty, but I'm not really sure how many, because I also threw in a bunch of masks I made during my free time or I used in other pictures, which I had altered somewhat. One of those was the werewolf which was a mass-produced mask!

"I just *assumed* that they would stick it in the background somewhere. But when I saw they used it in a close-up, it looked like hell. The four best aliens we made were not in the picture at all. I don't know for what reason, I'm sure it just did not cut in with the other shots. In fact, the alien who talks to Han Solo (Greedo) was one of Stuart's (Freeborn) and I think that's one that George liked the best; but it had no mechanism to move it's little ears and little mouth. So they gave us that head and we put a mechanism in it. And that stuff was shot on a completely different continent, completely different time, and it was cut together with this other guy (Harrison Ford as Han Solo). And you could swear it was all done at the same time. That shows you that George sure as hell knows what he's doing!

"But, like I said, there's nothing in *Star Wars* that I'm proud of. I'm *very* proud to have done something on the picture, just to be involved in it. I wish to God I had spent a year on *Star Wars* rather than *King Kong*." ★

FREEBORN

(continued from page 66)

"I was terribly frightened, but I gathered my portfolio together. The studio was a long way away and I hadn't a penny on me. I had been fired from my office for playing truant. I didn't dare ask my father or anybody for the fare, since we were not on very good terms—having apparently failed at everything. I didn't know what to do. I told a friend about my problem and his mother, who had been listening, offered to lend me the fare as she was sure I could pay it back after I got the job."

My First Screen Test

After the American looked through Stuart's portfolio he was asked to do a makeup of an old man on himself and come on down to the set to be filmed. An old man with a "bald head, loose hair, beard, drooped eyelids, wrinkles, bags, wrinkled lips . . . do it *all*."

Well, the studio's equipment and materials were foreign to Stuart, but he persevered, doing his best (and not at all happy with it).

"At last the American said, 'Is that it?'"

They went downstairs to the set where Korda himself was shooting a scene from *Rembrandt* with Charles Laughton. "They came to the end of the scene," Stuart recalls, "and they said, 'Right! Now it's *your* turn,' and they pushed me in front of all those lights and all those people. I nearly died. Well, I went home feeling very miserable because I felt I had totally messed it up. But, lo and behold, three or four days later I had a letter saying 'very interested in the test, please come up and talk further.'

"Well, now I *was* terrified. It was so surprising to me. I went back and there were a lot of people in a great big room with a large table, they said, 'The powers-that-be liked your work and want you to start.' I said, 'Well, when?' They said, 'Well, *now*.' An extra chair

was pushed up to the table and I started at that moment . . . and I've never stopped since."

Indeed he has not. Stuart has worked on more than 200 films. From David Lean's *Oliver Twist* and *Bridge on the River Kwai* to 1943's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Quo Vadis*. From *The Alphabet Murders* to *Murder On The*



Stuart Freeborn's original conception for the Dawn of Man sequence in *2001* was based on early Neanderthal man.

Orient Express. From *A King In New York* starring Charlie Chaplin to thirteen different films with Peter Sellers. This last led to his first meeting with Stanley Kubrick and *Dr. Strangelove*, and a lasting friendship between Kubrick and Freeborn.

Man-ape or Ape-man?

"Some time later I got a letter from Stanley Kubrick," Stuart remembered, "saying 'Propose to do a picture called *2001: A Space Odyssey*—it has a few interesting makeup problems. It might take five, maybe six months to make.' So I said fine, great, very interesting. In due course he came over, we got set up and started shooting the film."

Sounds very simple, but the massive undertaking took more than six months of makeup planning and experimentation alone. Not to mention the changes. What changes? Stuart explains.

"There was the monkey problem. Well, originally it wasn't going to be the full monkey, it was going to be a *man-ape* rather than an *ape-man*. More like Neanderthal men, who really didn't have any hair on their bodies. Well, just a little bit. There would be two groups—a hairy group and a not-so-hairy group.

"We worked on that, but then, of course, it meant that they were naked and he wanted to show them in *full length*—that was a problem. So then Stanley thought maybe he'd shoot them from the waist up and in long shots. So we did the makeup accordingly. But it bugged him that he couldn't do his full-length shots and, also, he felt embarrassed with all the boys and girls naked. So he said, 'Well, maybe if you can make something to cover both of them, the girls and the boys, then I'll shoot it in such a way that we can skip around all that.'

"So there we were; you see, we had all the girls and boys lying down there and we were casting all their crotches, hundreds of them, making all these plastic things to fit on them as invisibly as possible. Then Stanley said, 'Look, this is crazy, I can't really shoot it this way. They can't procreate that way!'"

Next the two tried to combine a tiny chimp's head with a fairly human body, but that did not work either. Finally, Stanley told Stuart, "There's nothing for it. We've got to go for the full hairy jobs. Ape-men."

But there's more, much more. Once the concept was agreed upon, Stuart had the unenviable task of creating dozens of incredibly complicated, highly proficient monkey suits that were more feats of engineering than wardrobe. He has since patented the mechanics of the suits; mechanics that allowed real baby chimps to suckle on their artificial mothers' breasts, and all the apes to lick flies off their faces with fake tongues during their death scenes.

If neither of these incidents sound familiar to you, it is not because your memory is faulty, it is because both situations were cut from the final film. Strange as it may seem now, the form that *2001* was to take was not decided upon until Kubrick was embarking on an ocean liner taking him from the States to his home in England. The initial version of the film had a complete and obvious plot-line concerning on-screen aliens from Jupiter and a much longer "Dawn of Man" sequence.

Star Wars Characters

"I was working in the lab, making all these things, teeth, eyeballs, God knows what for *The Omen* when George Lucas suddenly appeared. He outlined *Star Wars* and then said, 'I'm interested in what you're doing here. What else have you done?' I outlined a few things I had done in the past and he said, 'Yeah, I

think that's the kind of thing that I'm looking for.' I didn't know it, but he had the cantina thing in mind, you see, and I had made one-hundred-and-one weird things in the past, sometimes for commercials, sometimes just for fun."

Stuart not only handled the everyday chores of touching up Carrie Fischer's lipstick and Mark Hamill's eyelashes but fleshed out Chewbacca as well, incorporating many of the same techniques he used in *2001*. He won't describe them in detail, but he will say, "It took us quite a while to overcome certain problems. It's not just a lot of fur. We made the feet, the hands, the breasts. You saw all the shoulders and knees and breasts in *2001*—I employed the same technique on *Star Wars*."

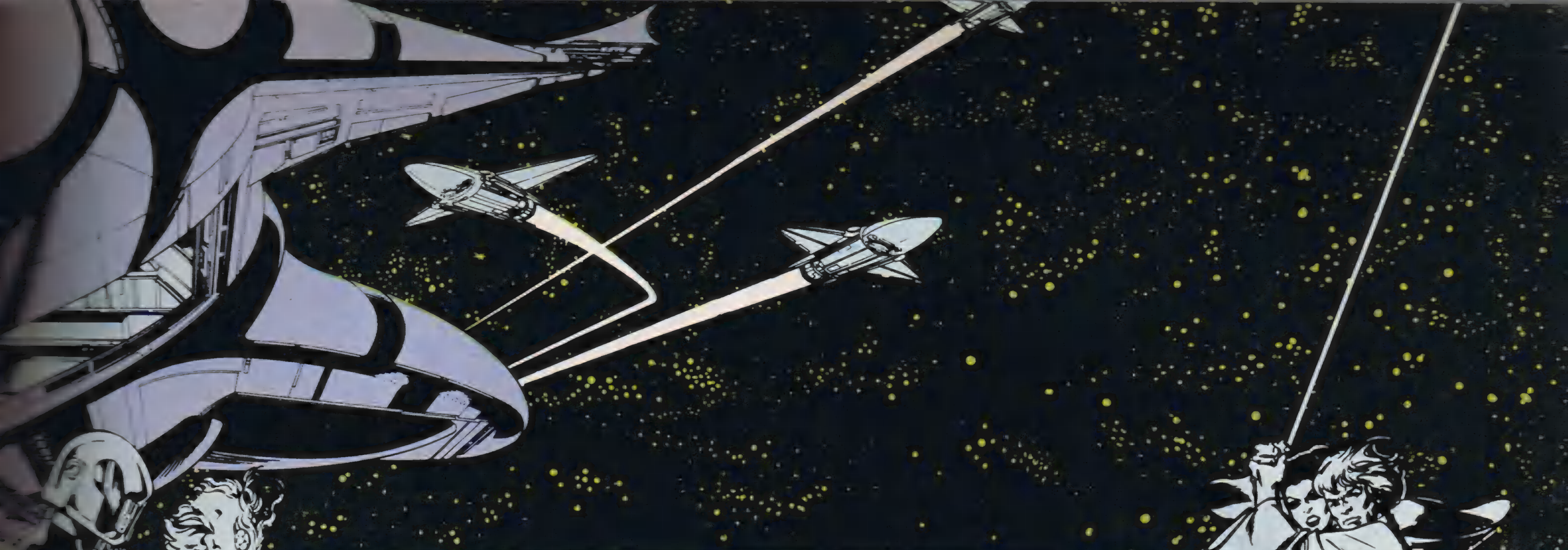
"I used pretty much the same principle," Stuart continues, comparing the two monumental science-fiction films, "the only difference really being the exterior. Instead of a monkey face, it was a different kind of face, and furry rather than ape-like. Otherwise it was exactly the same inside: same technique."

But what could have been one of the most striking achievements of his career was cut short by Stuart's illness.

"We were going to finally finish the cantina. We had done some of it, but now we were going to do close-ups of all the strange creatures we made. There were still some to finish. I had a whole lot more that were three-quarters done, but then I was taken ill and had to go into the hospital. Which may be just as well, because I think by this time I needed a rest because I hadn't stopped working for a long, long time. Anyway, that's how it worked out. To finish off, George decided to come back to the States and get Rick Baker to do these creatures."

That Stuart Freeborn enjoys his life's work is obvious from his bearing and manner. It is also obvious from the way he explains, "Filmmaking has changed greatly over the years, but it's still fun. You never get a chance to get bored, you always feel that you needed more time and money, you think, my God that was a toughie, but I did it, somehow or another *I did it*. You know *this* is where you get satisfaction and you can't wait to go into it again!" ★

Next issue, the SFX series continues its behind-the-scenes visit with the great make-up artists of SF/fantasy productions . . . Dick Smith and Dan Striepeke.



Looking For SF In The Comics

This page: Darth Vader, Luke and Princess from *Star Wars*—art by Howie Chaykin and Tony DeZuniga. Other elements from *Star-Lord*—art by John Byrne and Terry Austin. Both are Marvel Comics.

Art: ©1977 Marvel Comics

By PETER B. GILLIS

Depending on how you look at it, either you can find science fiction in nearly every comic book you pick up these days, or you are hard pressed to find any at all. On the one hand, there are a lot of things that look like SF everywhere: alien beings, interstellar fights, androids, telepathy, time travel. On the other hand, if you look closer, these elements are often used as *gimmicks* rather than *concepts*, and instead of being treated with respect, are used to provide costumed crimefighters with interesting sparring partners or exotic locales. As a result, an SF enthusiast looking for science fiction in the comics will very often be disappointed.

However, there are exceptions. There do exist comics in which more attention is paid to the Sense of Wonder than to super-hero-worship. And today, with *Star Wars* turning the country upside down, and the new *Star Trek* TV shows

waiting in the wings, it just might be the time that these exceptions come into their own.

DC Comics at one time put out a number of comics whose orientation was towards SF rather than super-heroics. In the late 50s and early 60s, they published *Strange Adventures*, *The Unexpected*, and especially *Mystery in Space*. One of DC's new projects, slated for 1978, harkens back to that era. Two of the old stars of *Mystery in Space*, Hawkman and Adam Strange, are being teamed up for three issues of *Showcase* in a plotline which is described as "heavy on the space opera side." Adam Strange in particular is a character that many fans think of first when the words "SF comic book" are mentioned. Adam is a normal human who would periodically get teleported to the planet Rann, where he used his wits to overcome hyper-technological obstacles. This new team-up will involve an interstellar war between Rann, Than-





Conceived in 1971 by Jack Kirby, *The New Gods* is truly cosmic in scope. Although cancelled after 11 issues, it was resurrected this past summer. The evil Darkseid is a perfect villain.

ager (Hawkman's home planet), and Earth. The first episode is called "Mystery in Space," and will be drawn by the team of Al Milgrom and Murphy Anderson.

But more than reviving old favorites, DC is publishing *Star Hunters*, a brand new series. Created and written by David Michelinie, *Star Hunters* is the story of Donovan Flint, exile of a future Earth, on an interstellar quest for alien beings who may have created life on Earth. David readily admits that he is trying to evoke echoes of *Star Wars* in the strip, and is shaping the series to that end. "For ten years, *Star Trek* was the model for visual science fiction. Now it's going to be *Star Wars*." But the series looks to be anything but predictable: issue #3 will have Donovan Flint die and meet God. And yes, there will be an issue #4.

Marvel Comics, DC's prime competitor, seems to have taken the direct approach in their current SF projects: they are publishing the *Star Wars* comic. Besides doing the official adaptation of the film, writer Roy Thomas and artist Howard Chaykin (both hand-picked by George Lucas to do the strip) are taking the adventures of Luke Skywalker and Company beyond the end of the movie. And while for many the adaptation may pale in comparison to the movie itself, those in the audience who leave the theater hungry for more (which seems to be most of the human race) may find it a satisfying way to assuage that hunger.

Marvel will also be doing a series based on the TV show, *Man From Atlantis*, being done by author Bill Mantlo and illustrator Frank Robbins. But the most exciting property that Marvel has landed is the newest offering from Steven Spielberg, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, a tale of UFO's. Some writers at Marvel have seen some advance footage, and the consensus is that it will be as good as *Star Wars*, "if not better." But that's to be expected from the director of *Jaws*.

Besides the traditional space opera bill of fare, the comics also offer books that combine "pure" SF with other influences. One genre that seems to lend itself naturally to comics presentation was pioneered by Edgar Rice Burroughs, back in 1913. Burroughs' series of books about John Carter of Mars pitted his hero against the terrors of an alien planet filled with strange civilizations and technologies, and were full of rousing battles and the like. Marvel Comics is currently chronicling the exploits of that same John Carter, while DC Comics' author-editor Mike Grell has used the concept of Burroughs' Pellucidar in his book *Warlord*, adding fantasy twists of his own. And long-time comics artist Jack Katz has struck out on his own, producing an underground magazine, *The First Kingdom*; an epic story (planned out for 13 years!) of heroic adventure against an enigmatic science-fiction background of androids-become-gods in a strange

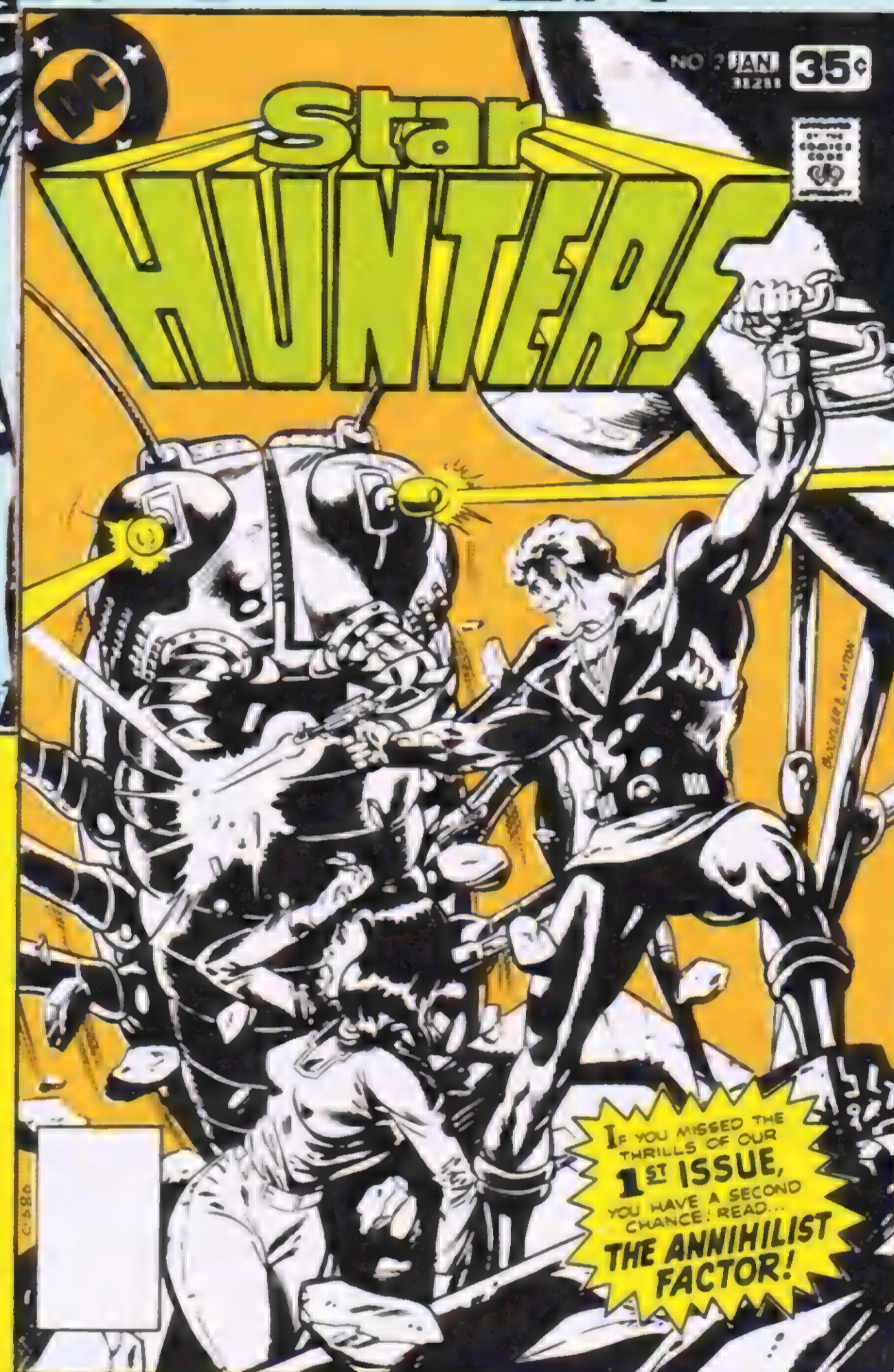
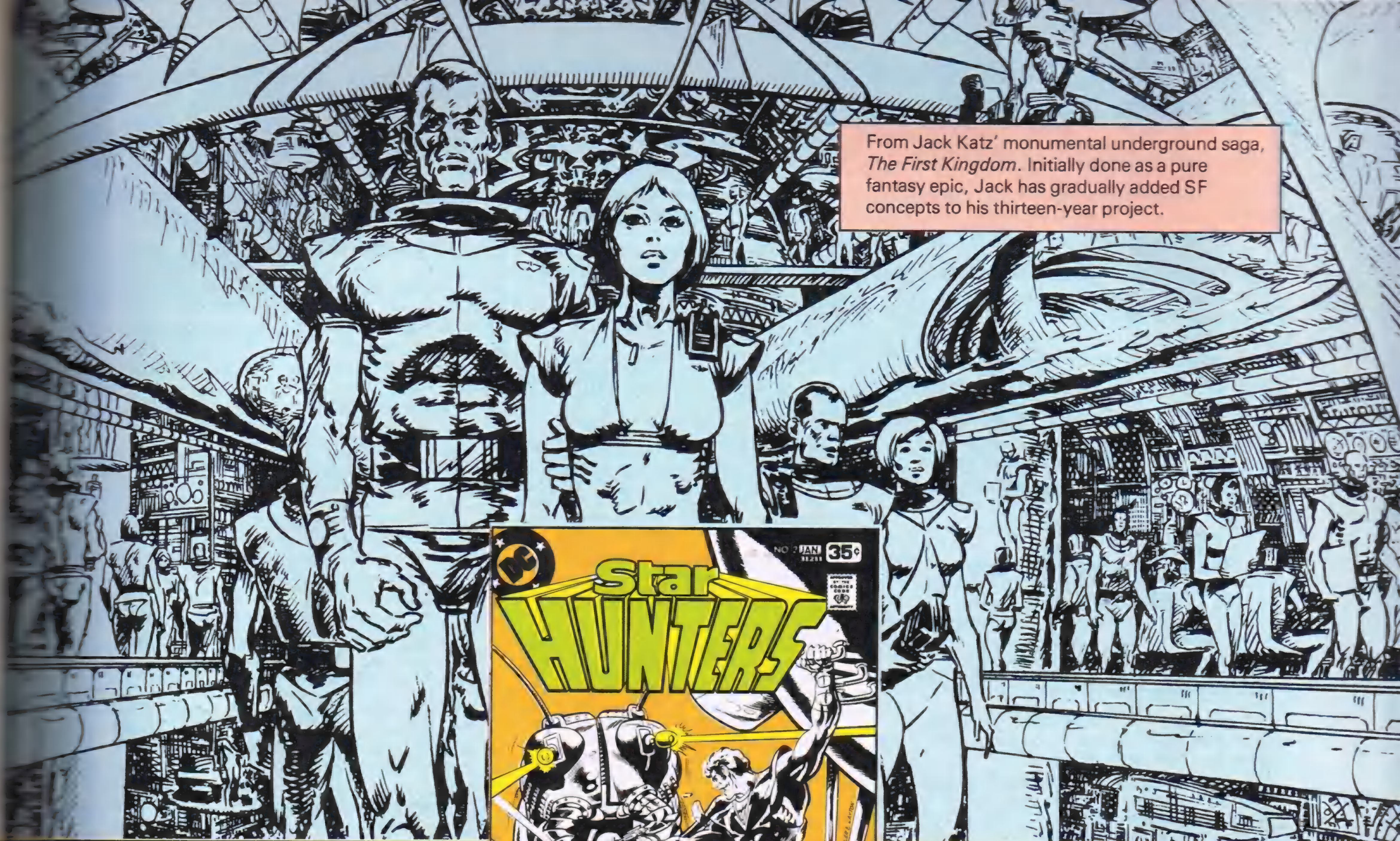
newborn world.

There are even a few comics series which have managed to unite superheroes and SF themes with success. DC's *New Gods* has a bunch of good super-beings with names like Orion, Lightray, Highfather, Forager, and Metron, and a bunch of evil super-beings with names like Darkseid, Desaad, Mantis, Kalibak, and Doctor Bedlam. And the two groups fight.



An unused conception of John Carter of Mars and Princess Dejah Thoris, by Dave Cockrum.

From Jack Katz' monumental underground saga, *The First Kingdom*. Initially done as a pure fantasy epic, Jack has gradually added SF concepts to his thirteen-year project.



Star Hunters was an immediate success. It had been optioned before issue #2 was printed.

However, the battle has cosmic implications; it is a battle of Life vs. Anti-Life, free will vs. determinism, and the scope of the series dwarfs even these vivid protagonists. Marvel's *X-Men* comic has taken the mutant super-heroes and set them within a galactic war of more-than-galactic proportions, fighting for the very structure of reality. (Issue #107's title was "Where No X-Man Has Gone Before," and it's fun just to see how many references writer Chris Claremont and artist Dave Cockrum have included: you don't have to look hard to find tributes to *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, SF authors Paul Anderson, Roger Zelazny, Edmond Hamilton, and so on.) SF and super-heroes? Sometimes it happens.

In addition to the major comic book companies, there also exist a number of high-quality, low-circulation comics put out by smaller concerns. Like the aforementioned Mr. Katz, they have opted for the freedom that these less commercial formats can provide. Mike Friedrich, who worked for some time at both Marvel and DC, is now the editor of *Star*Reach* Publications. Probably the most successful of these smaller ventures, *SR* showcases some of the best artists in the business and, even more importantly, insists on a high level of SF writing as well. A competitor for that top spot is Sal Quartuccio's *Hot Stuff*, which is a trifle weaker in the writing department, but is simply a joy to look at, being printed on glossy paper which

allows the full beauty of the art to show. Two magazines are worthy of mention here, even though they don't exactly qualify as "small-concern comics." The first, Byron Preiss's *Starfawn*, illustrated by Stephen Fabian who has won many awards for SF illustration, doesn't really qualify because it is being backed by Pyramid Books—which is anything but a small concern. However, it is quite different from the normal comic (packaged in paperback-size format). It is intriguing as a story, awe-inspiring as a visual work and well worth looking for. The other, *Starspawn* by Robert Keenan Jr. and Mike Nasser, doesn't exactly qualify because it doesn't exist; at least not yet. Bob Keenan had an idea but not enough money for the book, which is a love story on a cosmic scale between human and more-than-human. In order to raise money for the book, Messrs. Keenan and Nasser have published a portfolio

of illustrations from the story, along with a synopsis. The portfolio is splendid, and promises great things, should the book appear.

There are a multitude of formats, approaches, and angles on science fiction that appear in the comics; sometimes there is excellence as well. (Yes, the best has been saved for last.) Once in a while an excellent writer will team up with an artist who is both super-talented and sympathetic, and they will produce a work that goes beyond enjoyable entertainment and into depth and beauty. It happened with author Don McGregor and artist Craig Russell. For eleven issues they produced a book called *War Of The Worlds* which told the story of Killraven, a rebel on a 21st-century Earth dominated by Martians; the stories were fully-realized, complex and lyrical. And now, it is author Chris Claremont who's teamed with artist John Byrne to produce *Star Lord* at Marvel Comics. This one features Peter Quill, a man who was from Earth but who is no longer an Earthman, and details his quest—which leads him eventually to confront his true heritage in war and rebellion spread across the galaxy. Once again, the story and art go beyond being good: they are evocative, sensitive, and remain with you after you've closed the book.

There is SF in the comics: the fake stuff is easy to find, the real thing has to be looked for. But the real stuff is there, and it's often well worth the search. ★

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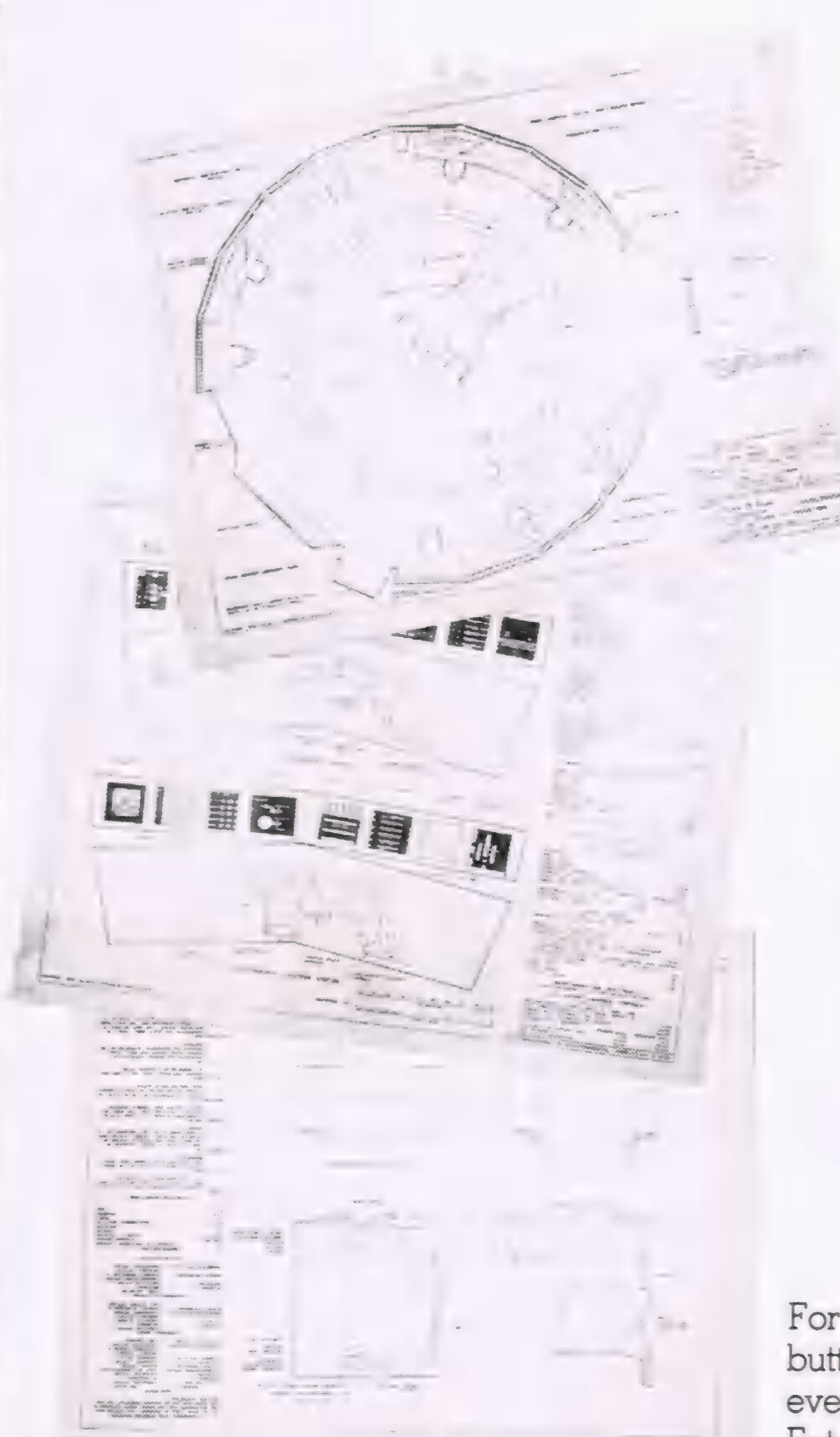
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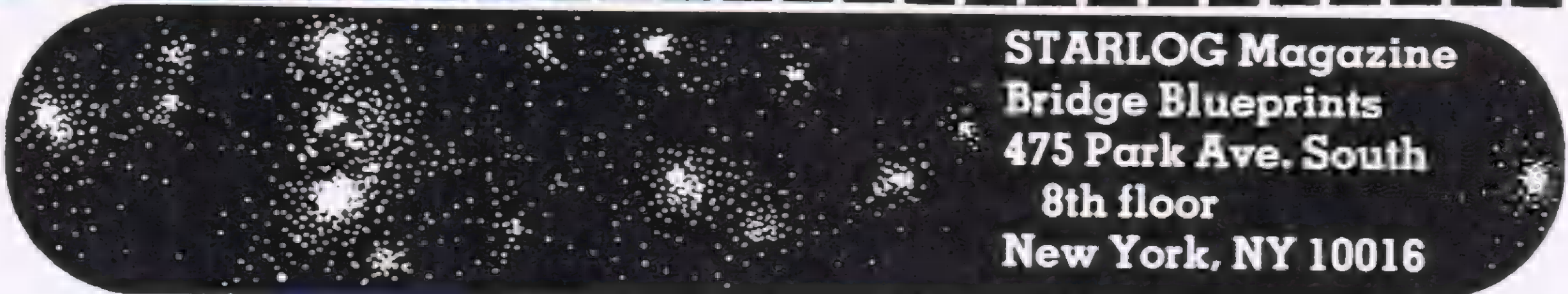
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VISIONS

**"WITH THIS DEVICE,
I CAN RULE THE WORLD"**

Take a time machine back a few decades and visit the laboratory of a mad scientist of your choice. Zarkov's mountain hideaway? Frankenstein's castle of wonders? Luthor's anti-Superman installations? Pick a serial or a movie from the current TV line-up of oldies; all that's required is that the machinery look bulky and bulbous, the controls look like gas and water meters, the ray cannons look like refrigeration units, the air be occasionally rent by lightning bolts, and there be rows and rows of outsized vacuum tubes and *lots* of neon tubing.

Made your choice? Well, pull that giant knife switch by the great time dial under the steam valve . . . and you might well find yourself landed in present-day Washington, D.C., at the National Museum of History and Technology.

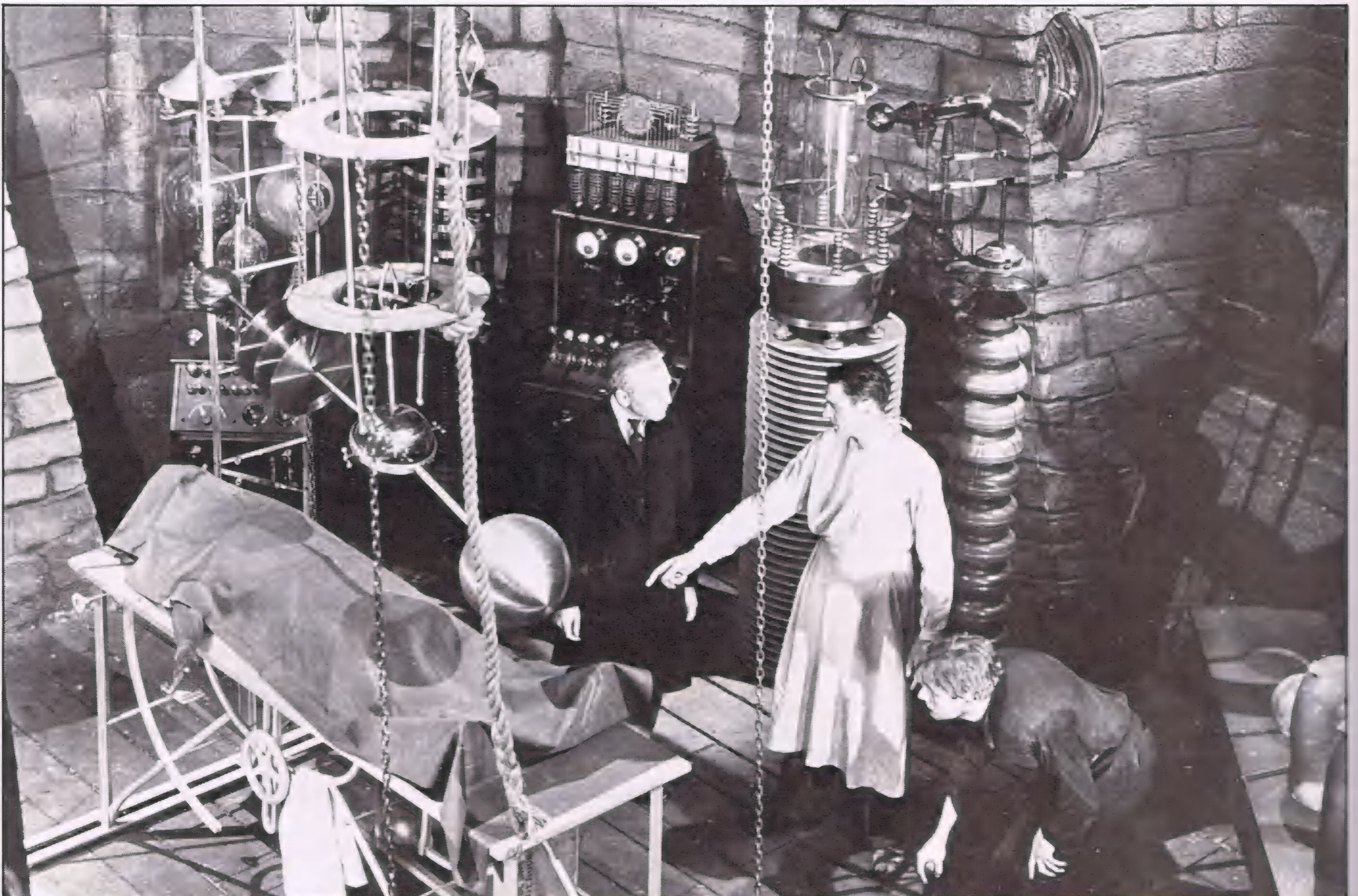
If you've had the impression that those old movies were designed with no research at all and built on a budget of \$1.89, think again. Here at the museum you can see many of the machines that the *best* writers and designers of the 30s and 40s and 50s studied and dreamed about. (The worst or most hurried simply copied the best.) At the museum one can step back to a time before high-strength metals, before vacuum-formed plastic, before printed circuits and transistors, before *miniaturization* crept into our vocabularies, before computers could be carried in a pocket

In 1956, Burroughs Corporation built a computer-guidance system for the space program, to be used in conjunction with missile tests. Before it was retired in 1961, it had provided ground control for more than 20 missions—including the orbiting of the first communications and weather satellites and the flights of the Explorers and Pioneers which extended our knowledge out past the Van Allen belts and to outer space. The Burroughs

Photo: © Sid & Marty Krofft Productions



Above: Jay Robinson as Dr. Shrinker depicts the essence of the classic "mad scientist" even in his modern realm of colored light and plastic. Below: The grand old standard, Frankenstein's original lab with Collin Clive as the good doctor, Dwight Frye as Fritz and Edward van Sloan as Dr. Waldman is one vision of technological design.



was one of the first transistorized digitals. It looks pretty modern compared to the computers exhibited near it, the ones with exposed rows of vacuum tubes, but today the Burroughs model is a relic, too. Yet in its day, it served a purpose its builders never intended: compare its controls and cabinetry with the “futuristic” sets in the SF movies of the 50s. Some of the “cheap-looking” sets in those films take on a new aura of accuracy if we put them in the proper historical context.

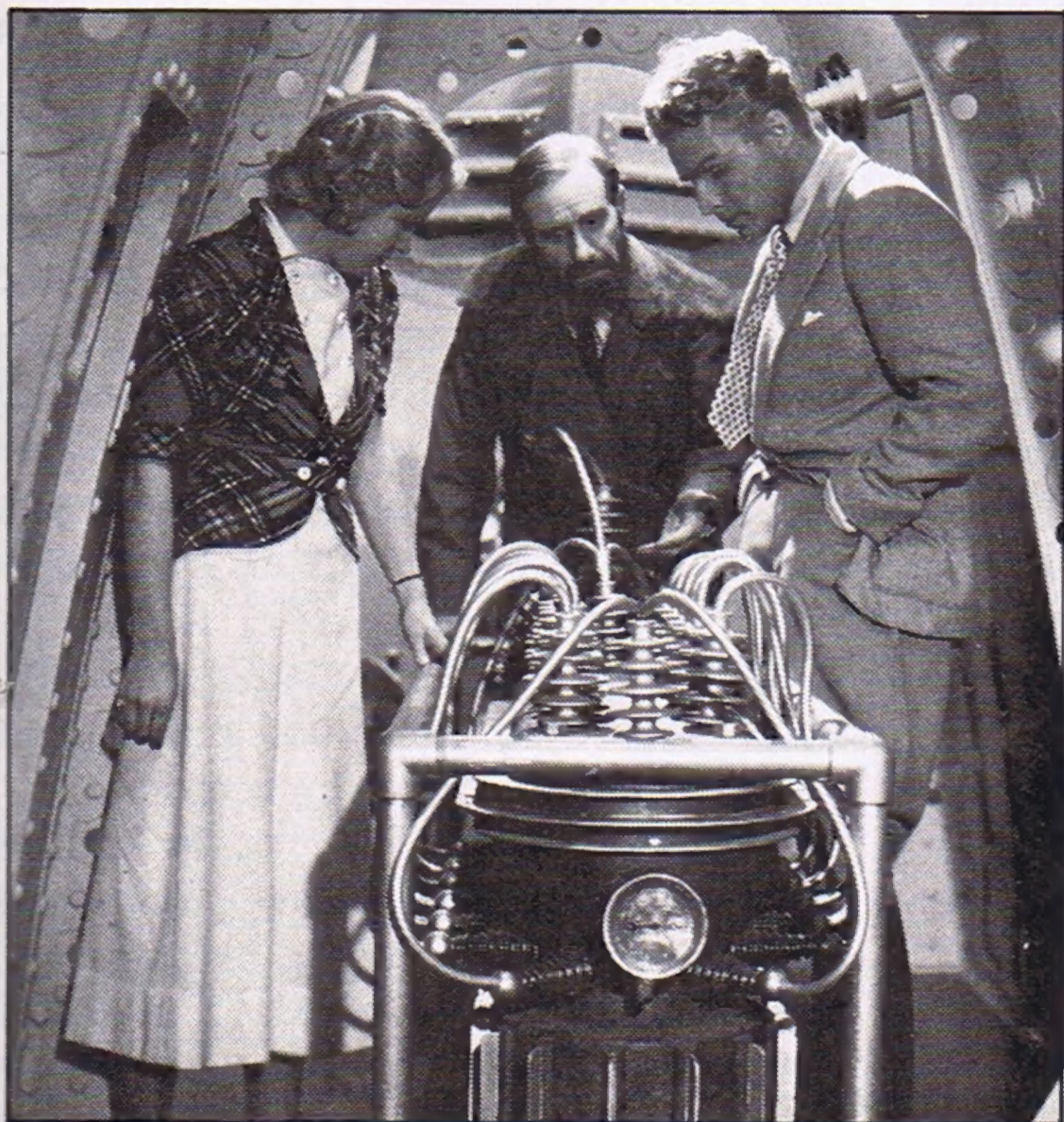
Surely all that movie neon was inspired by devices such as the Figure-8 Stellerator. The one on display at the National Museum was built for an exhibit in 1958 and represents an early attempt to produce a controlled release of energy from the fusion of the nuclei of hydrogen atoms. Nuclear physics was the esoterica of the 50s and was given frequent exposure in the press—*Life* magazine and the like. The look of these early nuclear devices was frozen in time and immortalized in movies—*Forbidden Planet*, *The Time Machine* and *This Island Earth*, to name some of the best ones. The function of these devices was appealing to the writers, too, who envisioned a nuclear age of unlimited energy and magical capabilities.

Even more *This Island Earth*-like is the milestone Van de Graaff particle accelerator. It's not at all hard to picture a tiny light-plane trapped beneath some such sphere-and-coil structure. Built in 1931, the Van de Graaff represented a

leap in nuclear technology. The machine carried positive charges on a fast-moving conveyor belt to a chamber surrounded by inner and outer metal shells; this resulted in the accumulation of over a million volts of electricity. Sparks flew, arcs zapped, and the spent glowing particles were evacuated through coils of glass tubing. Shades of *Buck Rogers*!

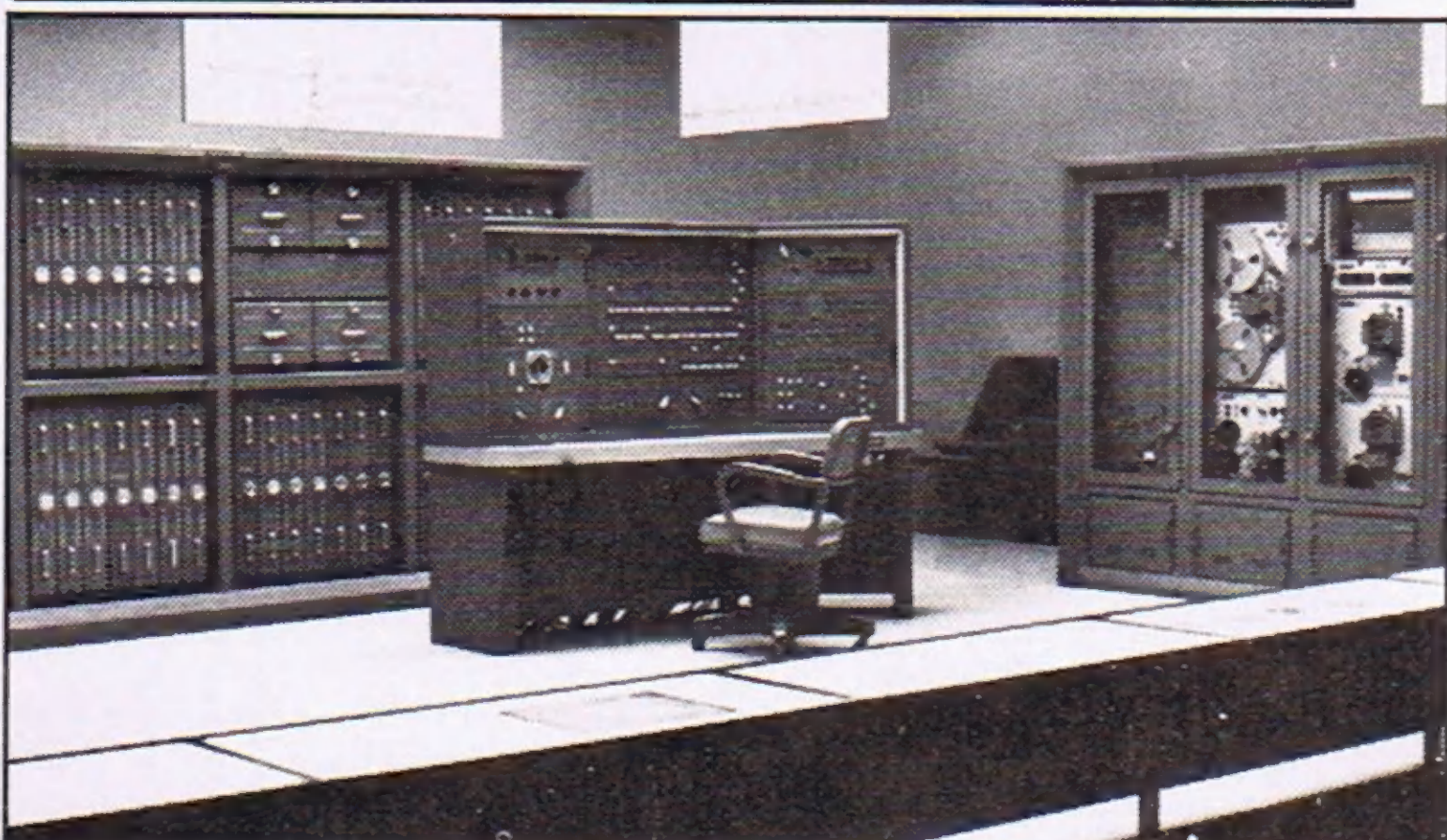
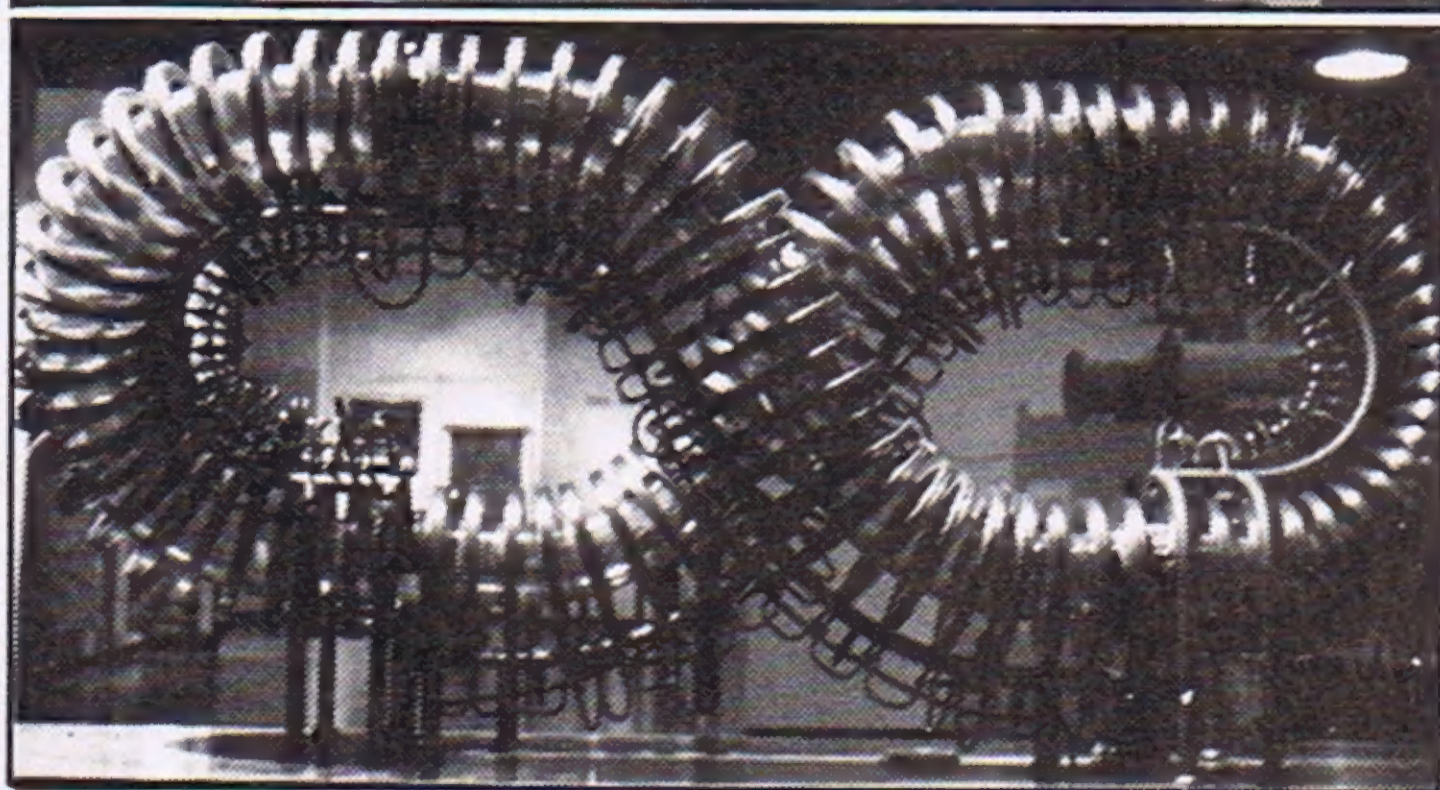
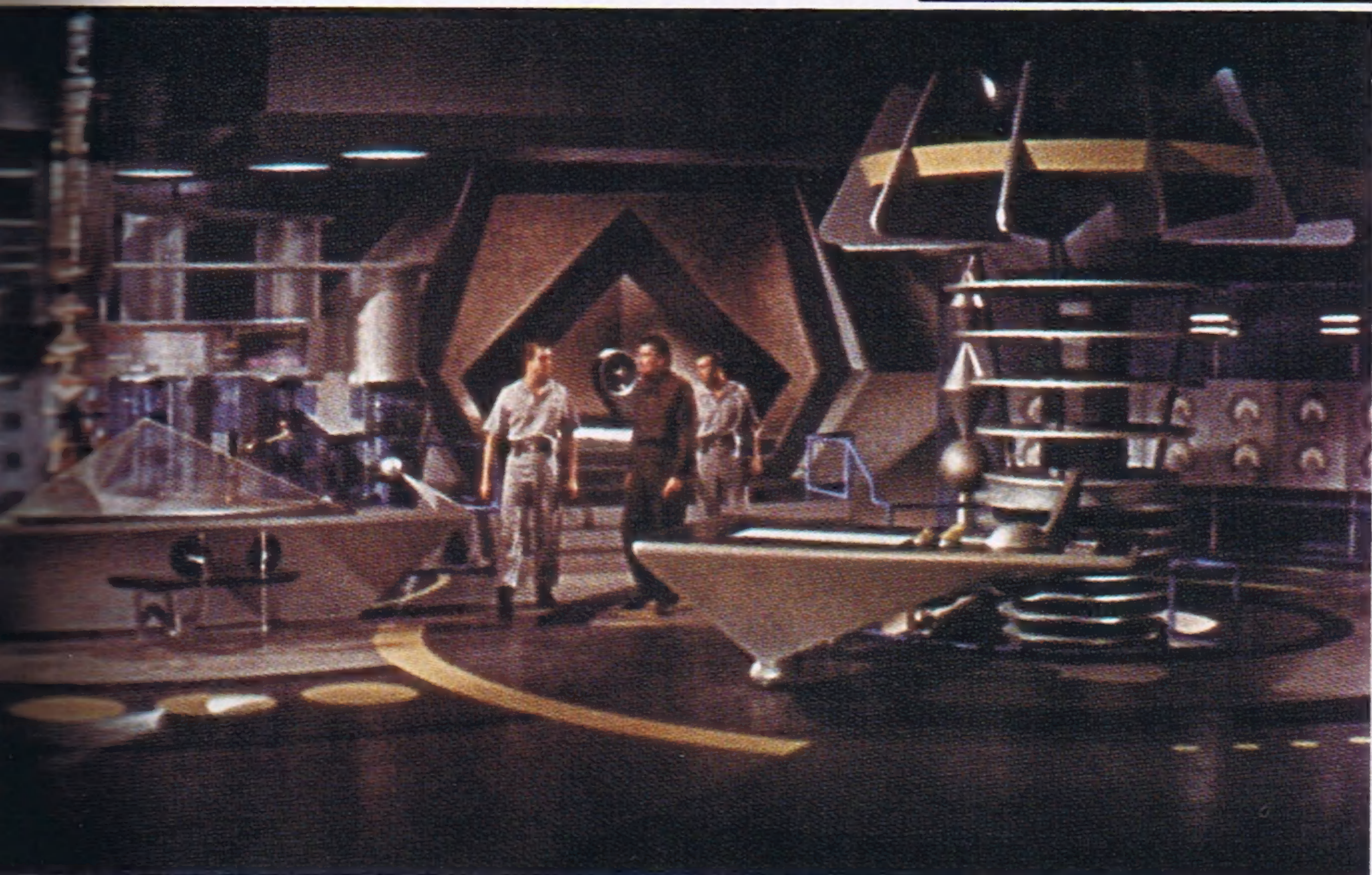
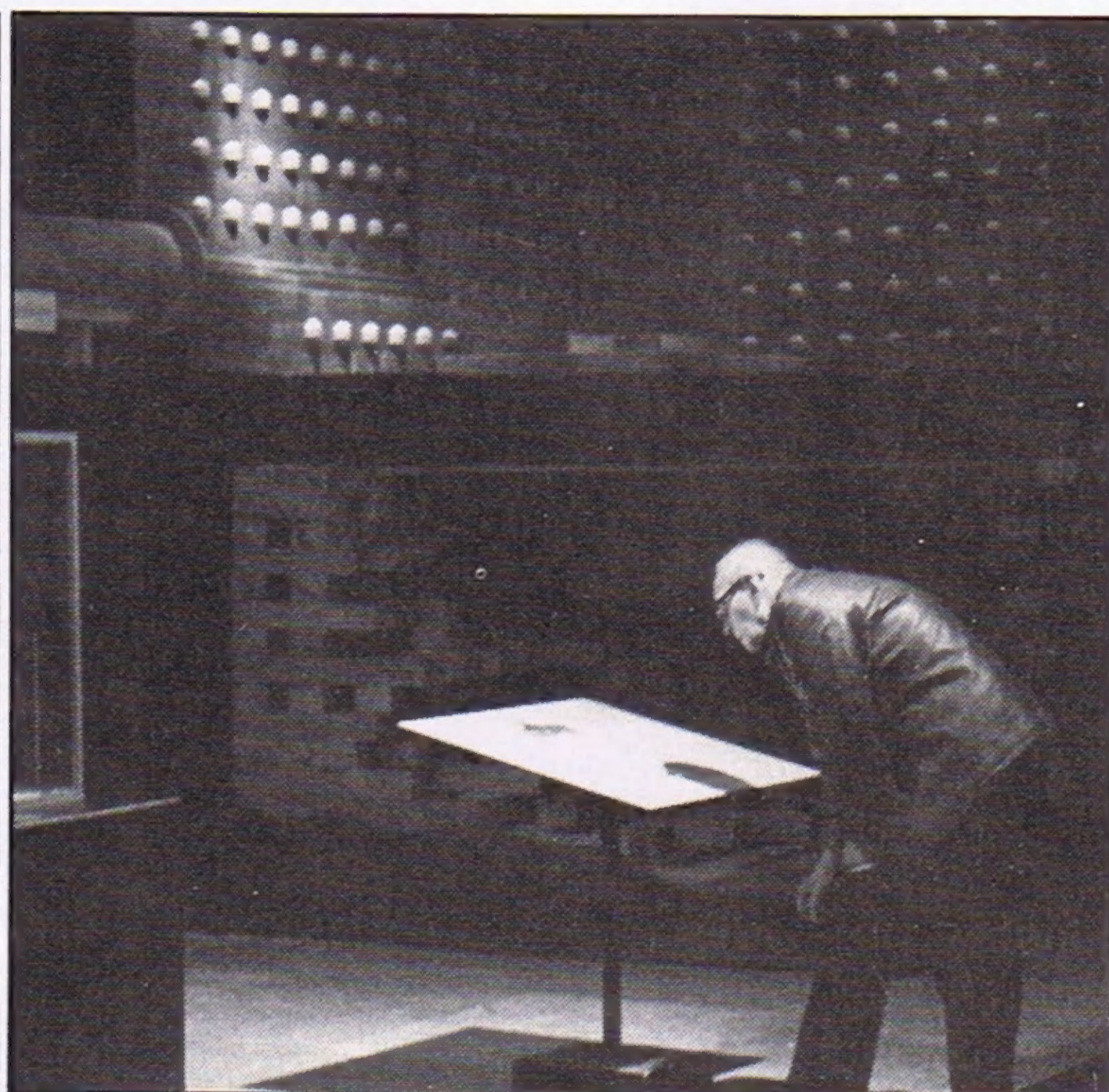
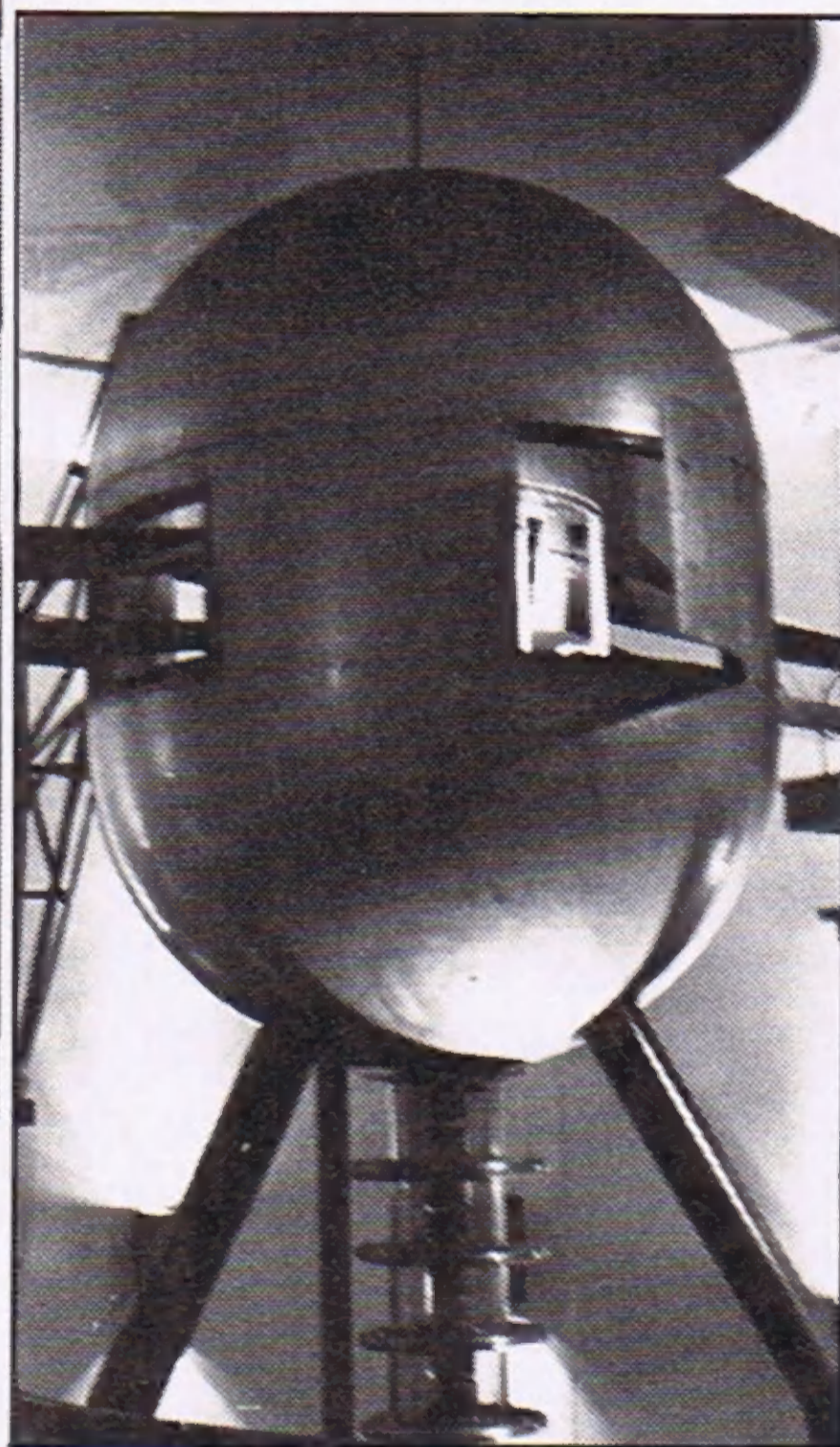
The first nuclear reactor lies in repose at this museum too, and it soberly calls to mind all those *Beginning of the End* films that saw a grim future—or none at all. This reactor, the CP-1, became operational on December 2, 1942. With it, scientists learned that a self-sustaining chain reaction could be made to take place using hot uranium. The CP-1 was for a time hidden away in a squash court under Stagg Stadium at the University of Chicago. Its development was privately funded; then the government granted its operation an endowment and gave the research a code name: The Manhattan Project.

Plots may have been pushed beyond credibility; science may have been at times fanciful; characterization may have been bent double for effect . . . but in all those old movies there's a kernel of truth about man's relationship to technology. And if you look for it, you'll find in those films the vision and view of life of a generation gone by. That vision is also frozen in reality at the National Museum of History and Technology in our nation's capital.



Above: Flash and Dale learn from Dr. Zarkov the secrets of his interplanetary flying machine.
Below: The famous Krell Lab from *Forbidden Planet*.

Clockwise, below: The collector dome of the Van de Graaff accelerator; the CP-1 nuclear reactor which became operational in 1942; the Figure-8 Stellerator; the Burroughs missile-guidance computer built in 1956.



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Magic Lantern

(continued from page 18)

around the barren Moon . . . getting excited over finding a rock. It's not supposed to be a sarcastic statement, it just shows the difference between expectation and reality.

"Then, we have these two movie ideas. In one, *The Encounter*, these gigantic biped robot things land on Earth. In our horror story, a few dolls come to life and become killers. Both of the films are fully scripted. All we need is money." Bob chuckles as the thought suddenly strikes him. "Hey, you got a couple of hundred thousand?"

Until the time when their projected full-length films become realities, the partners continue working on their commercials. And they don't really mind at all. They wanted to be animators and they are . . . and they encourage all future animators to join the field. "If you really want to get into animation, there's never anything stopping you. If your mind is made up about it, you just go out and do it. I once wrote a letter to Stanley Kubrick, when I was first starting out. I wanted to know how to get into the business, what I should do and all that. He wrote me a long letter back, which was very kind of him, but when you came down to the real meaning of it all, what he really wrote back was: 'If you're that interested GO OUT AND DO IT.' And that's what Tom and I did."

Bob pauses for a moment, thinking about all the would-be cartoonists and animators around the country who want to join the ranks but just don't know how. Bob Dyke's advice? "I guess I'd have to say the same thing that Mr. Kubrick said ten years ago to me. Don't talk about it, get a camera and get to work." ★

David Gerrold

(continued from page 55)

The second script in the works is "The Guns Of Babylon" being written by Dorothy Fontana; the third is "Kill The Constitution!" being written by Tom Swale and Dick Morgan, both of whom I worked with on *Land of the Lost*; they know their stuff. (Dick Morgan, as a matter of fact, also started out on *Space Patrol*.)

The story-editor for the series is . . . yours truly, David Gerrold.

Yes, here is another chance for me to participate in a big budget science fiction television program; yes, here, once again, I am approaching a situation with considerable enthusiasm and a determination to do my best—despite the fact that the track record of science fiction on television has been grim, despite the fact that it all seems to go through the same meat grinder before it gets on the air—here I am, once more *willingly* taking the risk.

I will make no promises to you, the viewer, because I'm only one small part of the team—I can try to do my very best to see that every story and every script are as good as they can be. I will do my best because it is my professional reputation that is at stake. But, yes, there is the chance, as with any project, that it will not turn out as it is hoped and intended—and the lesson of *Logan's Run* is that sometimes even with the people you trust and respect, you can still end up disappointed.

But still, *you have to take the chance*. You have to because every individual opportunity has an equal chance to be the big one, the one where it all finally comes together *right*. Maybe this one will be one of the ones. I'm hoping so.

Wish us luck. Stay tuned. Whatever happens, it's going to be exciting. ★

NEXT ISSUE:

STARLOG No.12 will feature the continuing story of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, including full-color photos and behind-the-scenes information. There will also be a spectacular article on the Walt Disney TV space films of the fifties (on which Wernher von Braun worked as technical consultant): "Mars and Beyond," "Man In Space," and "Man and the Moon." Plus—an exclusive interview with Gene Roddenberry by none other than his personal secretary, Susan Sackett. In addition, No.12 will have feature articles on Computer Animation as used in SF movies such as *Star Wars*; Super-heroes on TV; *The Makeup Men—Part 2*. And, of course, there will be science news, fantastic color photos . . . and a few special surprises!

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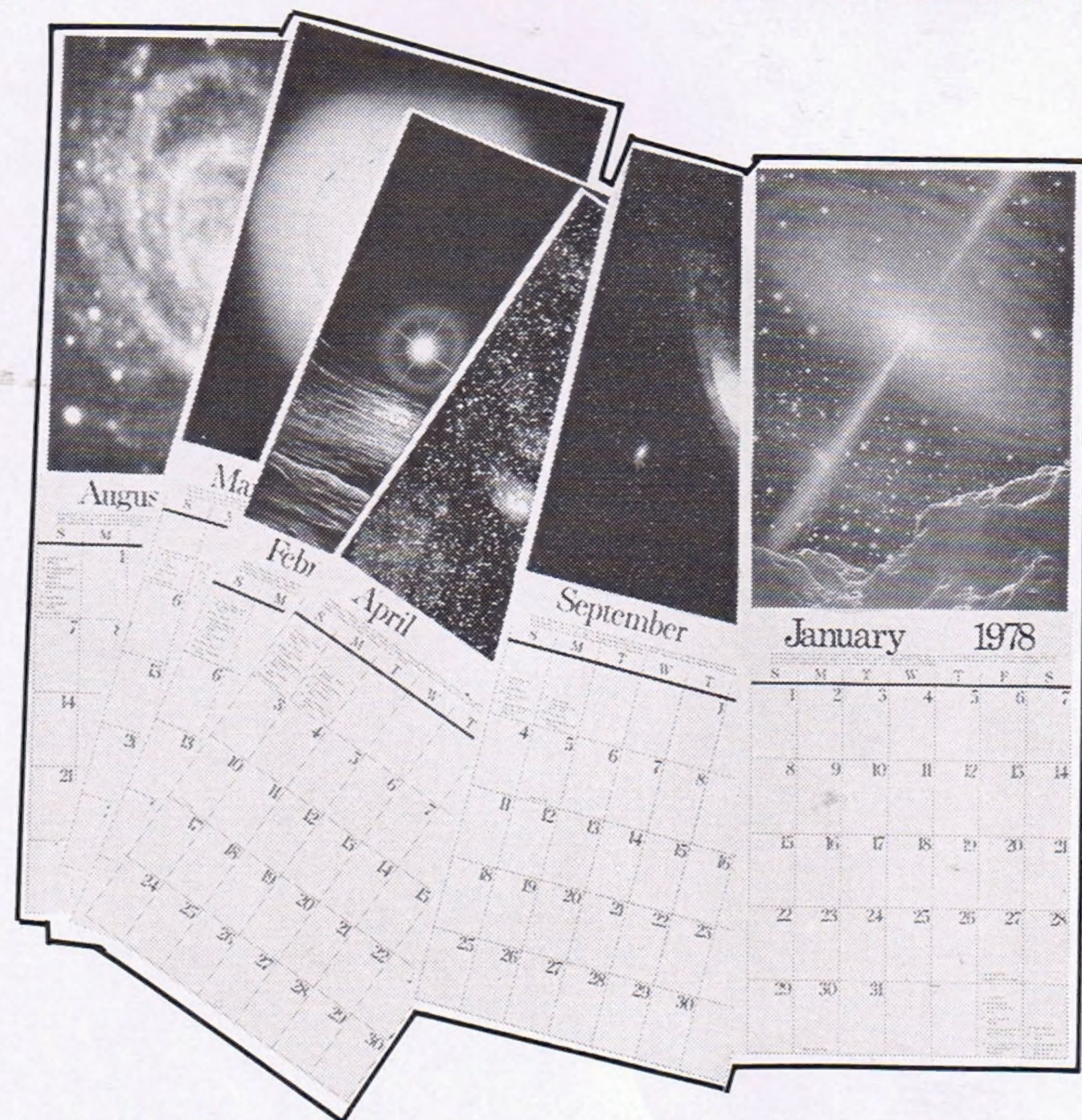
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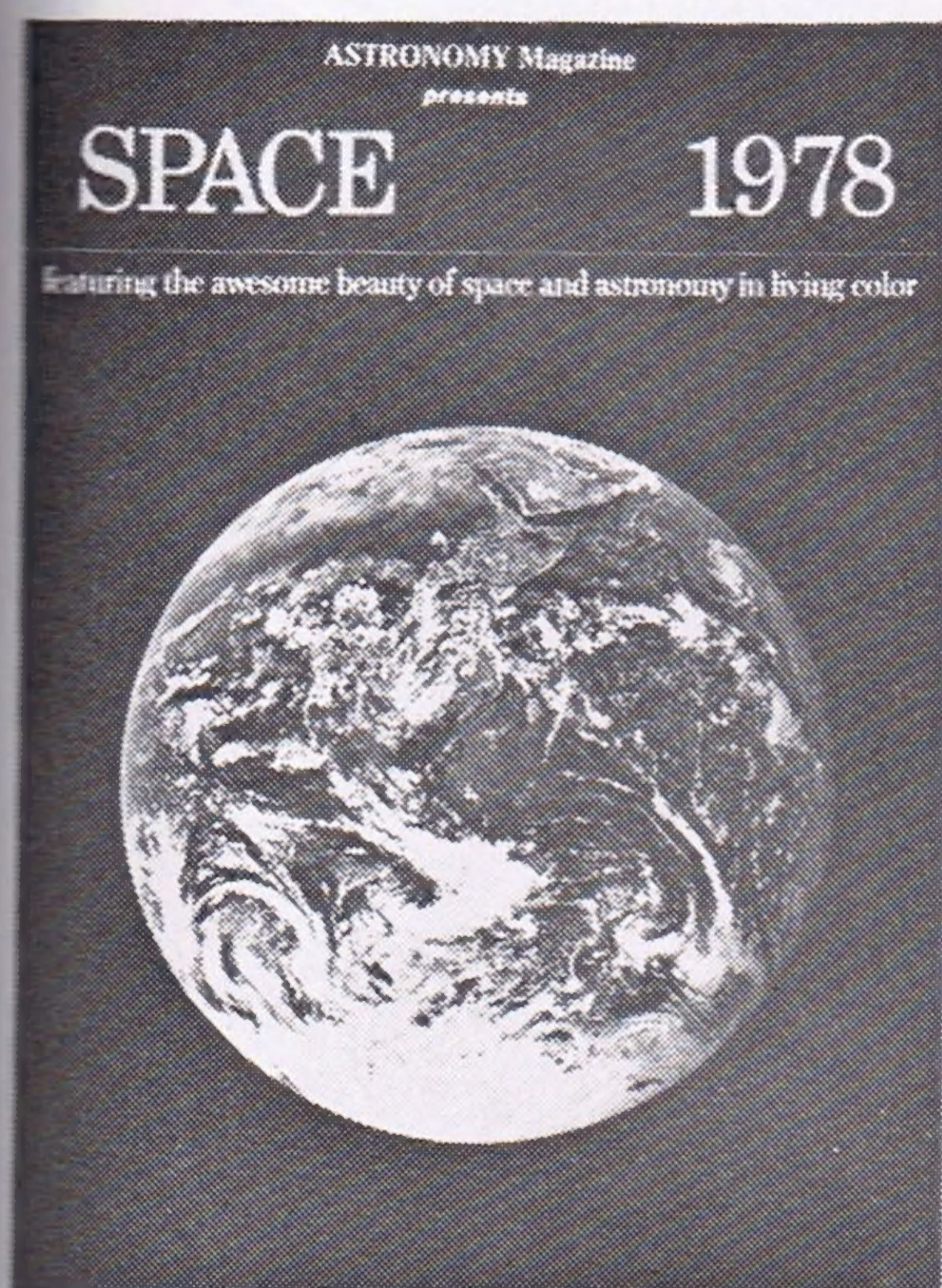


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